

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2324.—VOL. LXXXIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6d.



MARRIAGE OF THE SON OF LORD SELBORNE TO THE DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

BIRTHS.

On the 28th ult., at Priors Hardwick Vicarage, Warwickshire, the wife of the Rev. J. T. Hallett, of a son.

On the 28th ult., at Ripon Lodge, near Hastings, the wife of the Rev. James Tillard, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE.

On the 25th ult., at St. Margaret's, Whalley Range, Manchester, by the Rev. F. C. Woodhouse, M.A., Rector of St. Mary's, Hulme, Charles Frederick Richard Simpson, only son of the late Charles Frederick Simpson, Esq., of the 8th Regiment of Bengal Native Infantry, to Constance Jane, eldest daughter of Isaac Hall, Esq., of Manchester and Castleton, Derbyshire.

DEATHS.

On the 23rd ult., at Brookfields, Putney, London, of typhoid fever, Arthur Suttaby, Esq., in his 70th year; much beloved, deeply lamented.

On the 26th ult., at Clarence House, Cheltenham, Captain Francis J. T. Amiel, J.P. for Monmouthshire, aged 58.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOV. 10.

SUNDAY, NOV. 4.	
Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity. Morning Lessons: Amos iii. Titus i. Evening Lessons: Amos v. or ix; Luke xii. 51.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. St. James's, noon, probably the Rev. Francis Garden, the Sub-Dean. Whitehall, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m. Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. H. White; 7 p.m., Rev. Canon Erskine Clarke.
MONDAY, NOV. 5.	
Gunpowder Plot, 1605. Royal Institution, general monthly meeting, 5 p.m. Nineteenth Century Art Society Exhibition opens. Gresham Lectures, 6 p.m., Dean Burgon on Divinity, four days. Pharmaceutical Society, 8 p.m.	British Architects' Institute, 8 p.m., address by Mr. Horace Jones. Royal Academy, 8 p.m., Professor J. Marshall on the Proportions of the Human Body; demonstrations on Wednesdays and Fridays. Monday Popular Concerts, at St. James's Hall, begin 8 p.m.
TUESDAY, NOV. 6.	
Biblical Archaeology Society, 8 p.m., papers by Mr. E. A. Budge and Mr. T. G. Pinches.	Central Emigration Society, St. Pancras Vestry Hall, 8.30 p.m. Races: Liverpool Autumn Meeting.
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 7.	
Entomological Society, 7 p.m. Geological Society, 8 p.m., papers Professor T. G. Bonney, Dr. J. G. Jeffreys, and Mr. J. S. Gardner. Albert Hall Choral Society, 8 p.m., Berlioz's "Faust."	Graphic Society, 8 p.m. Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Rev. G. W. Allen on Christianity and Secularism. Architectural Association, 6.30 p.m., Mr. T. Blashill on Construction.
THURSDAY, NOV. 8.	
Moon's first quarter, 0.4 a.m. Telegraph Engineer's Society, 8 p.m., Mr. W. Smith on Volta-Electric Induction. London Church Choir Association, Annual Festival, St. Paul's.	British Home for Incurables; elections, Cannon-street Hotel, noon. Normal School of Science—Mr. Warington Smyth, first of six lectures on Mining, 4 p.m. Mathematical Society, anniversary, 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, NOV. 9.	
The Prince of Wales born, 1841. Lord Mayor's Day. Astronomical Society, 8 p.m. New Shakespeare Society, 8 p.m., Mr. P. A. Daniel on the quarto and folio of "Richard III."	Quekett Microscopical Club, 7 p.m. Architectural Association, 7.30 p.m., address by Mr. C. A. Adams, president. Races: Alexandra Park November Meeting.
SATURDAY, NOV. 10.	
Martin Luther born, 1483. Commemoration in Germany and Britain. Botanical Society, 3.45 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concerts, St. James's Hall, begin. Physical Society, 3 p.m.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY. Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 18' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DATE.	DAILY MEANS OF				THERMOM.		WIND.		Rain in 24 hours, read at 10 a.m. next morning.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum, read at 10 p.m.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours.	
October	Inches.	°	°	°	0-10	°		Miles.	In.
21	29.841	45.7	40.1	82	4	54.3	WSW. WNW.	149	0.005*
22	30.001	43.2	37.9	83	6	48.6	N.	84	.070
23	29.704	49.5	47.2	92	7	57.6	SW. W.	257	.015
24	29.756	51.2	47.6	88	10	58.2	W. WSW.	271	.005
25	29.833	57.9	52.8	84	10	60.2	WSW.	433	.000
26	29.964	55.3	49.6	83	9	59.1	SSW.	188	.030
27	30.030	53.0	49.2	88	5	60.9	S. W.	50	0.010

* Dew.

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m. :—

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.841	30.010	29.715	29.811	29.763	30.004	30.042
Temperature of Air	45.7	43.2	49.5	51.2	57.9	52.8	55.3
Temperature of Evaporation	43.5	42.6	50.2	47.2	49.5	55.9	53.6
Direction of Wind	WSW.	NNW.	SW.	W.	WSW.	SSW.	S.

TIMES OF HIGH WATER AT LONDON BRIDGE FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

Sunday.	Monday.	Tuesday.	Wednesday.	Thursday.	Friday.	Saturday.
h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
4 3	4 20	4 37	4 55	5 13	5 35	5 57

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

Triumphant success of the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS'

NEW ENTERTAINMENT.

HUNDREDS TURNED AWAY FROM EVERY PERFORMANCE.

The new and beautiful songs, and the new comic sketches of

THE CHARLE-TOWN BLUES, SINGING IN THE SALVATION ARMY, and

THE RAIN OF TERROR.

with its startling atmospheric effects, applauded to the echo.

EVERY NIGHT, AT EIGHT.

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, AT THREE and EIGHT.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Season will take place on MONDAY EVENING

NEXT, NOV. 5, at Eight o'clock. The programme will include Beethoven's quartet

in C major, op. 69, No. 3, dedicated to Count Rasoumowsky; Franz Néruda's Ballade

for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment; Chopin's Barcarolle in F sharp major,

op. 60, and Henselt's Wiegenlied, for pianoforte alone; Lachner's Nocturne, for violin-

cello, with pianoforte accompaniment; and Schubert's quintet in A major, op. 114, for

pianoforte and strings. Executants:—Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. Vladimir de

Fachmann, L. Ries, Strauss, Reynolds, and Piatelli. Vocalist, Miss Santley. Accom-

panist, Signor Romili. Subscription tickets for the whole series of Twenty-One

Monday Evening Concerts, price 2s. 6d. for each Sofa Stall. Single tickets, 1s. 6d.

Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and tickets at Chappell and Co.'s,

50, New Bond-street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THE FIRST CONCERT of the Season will take place on SATURDAY

AFTERNOON, NOV. 10, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Mozart's

quintet in D major, for strings; Weber's Rondeau, op. 62; Chopin's Nocturne in F

major, op. 15, No. 1, and Mazurka, op. 59, No. 2, for pianoforte alone; Corelli's

sonata in D major, op. 6, No. 1, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment; and

Schumann's quintet in B flat, op. 44, for pianoforte and stringed instruments.

Executants:—Madame Norman-Néruda, MM. Vladimir de Fachmann, L. Ries, Hol-

lander, Zerbin, and Piatelli. Vocalist, Mr. Santley. Accompanist, Mr. Zerbin.

Subscription tickets for the Twenty-Morning Concerts, price 2s. 6d. for each Sofa Stall;

single tickets, 1s. 6d.; Balcony, 1s. 6d.; Admission, 1s. Programmes and

tickets at Chappell and Co.'s, 50, New Bond-street; and at Austin's, 28, Piccadilly.

MR. and Mrs. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LAMHAM-PLACE.—Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed

and Corney Grain.—TREASURE TROVE, by Arthur Law, Music by Alfred J. Cald-

cott; and Mr. Corney Grain's new Musical Sketch, ON THE THAMES. Concluding

with a new second part, entitled A WATER CURE, by Arnold Felix; Music by George

Gear. Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at Eight; Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday,

at Three. Stalls, 5s. and 3s.; Admission, 2s. and 1s.

COURT THEATRE, Sloane-square.—Lessees and

Managers, Mr. John Clayton and Mr. Arthur Cecil.—EVERY EVENING, at

Eight, a New Play, entitled THE MILLIONAIRE, by G. W. Godfrey, Author of "The

Parvenu," &c. Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree, Miss H. Lindley, and Miss

Marion Terry; Mr. Arthur Cecil, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Charles Sugden, and Mr.

John Clayton. Box-office hours, Eleven till Five. No fees. Doors open at 7.10.

MORNING PERFORMANCES OF THE MILLIONAIRE, To-Day (Saturday), Nov. 3,

and Saturday next, Nov. 10, at 2.30.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE,

completed a few days before he died. NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY,

25, New Bond-street, with his other great pictures. Ten to Six Daily. 1s.

Now Ready,

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK

FOR 1884,

CONTAINING

SIX COLOURED PICTURES,

PRINTED BY LEIGHTON BROTHERS' CHROMATIC PROCESS;

TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;

ASTRONOMICAL SYMBOLS AND REMARKABLE PHENOMENA;

And a great variety of Useful Information for Reference throughout the year.

Inclosed in a Beautifully Coloured Wrapper.

Published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 138, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

PRICE ONE SHILLING; INLAND POSTAGE, 2½d.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—Two pence to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and Three pence to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1883.

The Fisheries Exhibition was closed, as it was opened, by the Prince of Wales. Owing much, especially in its initial stage, to Royal patronage, it was soon able to dispense with adventitious aid. Since the Great Exhibition of 1851, which to many of our readers is no more than a bright tradition, South Kensington has not witnessed so successful an exposition of natural productions, and it has never before been brought home to the population of the British Isles how inexhaustible is the wealth that may be drawn from the seas that wash our shores, or how defective are our methods of gathering it in. The interesting and well-arranged collection of specimens of the fish and fishing-gear of all nations will now be dispersed, and the pleasant evening promenades in the corridors and gardens of the exhibition building have come to an end. But a show which has from first to last attracted more than two millions and a half of people must yield permanent results. A fish diet has not only become more fashionable, but cheaper to the million, and it is found that our fisheries can be indefinitely developed by the profitable application of unemployed capital, and the increased use of scientific appliances. Since our Princes and the Commissioners, with the indefatigable Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., at their head, started the Fisheries Exhibition, the injurious monopoly of Billingsgate has been visibly tottering, and a rival has been established in the Central Market at Farringdon-road with every prospect of abiding success. If a new article of human food has not been actually discovered, fresh, wholesome, and nutritious fish has been placed within the means of the great mass of consumers.

It is apparent that during the next Session of Parliament social questions will compete with those of a purely political character, and that the influence of the Opposition leaders, as well as the wishes of her Majesty's Ministers, will be felt in shaping the new programme. Whether the article of Lord Salisbury on "Labourers' and Artisans' Dwellings" in the *National Review* is to be regarded as a party manifesto or not, it has opportunely appeared to intensify public indignation at the wretched housing of the masses of the population in the metropolis and our large towns. His Lordship has started a national question of a difficult and complex character, which ought to be discussed until some practical solution can be found. We are glad to find that he is in favour of the appointment of a Royal Commission as a first step. Much as we know of the abject condition of the London poor, more comprehensive information is needed in order to deepen public sympathy, and prepare the way for those drastic remedies which will alone remove from our midst these terrible plague spots. Lord Salisbury does not restrict himself to one panacea. In the absence of feasible "heroic plans," he would "attack the evil on as many sides as possible." Careless of the charge of "State Socialism," he proposes to make advances of public money to compensate the owners of condemned rookeries, and for the construction of new and wholesome dwellings under the auspices of some such body as the Peabody Trustees. His Lordship somewhat ignores the gross negligence of the metropolitan vestries, which have refrained from enforcing the law as it stands, but he furnishes a strong, though indirect, argument in favour of a Central Municipality for London, which would be able to deal with the whole question. If, as seems probable, the Government should be prepared to grapple with the question next Session, provisions will no doubt be incorporated in their bill to enable the new municipal body to cope with this shocking scandal.

The Conservative leader in the House of Lords has found time for less exacting and more agreeable duties. It is a curious sign of journalistic exigencies during the dull season that the marriage of his Lordship's eldest daughter to the only son of Lord Selborne has been the

theme of general newspaper comment and description. Happily for English life, party divisions, in high life at least, are skin deep, and scarcely affect social relations. The matrimonial alliance of the families of the Whig Lord Chancellor and the great Tory Marquis, though devoid of political significance, is an incident that will tend to assuage the bitterness of party strife. It is pleasant to be introduced behind the scenes, and to observe how amicably the rival statesmen of the day can forget their differences, and meet together on terms of personal friendship. On that auspicious occasion Mr. Gladstone was present, with his old antagonist Lord Cranbrook, to sign the marriage register. By-and-by, no doubt, in what promises to be a stormy Session, Lords Salisbury and Carnarvon will enter the political arena, to throw down the gage of battle to the Lord Chancellor and the Prime Minister. These stage appearances are shorn of their disagreeable features by the remembrance of such episodes as that of Saturday last.

For the last ten days, few names have been more mentioned—we may say, honoured—in the press, without distinction of party, than that of Sir Moses Montefiore. This has been partly due to the advanced age and high social position of the venerable Baronet. There is something almost romantic in the thought that a gentleman of distinction in public and private life should live to be a patriarch of a hundred summers, and should have come into this world at a time when Warren Hastings was founding our Eastern Empire, when the now colossal American Republic was in its very infancy, and when the great French Revolution was still in the womb of time. But Sir Moses has far stronger claims to reverence than his vast experience. He has been a father to the Hebrew race from the time when they sadly needed influential protection; a philanthropist whose open-handed liberality was not restricted to his own race; a merchant and financier of singular integrity; and a consistent supporter of religious freedom all the world over. As he was in his earliest days, Sir Moses Montefiore remains in his later years. Long may he spared to enjoy the universal respect and admiration which are the merited guerdon of a long and well-spent life!

The means of communication between the north and south banks of the Thames below bridge has for a year or two past been a very burning question to the fast-increasing population on either side, and the cause of fierce dissensions among persons whose vested interests are involved. It was thought that the Metropolitan Board of Works had, as far as possible, solved the problem by accepting Sir J. Bazalgette's magnificent proposal for a high-level bridge at the Tower, and tunnels at Shadwell and Blackwall. But the Treasury, by declining to agree to a prolongation of the wine and coal duties, has nipped the scheme in the bud. These imposts, which do not appear to be very burdensome to the citizens of London, have enabled the Board to carry out that great public work the Thames Embankment, and to free the metropolitan bridges from tolls. Deprived of this resource for the future, the Board have decided on a more modest scheme of communication between the two shores of the river, and will content themselves with asking Parliament for powers to construct a new Thames Tunnel, which will provide a thoroughfare from Wapping to Bermondsey at the comparatively modest cost of £400,000. The people of East London are highly indignant at this frustration of their hopes, and are reluctant to accept as a substitute for Sir J. Bazalgette's complete plan the proposed Steam-Ferries in the lower part of the Thames. Perhaps if they protest with sufficient vigour, the Treasury will relent, or Parliament may be induced to sanction their claims.

Many months of tedious negotiations between the French Cabinet and the Government of China have had no tangible result. The garbled despatches of M. Challemeil-Lacour, corrected by the documents subsequently published by the Marquis Tseng, leave the impression that their respective claims as to the ultimate disposal of Tonquin are quite incompatible, and cannot be reconciled by having recourse to the good offices of Lord Granville. The prospect is dismal, if not alarming. A large and adequate French force is prepared to advance for the conquest of the disputed territory, and M. Ferry has good reason to expect that the Chamber of Deputies will vote the large estimates now required to enable the expedition to complete its operations. The majority would, under ordinary circumstances, be disposed to listen to the counsels of the peace party in the Legislature. But they have not the courage of their convictions. The French always accept *faits accomplis*. It is possible that China will not declare war, but unofficially carry on hostilities, and protract the campaign in Tonquin until the weather becomes unfavourable to the invader. The worst sign of these complications is the rising spirit of hostility to Europeans in general among the turbulent natives of Canton and other populous cities of China, whom the Government of Peking may eventually be unable to control. If riots and bloodshed should ensue, the position of our Government, which desires to maintain an attitude of rigid neutrality, will be peculiarly embarrassing.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

For something like thirty years the daily and weekly press—notably the cheap and what used contemptuously to be called “the penny press”—has been “hammering away”—to use an inelegant but vigorous expression—at the slums of London. The fever dens, in which the metropolitan poor—ay, and vast numbers of the artisan classes—are huddled together; the whole streets and courts and alleys full of filthy, tumble-down, undrained hovels, harbouring ragged, dirty, drunken, unhealthy, half-starved, men, women, and children, have been denounced over and over again, by such writers as Mr. James Greenwood, Mr. G. R. Sims, Mr. G. Manville Fenn, and the late Mr. Nicholas Woods. Literally *ad nauseam* have we, in hundreds upon hundreds of descriptive papers and leading articles, taken up our parable against the wretchedness of St. Giles's, and Seven Dials, of Dudley-street; and Whitechapel and Blue Anchor-yard and Tiger Bay: of the vile slums which fringe the precincts of Westminster Abbey. Hitherto our reward has chiefly been to be taunted as “gushers” and “sensationalists,” and to be told that we represented the “gutter” school of journalism. But now that a live Marquis has taken up the matter, and aristocratic reviews, magazines, and newspapers are holding up their kid-gloved hands in pious horror of the enormities of overcrowded, unventilated, undrained, unwashed London, the vague “Something” will, I suppose, be done; or, at all events, somebody in authority will begin to talk about doing something, which can never be done effectually until there have been established a central government, and a government that is sensible, liberal, and strong, for the whole metropolis.

Surely it must have been by some mistake that the “representatives” of a late eminent solicitor transferred to a New York publisher a large collection of letters, written by Charles Dickens not only to his friends but to his lawyers. Such communications as the last-named are usually, when they are of a business nature, restored, on the death of a client, to his family, or they are burned. But a selection from the Charles Dickens letters to his several solicitors, dwelling now on the financial distresses of his father and his brother, and now on his money squabbles with his publishers, has appeared in the *New York Tribune*; and the *London Times*, in a lengthy article published last Monday, comments favourably on the American publication, and expresses a hope that it will assume a permanent form.

To be sure, the letters comprise some very interesting ones from the great novelist himself, and a large number of most readable communications from celebrated men and women; but it is the legal correspondence that constitutes the blemish. A new terror would be added to death did we have reason to fear that the letters which we wrote to our legal men of business would be published after our death. I repeat, there must have been some mistake; and if the new Dickens correspondence ultimately assumes the form of a book the letters to the lawyers should certainly be cancelled.

In the matter of the “Marquess” Tseng, “H. A. G.,” recently from Shanghai, has kindly enlightened me on this point. He writes:—

There are five degrees of nobility in China, for the Chinese terms of which it became necessary to find approximate English equivalents. Hence the use of Duke, Marquess, Earl, Viscount, and Baron, as applied to Chinese high officers of State. These titles are conferred on deserving subjects, and are hereditary in the following limited sense:—The eldest son of an official who has been made a “Duke” becomes at his father's death a “Marquess”; the “Marquess's” eldest son becomes at his father's death an “Earl”; the Earl's son becomes a “Viscount”; and so on; there being a fall in rank in each generation until the Peerage is extinct.

There is an exquisite sense of the fitness of things in this system of “diminuendo” dignities. There are at least ten chances to one that the eldest son of a newly created peer will not be so clever a man as his sire; so the Chinese fountain of honour ingeniously splashes him just one degree less than he splashed his papa. But the Celestial Baron's son? Does he become a Baronet, or a Knight, or does he sink to the level of a mere John Chinaman, “cangueable and bamboocable,” *à merci*.

I note, in the *St. James's Gazette*, a thoughtful but somewhat one-sided article, in which the writer seems gravely to doubt whether South Kensington, or, indeed, any local school of art save Lambeth and Nottingham (the art-training at the last-named centre of industry is, I can vouch for it, simply admirable), is doing much practical good in the way of producing competent draughtsmen for the service of house decorators and art manufacturers generally.

I am somewhat staggered, at the outset, at finding quoted a pamphlet by one Mr. Harris, who complains that “one can't get young men, willing to accept the ordinary twenty shillings to forty shillings weekly wage, who can draw foliage even decently.” To draw foliage “decently” is no very easy matter. At the Lyons Schools of Design, forty years ago, according to Benjamin Robert Haydon, the Father of Schools of Design in this country, and who was snubbed by Sir Robert Peel because he insisted on the necessity of establishing such schools, the pupils were taught to draw the academic nude with accuracy before they were allowed to draw foliage and geometrical patterns.

Mr. Harris is quoted much more cogently when he says that “no school seems to exist for teaching young people to draw a laurel spray or an acanthus with the immediate and practical object of drawing these forms quickly and correctly for house decoration.” In this connection, I may be permitted to direct attention to a little book from the examples in which young people will, in a surprisingly short space of time, be able to draw the acanthus, “with the immediate and practical purpose of representing these forms correctly for house decoration.” I shall not be suspected of puffing a work published more than thirty years ago; since it was in the year 1851 that the late Mr. Adolphus Ackermann, a partner in the then historic firm of Ackermann

and Co. (their premises were in the Strand, where now is the perfumery warehouse of Mr. Eugene Rimmel), gave me the “Guide for Drawing the Acanthus and Every Description of Ornamental Foliage, by I. Page.” The book, which is illustrated with upwards of two hundred woodcuts and sixty etchings on steel, was published by Atchley and Co., Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury. I have not the slightest idea as to who I. Page was; from the text which accompanies his designs he would seem to have been a self-educated man; but he has made drawing the acanthus, and indeed every species of foliage, as easy as A B C; and, if there be any modern reprint of his book, I can cordially recommend it (with Natta's “Practical Geometry,” in which the demonstrated problems of the First Book of Euclid are further explained by beautifully artistic etchings of architecture and still life by Old Pyne, of “Rustic Figures” celebrity) to the attention of all young decorators, scene painters, and cabinet makers.

Mem.: Natta's book, which was published early in the century, is based upon the more elaborate French work of Leclerc.

Correspondents who are so kind as to interrogate me as to the origin of the expressions, “Cleanliness is next to Godliness,” “A Skeleton in the Cupboard,” “Pouring Oil on the Troubled Waters,” “He has burnt his Bridges,” and the like, are respectfully referred—(1) to Mr. Wheeler's “Familiar Allusions”; (2) to Dr. Cobham Brewer's “Dictionary of Phrase and Fable”; (3) to the same learned author's “Reader's Handbook”; (4) to Mr. Eliezer Edwards's “Words, Facts, and Phrases”; and, finally, to *Notes and Queries*. I have repeatedly hinted to my readers that my main business here below is to keep out of St. Pancras Workhouse; and to that Haven of Rest I should speedily be bound if I tried to answer even a twentieth part of the questions asked me, and which (my early education having been sadly neglected) I am wholly unable to solve.

Did any lady, writing from some remote region into which “Myra” or “Sylvia” or “The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion” has not yet penetrated, condescend to ask me “how sleeves are worn?” just now, I should respectfully reply that sleeves are largely worn with human hearts upon them for daws to peck at. It is the most candid, the most confiding, the most autobiographical age imaginable. All the celebrities are “owning up”; and to the men of letters who are about to publish a full, true, and particular account of themselves and their contemporaries must now be added Mr. Edmund Yates. It is no secret that for some time the Editor and Proprietor of the *World* has been actively engaged in collecting materials for two volumes of Personal Reminiscences. The publisher, I learn, is to be Mr. Bentley; the time of publication, next March. Mr. Yates has seen much of cities, and much more of men; he has a remarkably retentive memory, and a curiously developed faculty of humour: thus, his Reminiscences may be confidently expected to be of a most entertaining nature.

Some of these days—on the eve, possibly, of my departure for Corea, or New Guinea, or the Andaman Islands, never to return to my native country—I intend to publish (in five volumes Royal Octavo) my own Reminiscences, Revelations, or Confessions. I think that I shall entitle the work “The Straight Tip; or All About It; by One who has Known Them All.” It would rain Criminal Informations against the Distressed Compiler, and the existence of the Public Prosecutor would be rendered burdensome to him, I am afraid, for about six weeks after the publication of the “Straight Tip.”

I think that the preposterous idea ventilated above (of course I have no more real intent to be autobiographical than to start a wax-work show) must have got into my head through reading the Hon. Lewis Wingfield's capital novel (just published by Mr. Bentley) “Abigael Rowe: a Chronicle of the Regency.” Mr. Wingfield, in addition to unfolding with great ingenuity a very dramatic story, gives us the straightest of “tips” regarding men and manners in London society at the period when that best-abused of monarchs, George IV., was Prince Regent. It has been for many years the literary fashion to vilify the memory of George IV. I think that fashion was set by Douglas Jerrold in the early days of *Punch*. There have been endless sneers about the Georgian white kid pantaloons, his high stock, furred collar, braided surcoat, and curly wig; his mixing his own snuff, his fondness for curaçoa, his having the creases in his coat-sleeves snipped away and then fine-drawn, his partiality for “cockatoo” uniforms for the Army and Chinese Pagoda-like architecture for his palaces.

The literary depreciation of the “First Gentleman in Europe” was crystallised by Mr. Thackeray in a famous passage in “The Four Georges.”

The Sailor King who came after George was a man; the Duke of York was a man, big, burly, loud, jolly, cursing, courageous. But this George, what was he? I look through all his life, and recognise but a bow and a grin. I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding, stays. . . . under waistcoats, more under waistcoats, and then nothing. I know of no sentiment that he ever distinctly uttered.

If Mr. Thackeray had ever read the Memoirs of “Michael Kelly,” the musician, or of Count Borulawski, the Polish Dwarf; if the illustrious author of “The Four Georges” had had any knowledge of the King's dealings with the Royal Society of Literature (to which he gave for ten years preceding his death, from his privy purse, a sum of a thousand guineas annually to be distributed in pensions among ten deserving men of letters: Coleridge was one of them), William Makepeace Thackeray, ever the consistent advocate of justice and truth, would have been fain to admit that George IV. was capable, not only of uttering distinct sentiments, but of giving substance to the utterance thereof by generous and charitable actions. But Mr. Thackeray only “took up the running,” of which the lines had been marked out by Leigh Hunt in the *Examiner*, by Cobbett, by the reckless William Hone, and by George Cruikshank, in the exuberance of that artistic youth to which we owe “The Queen's Matrimonial Ladder,” and “The

House that Jack Built.” It is a very different George that Mr. Wingfield shows us in his clever and interesting novel. I say nothing about his plot. To do so would be to anticipate the reviewers.

Some critics may be of opinion that the author of “Abigael Rowe” deals with unnecessary harshness with the character of Caroline of Brunswick. Well, she was certainly a very ill-used lady; but there looms darkly from a lower shelf in my study a tall folio of many hundred pages of evidence and speeches bearing on a Bill “to Deprive her Majesty Caroline Amelia Elizabeth of the Titles, Prerogatives, Rights, Privileges, and Exemptions of Queen Consort of this Realm; and to Dissolve the Marriage between His Majesty and the said Caroline Amelia Elizabeth.” Reading, calmly and dispassionately, the records of this memorable Trial, one's impression as to the ill-usage of the Queen is not removed; but one's belief in her innocence is not strengthened.

Mr. Henry Blackburn, the Editor, and I think that I may say the inventor, of those annually pleasant and useful “Academy” and “Grosvenor Notes,” illustrated by reproductions of the artists' own drawings, leaves this instant Saturday by steamer Arizona for the United States, where he will undertake a short lecturing tour. The course will consist of a “dioramic” lecture, illustrated by lime-lighted drawings, “Pictures of the Year;” “The Art of Popular Illustration,” a “Black and White” lecture; “The Graphic Arts”; “Tapestry and China Painting”; and, as a *bouquet*, “Artists and Arabs,” a discourse on sketching from nature in Algeria. Mr. Blackburn is well known in the States; and his symmetrically rigged craft should dance very merrily on the “Art Wave” which is passing, just now, over the Great Republic.

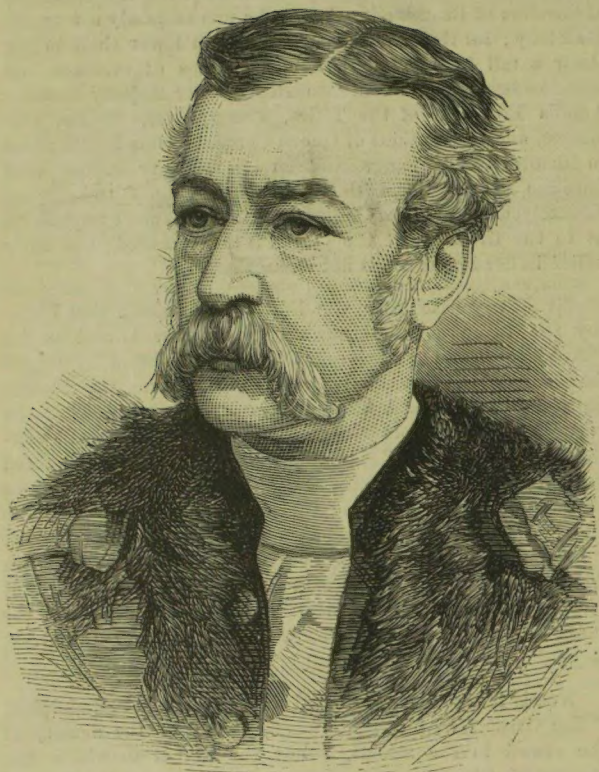
Nearly four years have passed since I beheld, in Philadelphia, “The Great Grant Boom,” when, owing to the density of the crowd in the streets, I lost the dinner to which Mr. George W. Childs had kindly invited me, to meet the General and a distinguished party, and nearly got suffocated in the crush of humanity, to boot. What would I not have given to be present at the Great Irving Boom, the first thunders of which were volleyed forth when, on the evening of Monday, the twenty-ninth ult., at the Star Theatre, New York, the great actor made his first appearance before an American audience as Mathias in “The Bells.” On the evening of the preceding Friday, when Mr. Irving was entertained by the Lotus Club, Mr. Whitelaw Reid in the chair, the actor's brethren of the Rabelais Club, London, sent him a cablegram, bidding him be of good heart, and play the man on the eventful Monday. It had been intended to begin the message with the Rabelasian *Sursum corda!* but a wary member having suggested that, in the course of transmission, the Latin words might get corrupted into “small corduroy” or “Sir Something Corder,” or something unintelligible of that kind, the despatch merely told our brother that we had drunk his health and that of Miss Terry, and that we wished him good luck.

Mem.: Disparage not the value of a clap on the shoulder, a shake of the hand, a word of cheery encouragement, wired to you under sea and over land when you are far away, engaged in a difficult mission. One day last summer I had to send from Moscow to London a despatch of inordinate length descriptive of the Czar's Coronation. My colleague and I had gone for many hours without food or sleep to get that despatch on the wires. Our last folio had been deposited at the telegraph bureau by six in the afternoon; but, tired as I was, I lay awake for three parts of the night, tossing about in nervous anxiety and apprehension lest the despatch should in some way or another come to grief. But Somebody at home had been thinking of our possible and torturing misgivings; and the morrow, noon, the German porter of the hotel brought me up a telegraphic message of only four words—“Seven columns. All right.” I could have embraced that German porter.

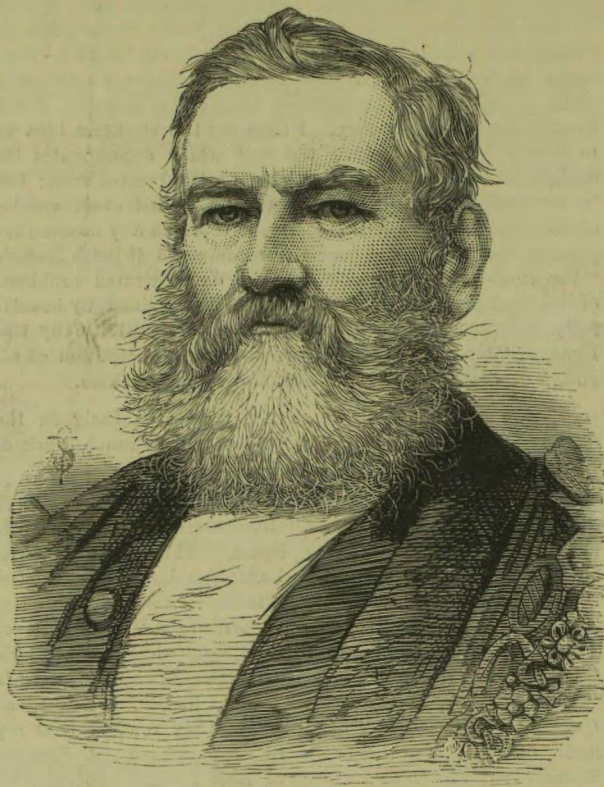
Henry Irving was received, as we have all read, with tumultuous enthusiasm; and if I have any knowledge of the play-going American public, we may rest confident in the assurance that the actor's popularity will be immense and continuous throughout his tour. Still there will be thorns in the cushion. By this time Mr. Irving has learned that there is not only a Star Theatre, but a Star Chamber, in New York. I mean a Chamber of Critics. Some of these stern persons have already dealt out, with pen and ink, sentences on the actor little less harsh than those passed by the Judges of Charles I. on Prynne, the author of the “Histriomastix.” It is sorry work to criticise criticism; but I think that I may, without impropriety, make a brief comment on one of the strictures passed on the actor's impersonation of Mathias:—“His style of declamation recalls the parish clerk of our forefathers, which, so far as the American stage is concerned, became extinct with the local dramatic butt, Count Johannes. Irving acts with his intelligence, not with his heart. He has calculated to a nicety all methods productive of an effect upon an audience. It need not be denied that this is art, but it is, mathematical art. There is a constant suggestion of manufacture about Irving's work in ‘The Bells.’”

Now, let us be a little logical. Please to observe that Mathias, in “The Bells,” has murdered a Polish Jew and stolen his money, and that subsequently his heart is filled with remorse for the horrible deed which he has committed. But Mr. Henry Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, London, W.C., has never to my knowledge, nor to that of anybody else, I should say, robbed and murdered a Polish Jew. How, then, not being an assassin and a thief, could he act the part “with his heart”? He was fain to rely on his “intelligence” to represent the agony of mind which Mathias was supposed to feel, but which he, Henry Irving, could only simulate to the best of his artistic capacity. An unsympathetic actress may certainly play Juliet with her “intelligence,” but “without heart”; but it would be absurd to say that such an actress as Miss Genevieve Ward could play Lady Macbeth “with her heart.” Her intelligence only would enable her to portray the feelings of a woman with the heart of a tigress.

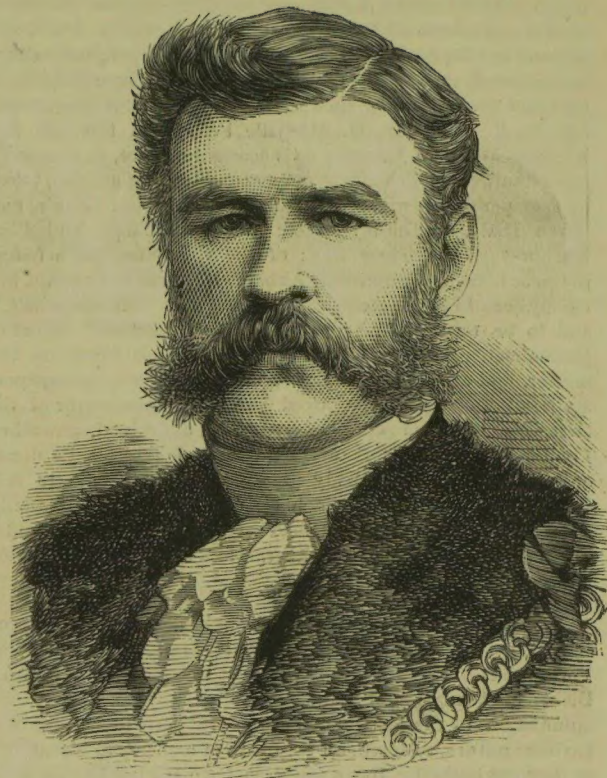
G. A. S.



MR. SHERIFF COWAN.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



MR. SHERIFF SMITH.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Robert Nicholas Fowler, M.P., is son of the late Mr. Thomas Fowler, banker, of Bruce-green, Tottenham, belonging to an old Quaker family. He was born Sept. 12, 1828; was educated at University College, London; graduated at the London University in 1848, and in 1850 proceeded to the degree of M.A. He was elected a Fellow of the College in 1853, a member of the Council in 1856, and is one of the Senate of the University of London. He is a banker in Cornhill; the firm being Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, Barnard, and Dimsdales. He is a magistrate for London, Middlesex, and Wilts. He was elected Alderman of Cornhill ward in June, 1878; and in 1880 served the office of Sheriff, with Alderman Waterlow, in the mayoralty of Sir W. McArthur, M.P. He unsuccessfully contested the City of London in the Conservative interest at the general election in

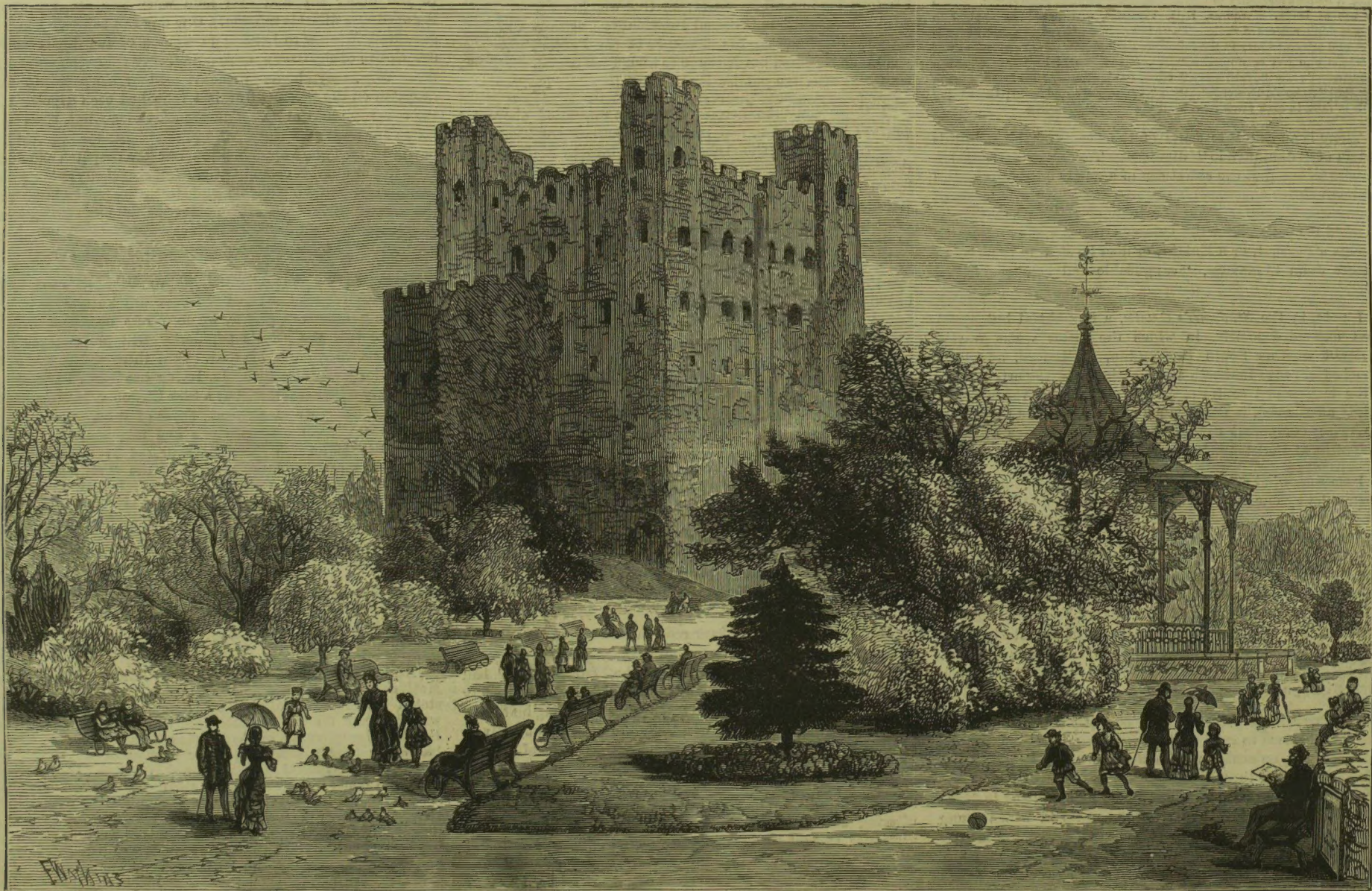
1865. He sat for Penryn and Falmouth in the House of Commons from 1868 to 1874; and since April, 1880, has been one of the three Conservative members for the city of London. He is author of "A Tour in Japan, China, and India;" and has recently returned from a visit to the Cape Colony. He married, in 1852, Sarah Charlotte, second daughter of Mr. Alfred Fox, of Falmouth; but was left a widower in 1876, with a large family. He has a country house near Chippenham, in Wiltshire.

The two new Sheriffs of London and Middlesex are Mr. Clarence Smith and Lieutenant-Colonel Phineas Cowan. The first-named gentleman is a son of the late Rev. Dr. Gervase Smith, who was President of the Wesleyan Conference; and he is nephew to the late Dr. Edward Smith, physician to the Local Government Board. Born in 1849, he was educated at the Kingswood and Woodhouse-grove School for Wesleyan ministers' sons. He is a member of the Stock Exchange, an active Liberal politician, one of the committee of managers of the Haverstock-hill and Alexandra Orphanages, and honorary secretary of the Strangers' Friend Society. He is also a representative of the Third London District in the Wesleyan Conference, one of the Wesleyan Schools Commission, and of the Aldershot Soldiers' Home Committee. He is senior

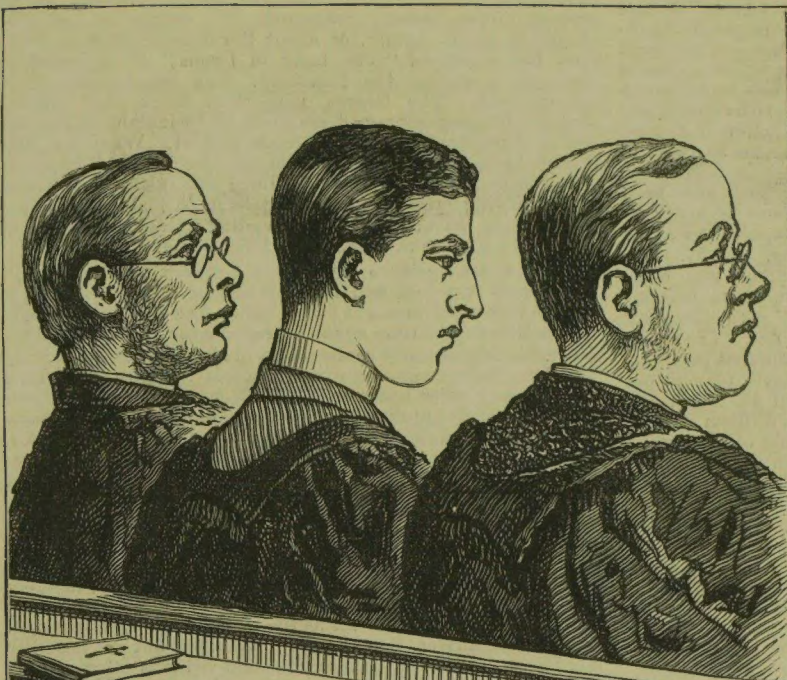
partner in the firm of Clarence and Gervase Smith and Co., stock and share brokers, Queen Victoria-street.

Lieutenant-Colonel Phineas Cowan is well known through his connection with the Volunteer movement. In 1863 he raised three companies, and with them joined the 3rd City of London Rifles, in which regiment he remained till 1880, when he retired, with her Majesty's permission to retain the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to which he had been promoted in 1875. Colonel Cowan is a partner in the firm of Messrs. L. Cowan and Sons, of Barnes, Surrey, and of Mincing-lane, colonial merchants. His residence is at Lancaster-gate, Hyde Park. He married a daughter of Mr. Samuel Moses, for nearly half a century treasurer of the Jews' Orphan Asylum.

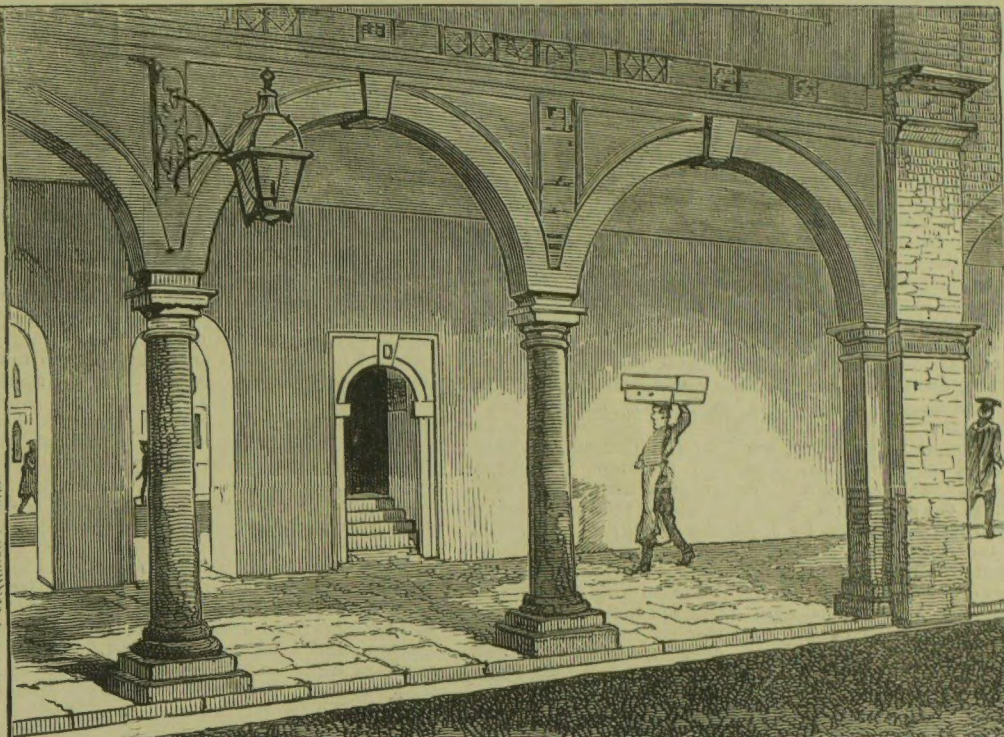
Our Portrait of the new Lord Mayor is from a photograph by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street; and those of the two Sheriffs, by the London Stereoscopic Company. We are indebted to the *City Press* for some biographical particulars.



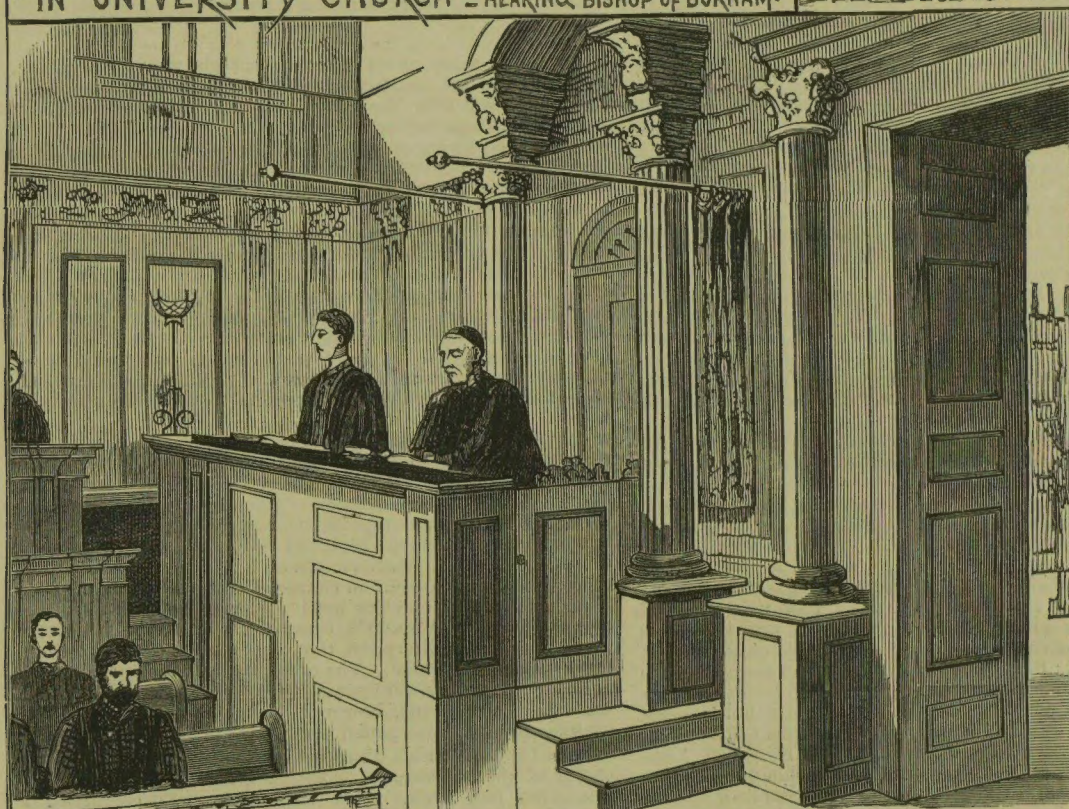
ROCHESTER CASTLE AND GROUNDS AS A PUBLIC PARK.



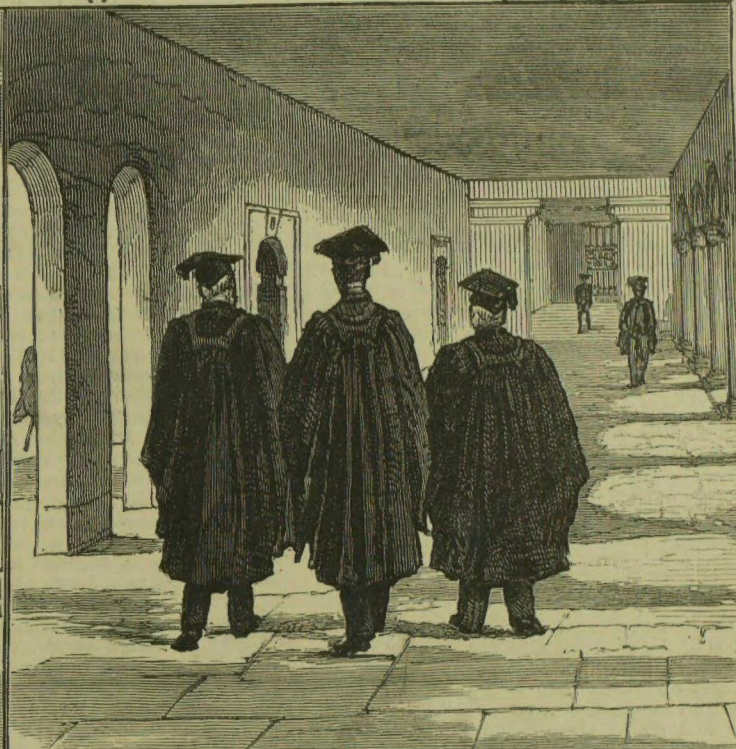
IN UNIVERSITY CHURCH — HEARING, BISHOP OF DURHAM.



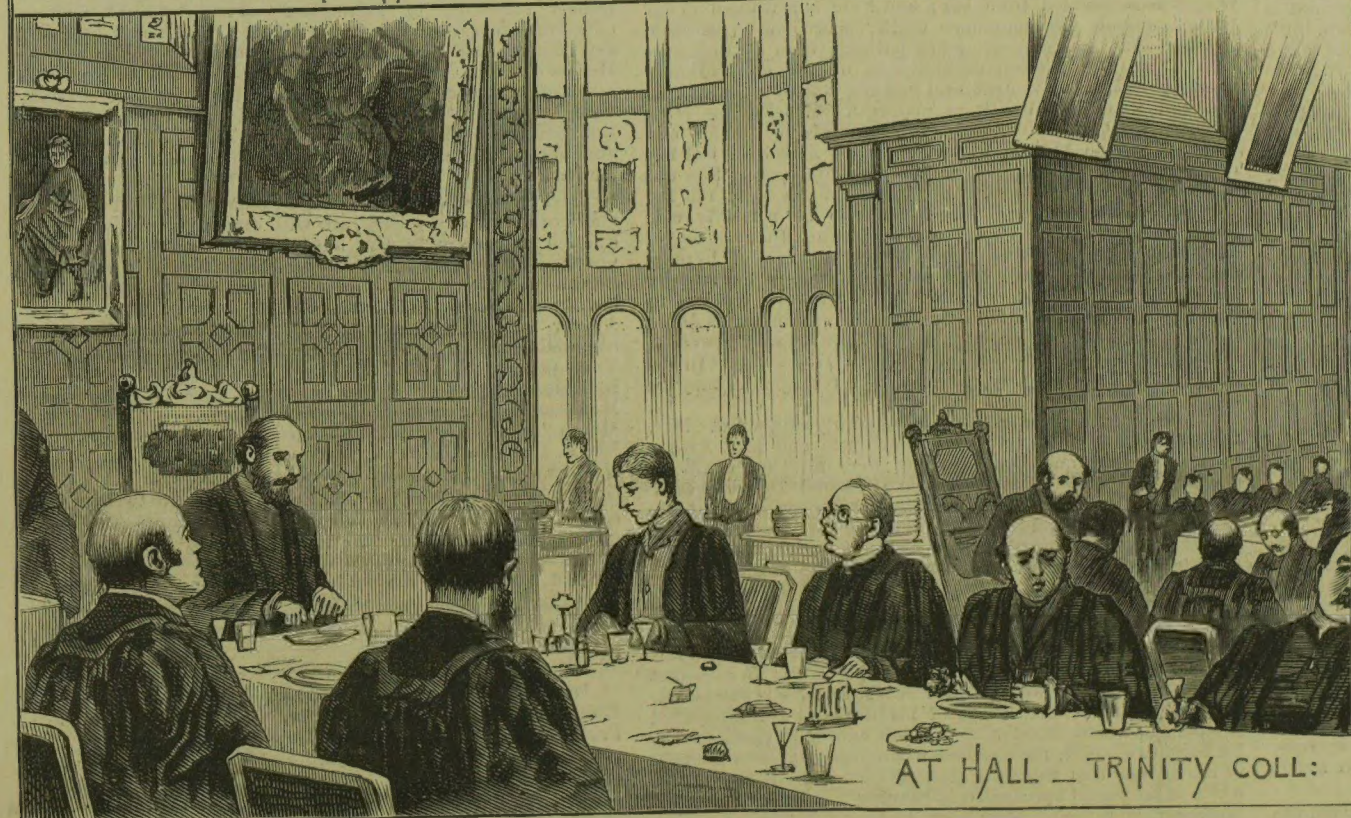
NEVILLES COURT — STAIRCASE D — ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCES' ROOMS.



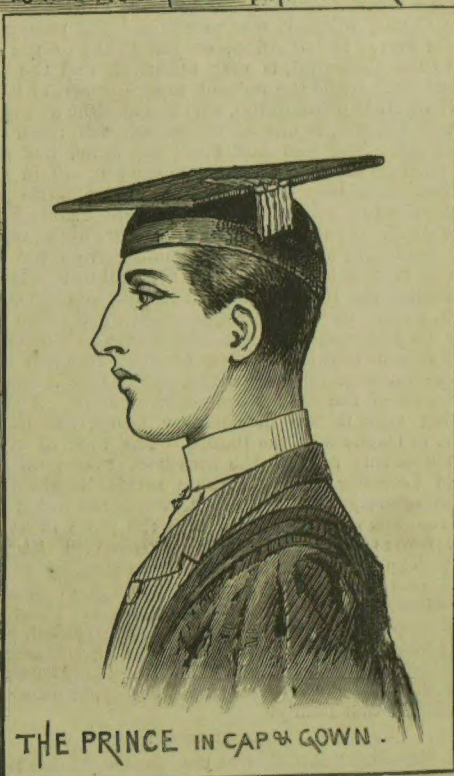
IN CHAPEL — TRINITY COLLEGE.



THE PRINCE GOING TO HIS ROOMS WITH HIS TUTOR.



AT HALL — TRINITY COLL:



THE PRINCE IN CAP & GOWN.

John Dinsdale del:

1883.

MARRIAGE OF LORD WOLMER.

The Church of St. Andrew's, Wells-street, was occupied last Saturday by a congregation of distinguished and fashionable persons, to witness the marriage of Viscount Wolmer (the Right Hon. William Waldegrave Palmer), only son of the Earl of Selborne, Lord High Chancellor of England, to Lady Beatrix Maud Cecil, elder daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury: a matrimonial alliance between the two families of an eminent member of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry and of the leader of the Opposition Party, which is an agreeable token of the superiority of domestic ties above political differences; and the presence of Mr. Gladstone was an additional proof of this gratifying sentiment among their personal friends. Lord Wolmer was born Oct. 17, 1859; was educated at Winchester, and at University College, Oxford, and is Assistant Private Secretary to Mr. Childers, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. His elder sister, Lady Laura Palmer, was married in 1876 to the Rev. G. Ridding, D.D., Head Master of Winchester College; a second sister is wife of the present Earl Waldegrave. His mother, the Countess of Selborne, is a daughter of the eighth Earl Waldegrave, married to Lord Selborne, then Sir Roundell Palmer, in 1848. Among those who attended the marriage of Lord Wolmer and Lady Maud Cecil on Saturday were her Royal Highness Princess Christian, with whom was Lady Agneta Montagu, the Duke of Norfolk and Lady Margaret Howard, the Lord Chancellor and Lady Selborne, with their youngest daughter, Lady Sophia Palmer, the Marquis of Exeter, the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury, the Earl and Countess of Galloway, the Earl and Countess of Eldon, the Earl of Carnarvon, Earl and Countess Waldegrave, Viscount Cranbrook, Lord Brabourne, and many others of the nobility, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Right Hon. G. Shaw-Lefevre, the Rev. Dr. Ridding and Lady Laura Ridding, and the Right Hon. A. J. Beresford-Hope. The bride was dressed in white satin, with flounces of Brussels lace and orange-blossoms, and a tulle veil fastened with five diamond stars. Her bridesmaids were Lady Gwendolen Cecil, her sister, Lady Sophia Palmer, sister of the bridegroom, Miss Mary Beresford-Hope, Miss Margaret Alderson, cousin of the bride, Miss Mary Somers-Cocks, Miss Balfour, and two little girls, Miss Blanche Cecil and Lady Mary Waldegrave. Lord Wolmer was accompanied by his cousin, Mr. Edgar Brodie. The service was performed by the Rev. Canon Liddon, assisted by the Hon. and Rev. W. Chetwynd Talbot, Rector of Hatfield, and the Rev. F. Cecil Alderson, Rector of Holdenby, Northampton, a near relative of Lady Salisbury. The bride was given away by her father, the Marquis of Salisbury. The register was attested by Princess Christian, Lord Selborne, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Cranbrook, and Lord Carnarvon. After the ceremony, the wedding party were entertained at luncheon in Lord Salisbury's house in Arlington-street, where Mr. Gladstone proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom. Lord and Lady Wolmer then left for Cranborne, Lord Salisbury's place in Wiltshire.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT CAMBRIDGE.

The eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor Christian Edward, who will be twenty years of age next January, has entered upon his University studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. His Royal Highness was conducted thither by the Prince of Wales, his father, and by his tutor, the Rev. J. N. Dalton, M.A., of Clare College, on Thursday, the 18th ult. Our illustrations represent the Prince going to his rooms, in Neville's Court, with Mr. Dalton and the College tutor; his first dining in the College Hall, and his attending Divine Worship in the College Chapel, when the sermon was preached by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Durham; with a view of the entrance to his rooms, under the arcade of Neville's Court; and a portrait of his Royal Highness attired in the "nobleman" student's cap and gown.

ROCHESTER CASTLE.

The Mayor and Corporation of Rochester have purchased of the Earl of Jersey, for £8000, the fine old Norman Castle and adjacent ground, which for some years past had been held on lease, and had been used as a public pleasure-garden. On Wednesday week, the deed of purchase having been duly signed and sealed, there was a regular procession, with bell-ringing, bands of music, banners, and marching men of the Artillery Volunteers, the Fire Brigade, and the Police, to escort his Worship and the other members of the Municipality to the Castle, where it was proclaimed the property of the town for ever. Its situation, on the banks of the Medway, close to the Cathedral, is very beautiful, and the ground is well laid out; while the ancient square tower, or Keep, built in 1077 by Bishop Gundulph, who was also the architect of the Tower of London, is one of the grandest Norman structures of its kind. The roof and floors are gone, but the walls, on all the four sides, and almost to the top, are in good preservation. The base of the tower is about 70 ft. square, and its walls rise to a height of 100 ft., varying in thickness from 8 ft. to 13 ft. At three of the angles there are square turrets, and at the fourth a round one, extending from the base to a height of 12 ft. above the rest of the building. The parapet surrounding the tower is 5 ft. in height, and the embrasures are 2 ft. wide. Of this castle, founded by William the Conqueror on the ruins of an earlier Saxon or Roman fortress, history records that in the reign of King Stephen its possession was contested by rival parties, and in 1215 it was defended in the cause of the Barons against King John. Again, in the following year it was invested by Louis, the Dauphin of France, in league with the Barons. The Earl of Warren, in 1264, stubbornly resisted the attack of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester; and in these several sieges the works suffered severely. Some time afterwards the round turret of the Keep was constructed, to take the place of one of the square towers which had been destroyed in King John's attack. The walls of the castle were repaired by Edward IV. in 1464, and from that time till the reign of James I. the whole edifice was allowed to fall into decay. King James I. in 1610 gave the castle to Sir Anthony Weldon, of Swanscombe, from whose descendants it was purchased by Mr. Robert Child, the banker, and his grand-daughter and heiress having married the fifth Earl of Jersey, it came into the possession of that family.

The Turners' Exhibition at the Mansion House terminated yesterday week, when the prizes and awards were distributed by the Lord Mayor, in the presence of a numerous gathering, including Lady Burdett-Coutts, the Lady Mayoress, Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Henry Bessemer.

Prince Christian will open, this (Saturday) afternoon, the Soho Club for Working Girls, situated at 59, Greek-street, Soho-square. This excellent institution was set on foot mainly by the Hon. Maude Stanley. It is the first establishment of the kind in London on a permanent basis, and meets a real want among the working girls of London. The club is managed by a committee of ladies of high position.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Theatre Royal Lyceum. The most charming play and the most successful that has been introduced to the town since Mr. Knowles's "Hunchback," was performed at this theatre on Saturday night. Since the errors and sufferings of Julia made their affecting appeal to the heart and were answered by the sympathy of every heart that witnessed them, we have had nothing at all comparable to "The Lady of Lyons" in that description of interest or in the extent of enthusiasm it produced among the audience. A breathless attention prevailed during its progress, save when the theatre rang with tumultuous applause—almost every interval between the acts was filled up with demonstrations of approval—and after a lavish expenditure of cheering at the close, the insatiable satisfaction of the pit exacted "three cheers more." It was a scene to raise, to refine, to give a new zest to playgoing.

The passage above transcribed should properly have been placed between inverted commas, since it is none of my composition. But it so completely corresponds with the scene that took place at the Lyceum on Saturday, Oct. 27, 1883, that, with two slight alterations as to place and date, I thought it entirely suitable as an exordium to an account of the performance of "The Lady of Lyons," with Miss Mary Anderson in the part of Pauline Deschappelles. The words which I have so coolly appropriated refer to the first performance on any stage of Bulwer Lytton's romantic play at old Covent-Garden Theatre, on Thursday, April 15, 1838: the part of Claude Melnotte being sustained by William Charles Macready, that of Beauséant by Elton, and that of Pauline by Miss Helen Faucit, now Lady Theodore Martin. The criticism appeared in the *Examiner*, and was written, I should say, by Lord Lytton's fast friend, John Forster. A period of five-and-forty years is a very long one for a play by a modern dramatist to "keep the stage," as the saying goes; but "The Lady of Lyons" remains as fascinating as ever. I have seen it played by Macready and Helen Faucit, by Charles Kean and Ellen Tree. I have seen it acted in a barn-like theatre in a fourth-rate sea-port town with two wretched "sticks" as Claude and Pauline; but I have never found it unattractive, or wearisome, or dull; and it must be a very stern eye, indeed, that can behold, without "the drop of unfamiliar brine" glistening on the lid, the anguish of Pauline when, wringing her hands, yearning to take the man who has so cruelly wronged her and whom she so fondly loves, she cries, with a despairing wail, "If he would only ask me to forgive him!" Of course the play is stagey, tricky, unreal, insincere, and all the rest of it. That we have heard a hundred times. Of course much of the sentiment is maudlin and puling verbiage; while a good deal of the blank verse is so much stilted bombast. When it was first produced—in the year of her Majesty's Coronation—there were people who professed to discover in the promotion of Claude, through his own merits and exertions, from the condition of a peasant to that of a Colonel in the French army, "an implicit praise of Republicanism"; and "The Lady of Lyons" was consequently denounced as "an unjustifiable attack on the hereditary nobility of the kingdom." As a matter of fact, the only "attack" made by the author on then-existing institutions was in a couple of sneers at the system of purchasing commissions in the British Army; otherwise, the dramatist is too much absorbed in the evolution of his story to indicate in any shape or form his political predilections, one way or the other. He had set himself to the task of writing a play which should charm; and, notwithstanding its many and glaring defects, "The Lady of Lyons" is as full of charm now as it was in the year of grace 1838.

Miss Mary Anderson, whose success on the English stage is now fully established, was as stately, graceful, and winsome in the part of Pauline as she had been as Parthenia in the tedious and imbecile play of "Ingomar." No criticism, gentle or ungentle, will bar the fact that there is no more beautiful lady on the stage than Miss Mary Anderson. She is to the full as highly favoured by nature as was the late Mrs. Rousby; but she carries herself with greater dignity, and her movements are more symmetrical than were those of the lamented lady whom I have named. An actress who is extremely pretty in visage, lithe in form, and refined in manner, may be considered to have gained half the battle which she has to fight. If she have the genius of a Rachel, or a Sarah Bernhardt, or of a Charlotte Cushman, she would win the battle at once, and it would not matter a "red cent" whether she had head of Medusa or of the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. I am not, at present, qualified to pronounce whether Miss Mary Anderson is the possessor of real genius or only of very highly developed dramatic training. As Parthenia she was only a graceful ingénue. As Pauline an ample display of pathos is demanded from her; and I am constrained to say that I found the language and "situations" between Pauline and Claude much more pathetic than Pauline herself. The very highest development of the conventional, carefully studied movement and gesture, consummate art, in fine—all these qualities were manifest. But Pauline is an essentially emotional character—a creature of whim and caprice, passion and impulse; and Miss Anderson did not convey to my mind the idea of her feeling the part. She was never carried away. She was not by any means cold; but her warmth lacked abandon. She seemed to be perfectly well aware of what she was about, and determined that not one of her graceful poses, not one of her careful touches of byplay, not one toss of her pretty head nor undulation of her shapely neck should be lost on her audience. I want to see her as Galatea. I want to see her as Desdemona, as Juliet, as Julia. She is gifted with a voice singularly rich, melodious, powerful, flexible, and resonant—the voice of the *Tragédienne*. In the direction of high tragedy, perhaps, her real genius may be found.

The fascinating young lady was but poorly supported. Mrs. Billington, indeed, as the Widow Melnotte and Mrs. Arthur Stirling as Madame Deschappelles were all that could be desired; and Mr. William Farren's Colonel Damas was a careful and practised study, uniformly meritorious; but the Beauséant of Mr. Frank Archer was tame and unemphasised, and the top Glavis, as played by Mr. J. A. Rosier, was without significance. In particular, although through not the slightest fault of his own, was the Claude Melnotte of Mr. J. H. Barnes unsatisfactory. It is a wonderful and prodigious thing that he should have been pitchforked into such a part as Claude Melnotte at all. There is no more painstaking actor on the stage than Mr. Barnes. He has high dramatic capacity. He is an excellent Macduff, and by no means a poor Macbeth. He is handsome, too, and a stalwart gentleman of his inches; but the physical robustness, which stood him in such excellent stead as the barbarian Ingomar, renders him wholly unsuitable to the part of the dreamy and romantic peasant Claude Melnotte, who is a vein of the purest porcelain clay running through coarse earth. Moreover, he ranted. Miss Mary Anderson likewise is given occasionally to rant. I never knew an American actress yet who was sparing in her efforts to tear a passion to tatters. It is a custom of the country. They like it Out West. The beautiful and intelligent Miss Anderson, when she has been a few more months (I wish it could be years) among us, will get cured of her trick of ranting; but on Saturday both Claude and Pauline

made such a noise between them as to render it extremely doubtful whether the supposed military band outside the cottage were playing "La Marseillaise" or "The Roast Beef of Old England." For what the audience thought of Miss Anderson it is sufficient to refer to the dead and gone *Examiner* excerpt at the head of this article. The piece was well placed on the stage, and the dresses of Miss Anderson were superb. Her first costume seems, indeed, to be copied from some miniature or engraving of the Empress Marie Louise, of about the date of 1810 or 1811; and the action of "The Lady of Lyons" is supposed to take place during the Directory. The anachronism is of no moment. The Graces may wear what they please. Against the preposterous dress worn by Beauséant in the last act I must, however, raise a meek protest. What has Mr. Frank Archer done that he should be "tugged out" in a coat of crimson plush with the tails lined with yellow satin, and tightly fitting crimson plush pantaloons to match? It is too bad to make an actor of some standing assume the guise of the Elf of Flames in a Christmas Pantomime.

Just a few lines to say that "A Sailor and His Lass," judiciously curtailed, and now playing crisply and closely, is drawing crowded houses at Drury Lane. The really superb acting of Miss Sophie Eyre as the betrayed and persecuted Esther Morton is ably seconded by the energy of Miss Harriet Jay as Mary Morton. To the vigorous exertions of Mr. Augustus Harris I have already borne testimony. Mr. Henry George is coolness incarnate and imperturbability itself as the unconscionable villain, Richard Kingston; and that admirable actor, Mr. James Fernandez, has made the character of the murderous but remorseful farmer, Michael Morton, a creation of great strength and tragic intensity. Clever and agile Miss Clara Jecks plays the little wail and stowaway Carrots with infinite vivacity; and Mr. A. C. Lilly is a sturdy Captain of the Albatross. The comic characters are capably rendered, first by Mr. Harry Nicholls as Green, the stump orator, member of a Secret Society, spy, traitor, and "all round" scoundrel; next by Miss M. A. Victor as the wife of the facetious and virtuous cab-driver, Bob Dounsey; and last, but not least, by Mr. Harry Jackson as the facetious and virtuous cabman himself. Mr. Harry Jackson must be Hannah More's Good Hackney Coachman come to life again. I am thinking of giving up hansom and taking to "growlers," all on account of that pearl and paragon of four-wheel cabbies so splendidly depicted by Mr. Harry Jackson. G. A. S.

MUSIC.

The first of three extra Richter concerts was given at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, the remaining two being announced for this (Saturday) and the following Saturday evenings. These performances are irrespective of the regular seasons, the eighth of which will take place next year. The programme of Monday's concert displayed the same preponderance of the music of the new innovative school over the classical that has frequently been the case on previous occasions. Three pieces by Wagner and one by Brahms, preceding a symphony by Beethoven, placed at the end of the concert, is an arrangement that is out of all proportion, and one that must be unwelcome to those who prefer the music of the past to that of the present, and would gladly hear a work by a great classical composer at an earlier period of the evening than the close thereof. There was no novelty in any portion of Monday's programme; Wagner's "Huldigungs-Marsch," the introduction to the third act of his "Die Meistersinger," and the "Walkürenritt" from his "Die Walküre," have been frequently performed and commented on—indeed, so often within a comparatively short period that they, and other music of the same school, might well be given more intermittently in future. Brahms' "Academic Overture" has not met with so many repetitions, having been first heard in this country in May, 1881, at the Crystal Palace, and repeated immediately afterwards at a Richter concert. It is unnecessary now to dwell on characteristics which have already been commented on—nor need anything be said as to the closing piece of Monday's concert, Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," a masterpiece that never becomes too familiar, however often repeated. The orchestral performances on the occasion referred to were generally as satisfactory as hitherto—the brass instruments, however, having also, as before, been occasionally much too prominent.

The Covent-Garden Promenade Concerts are continuing a career of special success. Another attractive classical night was given last week, when the programme comprised a repetition of Mr. Carrodus's fine performance of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, in addition to Miss Josephine Lawrence's refined rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto—effective orchestral pieces including Mozart's "Jupiter" symphony; and vocal pieces contributed by Madame Rose Hersee and Mr. Pyatt. On Monday a special concert was given, at enhanced prices; Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Damian, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley having been the vocalists. The performances were highly successful; the announcements having drawn a crowded and enthusiastic audience.

Last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert included performances of a series of pieces, all, with one exception, the production of composers who have been knighted. The only novelty was the characteristic orchestral prelude to Sir R. P. Stewart's "Eve of St. John"; the most important pieces having been Sir G. A. Macfarren's symphony in E minor; Sir Arthur Sullivan's overture, "Di Ballo," and that by Sir Sterndale Bennett in illustration of "Paradise and the Peri." Vocal pieces by Sir H. R. Bishop, Sir M. Costa, and Sir J. Benedict were effectively rendered by Miss H. Coward and Madame Patey; and Sir H. Oakeley's spirited "Edinburgh March" completed the English selection, which was varied by Mr. E. Howell's skilful execution of a violoncello concerto by Goltermann and two small pieces by Boccherini.

The Monday Popular Concerts open their twenty-sixth season next week, with an excellent programme—the string quartet party consisting of Madame Norman-Néruda, Mr. L. Ries, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. Miss Santley will be the vocalist, and M. de Pachmann the pianist.

Madame Adelina Patti embarked for America last Saturday on board the Gallia, to which she was accompanied by many personal friends.

Miss Alice Gardner, a distinguished student of Newnham Hall, Cambridge, has been elected, out of twenty candidates, Professor of History in Bedford College, London.

In presence of a large gathering of the friends of education, the new buildings of the Jews Free School, Bell-lane, Spital-fields, were consecrated on Thursday week by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Adler.

The Midgents, General Mite and Millie Edwards, have returned from a Continental tour with great success, and they open next Monday at the Pavilion, Brighton.—Sir J. Benedict will give the first of a series of excellent concerts under the Dome next Saturday, the second being on the Monday following.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, Oct. 30.

In vain one lives in Paris year after year, in vain one studies the manners and customs and the ways of thought of the French; there is always some surprise in store, some new oddity to be discovered. It is only at Paris that you hear pale-faced, hoarse-voiced vagabonds howling along the boulevards facetious broadsides like *La manière de dompter les belles-mères*. It is only at Paris that a journalist could be so silly as to depict the English "shivering with fear to see the French at Tonquin and Madagascar." It is only in Parisian papers that you could find a sentence like the following, clipped from this morning's *Événement*: "It can no longer be said that the Republic does nothing for the people. The Republic is making wood pavements. With a few cans of petroleum the street can be fired and the troops cannot pass. It is all over with cavalry charges. The Anarchist party owe a fine debt of gratitude to the speculators who thus save them the trouble of accumulating combustible matter. All this work is being done under the paternal eye of the municipality, and I would not give 500f. for a house built in a street paved with wood." This paragraph refers to the wood pavement that has been laid in the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honoré, and several of the boulevards. Another journalist begins his leader thus:—"It was with the liveliest satisfaction that I learnt the death of Richard Wagner, nine months ago." Then follows a furious diatribe against Germany, harmony, and classical concerts. In another column of the journal are strange accounts of armed bands of burglars who nightly defy the police at Neuilly; elsewhere I read that Madame Clovis Hugues, the wife of the deputy-poet, victim of a *Tricouche et Cacolet* calumny agency, was arrested yesterday just in time to prevent her shooting with a revolver the instigator of the calumnies. In one journal I read an ardent appeal to the Comte de Paris to take forcible possession of the throne of his ancestors; and in another I read that M. Gatineau will not propose his bill of proscription against the Orleans Princes until after the debate on the Tonquin question. Truly, one is tempted to say that things are getting mixed in *la belle France*.

In spite of all this alarming talk and apparent anarchy, the life of France and of Paris goes on as usual. The French do not attach to their newspaper articles the same importance that foreigners do; and for one Frenchman who reads a leading article on the subtleties of Chinese diplomacy, the details of which are, of course, obtained from the English press, there are ninety-nine who read the accounts of the drollery of the new operetta at the Nouveautés, "*Le Roi de Carreau*"; of the splendours of the restored Alcazar Théâtre, where Thérèse, the old favourite of the Empire, makes her reappearance to-morrow; and of the enthusiasm provoked nightly at the Opéra Comique by Madame Galli-Marié's splendid impersonation of "*Carmen*."

Besides these theatrical events we have, by way of novelty, a new journal, *Le Cri du Peuple*, in which M. Jules Vallès, the refractory revolutionary braggart, will contribute his noisy mite towards the solution of the social question. We have the death of Cardinal de Bonnechose, Archbishop of Rouen, a most eminent prelate, a great patriot, an ardent partisan of the temporal power of the Pope, and a man who might himself have been elected Pope if he had chosen. Cardinal de Bonnechose was eighty-three years of age. If the Cardinal had had his way, M. Renan's "*Life of Christ*" would have been burnt at the stake and its author pilloried. Finally, the flower merchants and dealers in wreaths and immortelles are preparing for the "*Jour du Morts*" next Thursday, when all Paris will visit the cemeteries in the morning, and the theatres and pleasure-fair in the afternoon and evening. The mountebanks and somnambulists have been in possession of the exterior Boulevards during the past three days.

The Parliamentary week has not been at all exciting. The deputies and Senators have all been occupied with serious business, and it is only this afternoon that the much-talked-of interpellation on the Tonquin affair was made. M. Granet opened the debate. He demanded a full explanation of the object of the Ministry in promoting the expedition, and of the relations between France and China. M. Challemlacour, who followed, justified the action of the Government in not giving publicity to news that might have raised unfounded alarm. M. Perrin replied on behalf of the Radicals, urging frankness on the part of the Government, and the debate was adjourned.

T. C.

The Italian Prime Minister arrived at Naples on Saturday, to inquire into the wants of the southern provinces.—On Sunday a new railway from Terni to Aquila was opened by the Minister of Public Works.—In honour of a visit by the members of the Geodetic Congress, fresh excavations were made at Pompeii last Saturday, and resulted in the discovery of many interesting objects.—The Marchesa Medici, widow of the late General Medici, has given 5000f. towards completing the façade of the Duomo at Florence.

Señor Camacho, the Finance Minister in the last Spanish Government, has accepted the Governorship of the Bank of Spain. It is announced that, among other reforms, the Minister of Justice will shortly introduce trial by jury into Spain.

A new Portuguese Cabinet has been formed by Senhor Fontes Pereira de Mello.

The authorities of the Canton of Berne yesterday week directed the expulsion of members of the Salvation Army, and the order was immediately carried out. The Salvationists are now prohibited to enter four of the Swiss Cantons.

The Emperor of Germany returned to Berlin last Saturday in excellent health from Wernigerode. Before leaving he presented a life-size oil painting of himself to Count Stolberg. His Majesty intends to participate in a series of hunting expeditions.—Yesterday week Field-Marshal Count Moltke celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday. He is in excellent health of body and mind, and is staying at his estate at Kreisau, near Schweidnitz.

In opening the session of the Austria-Hungarian Delegations on Thursday week, the Emperor Francis Joseph signalled the actual European situation as one so absolutely pacific as to permit his Government to devote its entire attention to the material interests of the Monarchy.

The King and Queen of the Hellenes returned to Athens last Saturday from their visit to European Courts.

The final reception of Lord Coleridge was given by the Union League Club of New York, at their new club-house in the Fifth Avenue, on Thursday week. Many distinguished persons were present, and a brief address was given by Mr. Evans. Next day his Lordship visited Yale College, and addressed the students in defence of classical studies as the basis of a college training. Lord Coleridge sailed from New York last Saturday to return to England. Many friends accompanied him to the steamer to bid him farewell.—Last Saturday evening Mr. Andrew Carnegie gave a reception to Mr. Matthew Arnold in New York. More

than 300 persons were present, including many prominent in art, literature, and the learned professions.—Mr. Irving's tour seems likely to be one long scene of junketings and feast-making. At a banquet given in his honour last Saturday at the Lotus Club, five hundred persons, including Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Barrett, Mr. Florence, and other actors, were present. Mr. Irving made a speech of considerable length, abounding in happy hits, and creating a most favourable impression. Mr. H. Irving, supported by the Lyceum company, made his first appearance in America at the Star Theatre, New York, on Monday night in "*The Bells*," taking, of course, the part of Mathias. He was greeted by one of the most brilliant audiences which ever assembled in that city. The theatre was crowded in every part. Nearly all the seats were sold a week before. Among the audience were Madame Christine Nilsson, the Rev. Dr. Collyer, and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Mr. Irving's reception, according to one telegram, was "as hearty as was ever accorded in New York to any actor or actress, American or foreign."

Lord Lansdowne, after taking the oaths of office at Quebec, travelled by a special train, with the Canadian Ministers, to Ottawa, arriving there on Tuesday week. Large crowds of the citizens received him with cheers at the station, which was handsomely decorated. He was welcomed by the Mayor, and driven to Rideau Hall; and the city was afterwards brilliantly illuminated, while fireworks were liberally displayed. On Thursday week he was presented with an address by the Corporation of Ottawa, expressing their unchanging loyalty to Queen Victoria and respect for her representative. His Excellency made a suitable reply.—The Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise embarked at Quebec last Saturday on the Allan steam-ship *Sardinia* for England. Their departure from Canada was marked by sympathetic demonstrations from the populace, large crowds having assembled, in spite of heavy rain, to witness their embarkation. The *Sardinian* sailed amid the booming of cannon and the cheering of the crowd. The University of Quebec has conferred upon the Marquis of Lorne the degree of LL.D., in recognition of his services in the cause of Canadian education.—The Dominion Government have agreed to guarantee a 3 per cent dividend on the Canadian Pacific Railway stock for ten years.—The total number of immigrants who settled in the Dominion of Canada during the nine months ending Sept. 30 last was, a Reuter's telegram states, 91,799, as compared with 76,378 in the corresponding period of last year.

The people of Bombay are making arrangements to give the Duke of Connaught a fitting reception on his arrival there, and have opened a subscription to defray the expenses.

Explosions of dynamite are reported to have occurred at Frankfort, in Germany, and in Pennsylvania, United States. The former is attributed to a Socialist plot.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31.

A feature of some interest in the Stock Exchange during the week has been an increased flow of investment business into American railway securities. The movement cannot be said to have shown anything like an extensive development at present, but it has been on a sufficiently well-marked scale to prove that it possesses much inherent vitality, and that it will go on growing at an accelerated pace if confidence in the market be preserved from a renewed shock. It would be unwise to prophesy a recovery unbroken by occasional sharp reactions, for the reason that much of the advance in prices is due to buying of a more or less speculative character, that must sooner or later be followed by realisations to secure profits. A recoil resulting from this cause is, however, usually of such moderate dimensions that it could form no source of anxiety; yet there would seem to be little chance that a raid by "bears" will soon be again organised, as their energy and resources for a fresh campaign must be much impaired, if not well-nigh exhausted, and as a steady absorption of stocks of various kinds is in progress, the conditions for a renewed trial of strength, such as the one that has apparently just ended in a signal defeat, are daily becoming increasingly difficult.

From being as low as 52 a week or ten days since, Canadian Pacific Railway shares rose to as much as 68 on Monday, in connection with an official notification that the company, with the view of securing more effectually the agreed dividend on the shares, had bought of the Canadian Government an annuity of 3 per cent per annum for ten years, such annuity to be specially set aside towards dividends. It is understood that the present net traffic revenue of the company is equal to about 2 per cent, and it is inferred that the directors have, in what they have done, desired to place the dividend beyond any dependence on the proceeds of land sales. But favourable as this arrangement is, the extent and rapidity of the rise induced sales, and so it has happened that since Monday there has been a backward movement, and as I write the price is 62.

The adverse rumours that were recently circulated to depress Egyptian Bonds have this week received, in one particular at least, an unqualified contradiction. It was said that the falling off in the revenue had become a source of anxiety to the Government, who were, in consequence, considering the expediency of reducing the interest on the Unified Debt. This rumour, together with some others of a like disquieting character, were but a sequel to a series of attacks that were previously published on Egyptian affairs, financial and political, the intemperance of which did much, fortunately, to weaken their effect; but it nevertheless served to enfeeble the market, which was already being acted upon by the uneasy condition of French political affairs. Now, on the other hand, that we have before us the results of the ingathering of the Egyptian revenues assigned to the service of the Debt, which show an available surplus of £470,000 for the redemption of Unified Stock, it is probable that the last has been heard of a reduction of interest on the latter. Mr. Edgar Vincent, the new financial adviser to the Egyptian Government, will not be long in setting to work on the task that will engage his attention—namely, the launching of the Indemnity Loan for five millions, so that any doubt or misgivings that may be troubling bondholders through the rumours lately put about will doubtless soon be set at rest.

Applications will be received at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, by the Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company, Limited (New Zealand), for an issue of £360,000 Five per Cent Mortgage Debentures, at par, until two o'clock on Nov. 9 next. The debentures are redeemable in 1908, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum will accrue from Dec. 1 next, payable half-yearly at the London and Westminster Bank, where also the principal will be repayable at maturity. The present issue of £360,000, together with £40,000 already placed, will absorb the borrowing powers of the company, which are limited to the amount of the uncalled capital. These mortgage debentures are secured upon the uncalled capital of the company, an allocation of above £500,000 worth of land given by the New Zealand Government, and on the railway line, which, together, represent a security of about £1,200,000.

T. S.

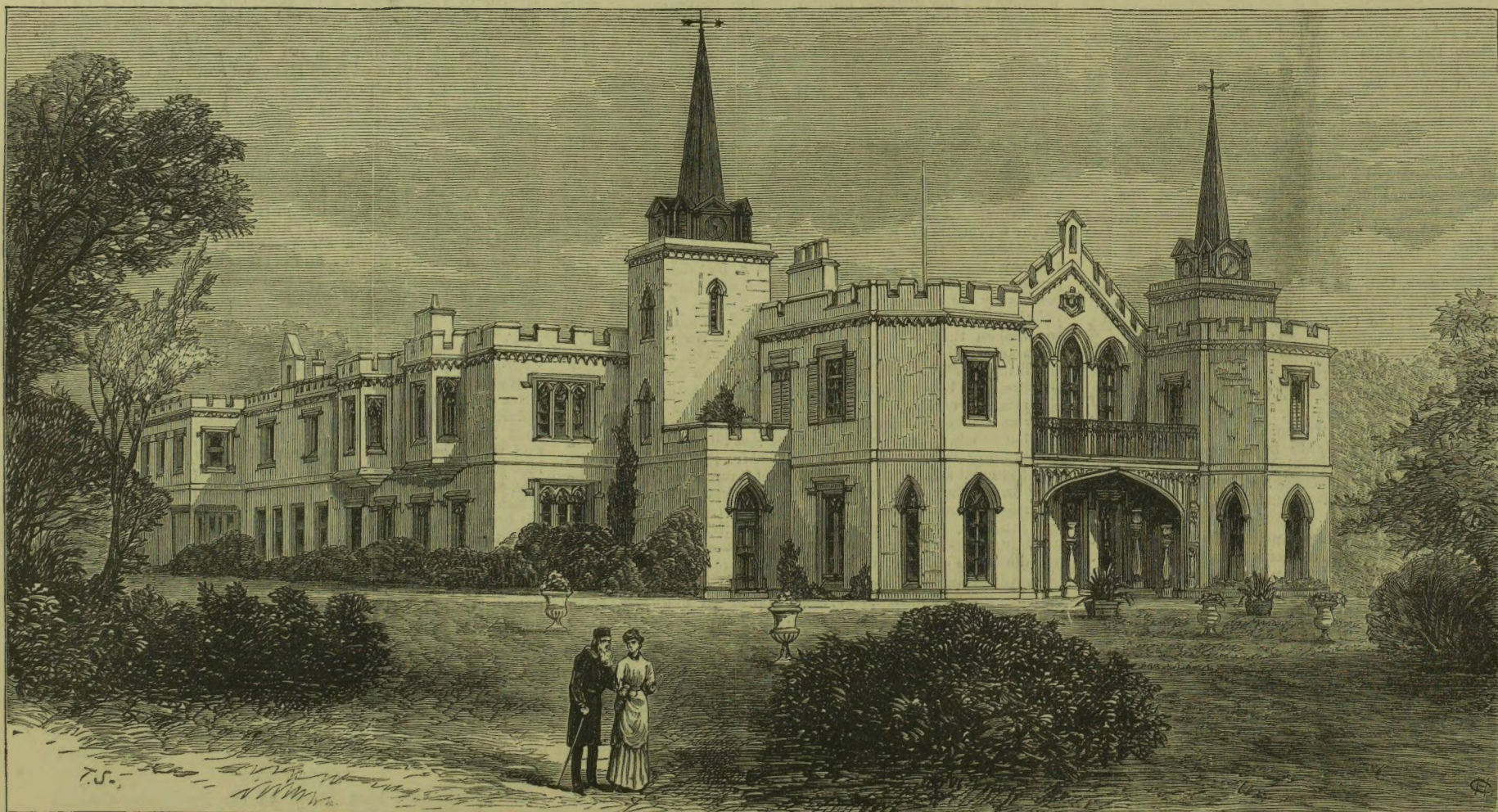
SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.

The ninety-ninth birthday of this venerable Jewish Englishman—his entrance upon the hundredth year of a remarkably hale and happy old age—is celebrated, not only by his personal friends and neighbours, but among both Jews and Christians who appreciate his moral and social worth, in a very gratifying manner. Though for many years past he has been a constant resident at Ramsgate, while not living the life of a recluse, but frequently taking an active part in City business, as well as in religious and philanthropic concerns, Sir Moses Montefiore is an eminent Londoner, and one of whom London is proud. He would have made a dignified Lord Mayor of London, if his tastes and habits were not so averse to public display; and in 1837 he served the important office of Sheriff, but has long ceased to have any connection with the Corporation. In 1846, when the Queen visited the City, her Majesty conferred upon him the rank of a Baronet. If, at any later period, Sir Moses Montefiore had been offered a Peerage, and had been disposed to accept it, the House of Lords might have welcomed a Jewish member of that aristocratic assembly, with the approval of all enlightened minds in the nation. For Sir Moses Montefiore is recognised as a great Englishman, not less than as one of the greatest of modern Jews; and his faithful adherence to the ancient worship of Israel could no longer in these days have been a disqualification. As a Jew, Sir Moses is probably to be esteemed the best example, in our age, at least in our own country, of that type of character, devout and strict in the observances of ancestral piety, but essentially humane, liberal, and benevolent, with the practical sagacity of an upright man of the world, and with conspicuous integrity in private and public conduct, which is fostered by Hebrew moral teachings. He reminds us of "Nathan the Wise," or even of the "good man" of the Psalms and Proverbs, who is wealthy and virtuous, a prudent citizen, a master of his own affairs, a generous benefactor of his people, and merciful to the stranger besides. We have not space, upon this occasion, to narrate the course of his long life and his multiplied deeds of charity, which have been told at length in the biographical memoir given by the *Times* last week. He was born on Oct. 24, 1784, at Leghorn, the eldest son of Joseph Elias Montefiore, who was a London merchant dealing in Leghorn straw bonnets. The father of Joseph Montefiore, Moses Vita Montefiore, had settled in London so early as 1752, but the family was Italian Jewish, deriving its name from the small town of Montefiore, near Ascoli, in the Papal States. The wife of Joseph Montefiore, and mother of Sir Moses, was Rachel Mocatta, one of a well-known Jewish family in London. Moses Montefiore the younger, whose parents were not rich, was brought up at Kennington, and was educated at a small commercial school. He was at first apprenticed in a merchant's counting-house, but commenced business on his own account as a stock-broker. At the time of the French invasion panic, about 1805, he enrolled himself as a Volunteer in the Surrey Militia, and attained the rank of Captain. In 1812 he married Miss Judith Cohen, daughter of a prosperous Jewish merchant, and connected by marriage with the Rothschilds. They lived in Newcourt, St. Swithin's-lane, near the house of Nathan Meyer Rothschild, who had married the sister of Mrs. Montefiore; while Abraham Montefiore, a brother of Moses Montefiore, married a sister of Rothschild. Notwithstanding this powerful connection, Moses Montefiore was not tempted to continue long in the pursuit of vast riches by financial operations. He retired from the Stock Exchange soon after founding the Alliance Insurance Company, and other successful joint-stock undertakings, over which he has continued to preside. In 1830 he purchased East Cliff, Ramsgate, and made it his home; there he built a synagogue, which was opened in 1833. His London house before that time was at Grosvenor-gate, Park-lane. In 1827 Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore went their first journey to the East, of which that lady wrote an interesting account, printed for private circulation. They sailed from Naples to Sicily and Malta, and thence to Egypt, where Mr. Montefiore had an interview with the celebrated Pasha, Mahomet Ali. They afterwards visited Jerusalem; and, on their return to Malta, there met Admiral Sir Edward Codrington, who had just fought the battle of Navarino, destroying the Turkish and Egyptian fleet. Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore then returned to England, being conveyed from Malta to Naples, or to Messina, by H.M.S. *Mastiff*, carrying the Admiral's despatches which announced the news of the battle. In 1837 Mr. Montefiore served as Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and was knighted by the young Queen Victoria, upon the occasion of her accession to the throne. Immediately after the end of his year of office, Sir Moses Montefiore, with his wife, paid a second visit to Palestine, and obtained from Mahomet Ali, then ruler of Syria as well as of Egypt, valuable concessions in favour of the Jews. The travellers were in some danger of being attacked in their tents by the Bedouin robbers at night. In 1840, when a cruel persecution of the Jews had broken out in the Turkish Empire, Sir Moses, accompanied by M. Crémieux, the French Jewish advocate, went to Damascus and Constantinople to obtain redress, in which he eventually succeeded. In 1846, he visited Russia for a similar purpose, and had an interview with the Emperor Nicholas, to intercede on behalf of the Jews in Poland and Lithuania. Sir Moses and Lady Montefiore again and again went to Palestine, and in 1855 dispensed large sums for the relief of the distressed Jews there, and established hospitals, schools, and agricultural colonies. In 1858, he went to Rome, to persuade the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli to restore a Jewish boy, Edgar Mortara, who had been surreptitiously baptized, to his own parents. In 1863, though in very weak health, and depressed by the recent loss of his wife, Sir Moses Montefiore performed a fatiguing journey to Morocco, travelling in a litter eight days across the African desert. His object was to obtain from the Sultan of Morocco protection for the Jews in that Mussulman State. He again visited Russia in 1872, and was most courteously received by Alexander II. His last journey to the Holy Land, being the seventh pilgrimage, was in 1875, when he was gratified by finding the condition of the Jews at Jerusalem much improved. To recount his numerous large donations for various charitable purposes would occupy too much space. We present a series of some of the incidents above mentioned, with the portrait of Sir Moses Montefiore, by Elliott and Fry, a view of his house at Ramsgate, and views of the Synagogue and College for old Rabbis, and the tomb of Lady Montefiore, who died in September, 1862. This mausoleum stands on the top of a high cliff overlooking the sea, and a lamp is kept ever burning within it. Sir Moses Montefiore, notwithstanding his great age, is in the enjoyment of all his mental faculties, and is able, in these days, to receive the congratulations of many friends, and to express his thanks for such a tribute of general esteem as few persons have been allowed to receive, after so many years of a well-spent life.

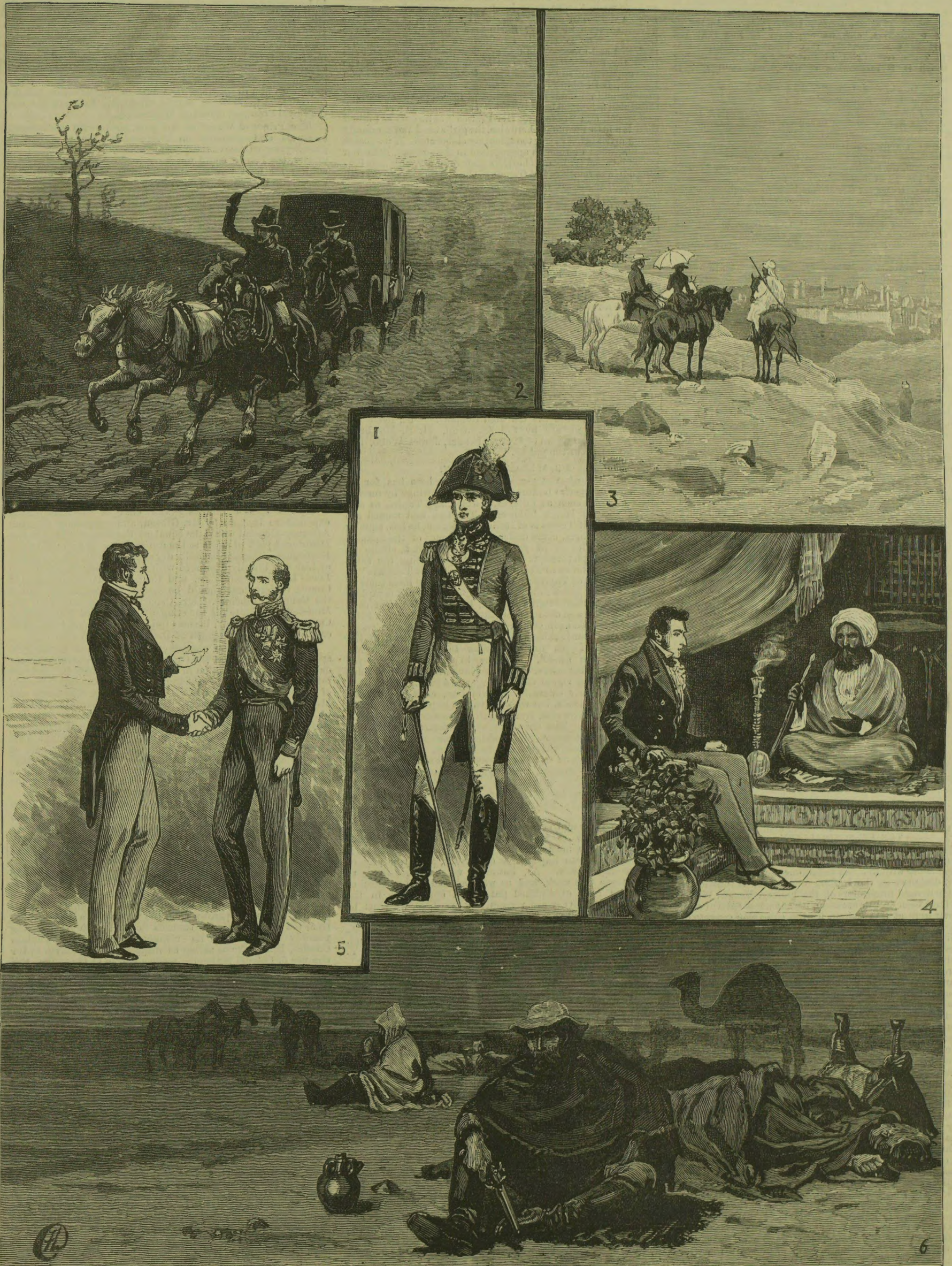
Directions have been issued by the Postmaster General that, from and after Nov. 1, rural carriers will be required to accept parcels from the public for dispatch wherever they now collect letters, subject to regulations set forth at length.



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, BART.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. ELLIOTT AND FRY.



EAST CLIFF VILLA, RAMSGATE, THE RESIDENCE OF SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE.



1. Captain of Surrey Militia, 1805.

4. Presented to Mahomet Ali in Egypt.

2. Carrying despatches of the Battle of Navarino.

5. Interview with the Emperor Nicholas of Russia.

3. First Visit to the East, 1827.

6. Travelling in the Desert.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

The winter art season has set in somewhat earlier than usual, but with not less severity, and with its customary concomitants of headache, lumbago, and demoralised vision. We were invited to attend the private views of some six exhibitions last Saturday (a day, by-the-way, of summer-like warmth and Italian sunshine), and other and more important art-displays will follow weekly, or almost weekly, for nearly two months to come. Several of Saturday's shows are at dealers' galleries, and, of course, mostly of their property; and the average, at least as a marketable average, is not without attraction. But one exhibition—that at the Dudley Gallery—is conducted by the artists themselves, and we are sorry to find that the bulk of it is comparatively very inferior. Still, as it represents some tendencies of the younger artists of our school which it is interesting to note, we shall give it precedence.

DUDLEY GALLERY ART SOCIETY.

It has already been explained that the former committee at this gallery have mostly seceded to the neighbouring Institute, and that a new society has been formed. Although, however, the long miscellaneous list of the new body contains several names of repute, it is evident in the present gathering of cabinet pictures in oil that "The Dudley," as it has been familiarly known for the last sixteen years, can hardly be said to exist, and not all of those who now put in an appearance are worthy substitutes for the former leading members; while a large proportion of the performances which have found a place on the walls can neither benefit their contributors nor the visitor by being made public. It will suffice to mention some of the better and more promising efforts in the order of the catalogue. With works of so little representative import nothing more will be expected.

The first picture, then, which arrested our attention—by its truth of tone and aspect—is the "Street Scene, Switzerland" (35), by the American painter, F. A. Bridgman; who also sends "After the Bath, Cairo" (196), which latter, though distinguished by artistic qualities of colour, is hardly what one would expect in point of figure-drawing from a pupil of Gérôme. A group of "Roses," above Mr. Bridgman's Swiss scene, reminds us that M. Fantin's still-life seems to be losing its former felicity: it was always a little too dependent on technical artifice. "The Pick of the Pack" (64), by T. Blinck, is a small example of a spirited painter of dogs whom this gallery brought lately into notice. "Shepherd's Cottage, Kintyre" (73), by Joseph Henderson, is noteworthy for good colouring. "Two Mothers" (74), by C. Calthrop, though by no means redeeming the high promise of this artist's early works, contains sufficiently good interior painting to have secured it a place on "the line"—which seems, however, to be denied here to any picture that is above the smallest "cabinet size." "The Trammel-net Catch" (83), by C. Napier-Hemy, is hardly up to this artist's usual level. "Zephyrus Playing to Aurora" (96), by James Clark, has a pretty motive, but, as in the case of Mr. Barrable's "Love's Messenger" (43), a higher poetic feeling and finer technical style are requisite to do full justice to such a subject. S. Melton Fisher's "A la Japonaise" (115) is a clever but rather opaque study of colour, prompted doubtless by the French. The French landscape-painter's aim at "the values" under daylight aspect, leaving the details to take care of themselves, is also apparent in two small able views by Adrian Stokes (Nos. 136 and 147). T. Schafer's "Trust" (140) is a sort of decorative *rien* in subject, but the white drapery is beautifully painted. "Near Rosen-lau, Switzerland" (206) is a noteworthy landscape by A. H. Berthoud, President of the Swiss Academy. French influence is again very apparent in "Hiding from Granny" (210), a pleasant little incident in a cottage backyard, by T. C. Gotch. It has brilliant fidelity of effect, and its almost monochrome black and white reminds one of Salmson. "Ocean and Mist" (215), by W. J. Shaw, betrays, we regret to say, a marked falling off. John Varley's "Entrance to the Gemalieh Quarter, Cairo" (220), has the artist's customary merits—merits which seem, however, to stop short at a certain level of promise. "Silver Morning" (236), by W. A. Ingram, is a bright, pleasing little sea-piece. "A Summer Sea" (366), by Hamilton Macallum, has this skilful painter's brilliancy and charm, but it seems to us that the reflected lights of the water are too purplish for the greenish-blue of the sky. T. M. Rooke has a series of illustrations of a legend of "The Apple of Life" (401), which are ingeniously designed in a pseudo pre-Raphaelite manner, but with a conventionality of colour that could only be adapted to stained glass.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

A high standard is always maintained at this gallery; but, here as elsewhere, the principal effort is reserved for the spring or summer display. As usual, one large and remarkable work, designed as the leading attraction, is provided; but the experienced proprietors of the gallery, Messrs. Wallis and Son, have been on this occasion, perhaps, less enterprising than is their wont at this season, for the collection consists of works mostly by artists who have before occupied places on these walls.

The *pièce de résistance* in the present instance is "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," by Corot, a grand example that figured at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867. The figures in Corot's works, it need hardly be said, are but—as in those by many landscape-painters *par excellence*, except Salvator Rosa and some others—more or less accidental and subservient to the sentiment of the landscape. And so long as the deceased French master kept his figures subordinate, like an undertone or accompaniment in music, nothing frequently could be more felicitous—as, for instance, in the well-known etched picture of nymphs dancing in a quasi-classical landscape at twilight. Nor has the painter's sense of poetic affinities by any means deserted him in this instance. There is a noble congruity between the death of the Saint and the grandiose composition of trees, the solemn darkling effect, the profound shadows, and the admirably foiled glimpse of sky, with its latent, still, pallor, its suggestions of heavenly purity and peace. Yet, in the large scale which Corot adopted for his figures in this exceptionally ambitious work, his shortcomings as a figure-draughtsman become more apparent, and in so far diminish the value of the work and interfere with the pleasure it conveys. St. Sebastian's lower limbs, for instance (his dislocated right leg in particular), do not belong to the torso and head, these being of much smaller scale. Then, although Corot was one of the greatest and most original "styleists" of modern times, his method loses perceptibly on amplification to these dimensions. At all events, it has hardly the true historical or classical amplitude, hardly the realistic sufficiency which is, or rather was, found, for example, in Titian's "Peter Martyr." Nevertheless, there is certainly a deeper, truer pathos in the work of the modern Frenchman than in that of the old Venetian.

Among the artists whose works have been made familiar to the stay-at-home London public at this gallery are those by the Bavarian, Carl Heffner, and there are three in this collection. All present his skill and charm at their best. But the title of one seems to be rather a misnomer:

No. 61 should rather be a silver than a "Golden Gloaming," so grey is the limpid sky. The largest example (136) has likewise an effect just after sundown, with trees relieved brown and sharp against a silvery sky. A striking very spirited picture is Kleczynski's "Hunting in Poland"—the hunting men with their dogs on a sledge drawn by four galloping horses dashing along through a snow-drift. The horses and figures are thoroughly studied, and their black aspect relatively to the snow justly observed. De Blaas, one of the group of artists of various nationalities who make or have made Venice their headquarters, and who scored so great a success in our last Academy Exhibition, is seen to less advantage than he was at Burlington House in "During the Carnival—Who is He?" Excellent in parts, the colouring is sullied and uncertain in others. Another painter who hails from the same art-centre, and whose work, like that of the last apparently owes something to the influence of Van Haanen, is D. Skutetzky—a name new to us. There is great promise and no small accomplishment in his picture of an old Chioggian fisherman bringing into an artist's studio a pretty girl as a model, and "Sounding Her Praises" as he does so; albeit there is a little inequality here also, the girl's head and the dandy young artist being rather too smoothly elaborated. If we accept the blackness of tone as appropriate to the subject, little but praise is called for by Czachorski's picture of a young lady bidding adieu to relations and friends as she is about to take the veil. The expressions are very just and moving. The "Original Study" by Munkacsy for his "Christ before Pilate"—black with bitumen and of a *brutale* roughness, and the types being those of the commonest Paris models—testifies to the inherent faults of conception and execution of the sensational large work. The public will know what to expect when we say there are small examples of E. Frère, H. Dargelas, V. Chevillard, Von Bockman, Rubens-Santoro, and other well-known names, which we have not space to review in detail. Nor need the English pictures, of which, as usual, the Winter Exhibition partially consists, detain us long. The young painter, W. H. Bartlett, has made a further advance in some respects in "A Bit of Old Chioggia." The daylight effect, though cold for Venice, is strikingly truthful; and every detail is conscientiously and well painted. A little less resolute realisation of the detail in shadow would, indeed, have secured a still more satisfactory general impression. Miss Clara Montalba's training-ship "Worcester," looming grandly against the greenish-golden light of the sky, is painted with more than her customary care and solidity. By Mr. R. Lehmann there is a sweet female head, entitled "Giulia Gonzaga"—as she might have appeared at the balcony before the defeated Romans. "Un Récit" is a clever little picture by the American, H. S. Mowbray. There are also examples of Messrs. Leader, James Webb, and other favourites of the public.

MR. McLEAN'S GALLERY.

The exhibition of water-colour drawings here has for its most novel or special features sketches or drawings by foreign artists of note, such as Villegas, Galofre, and Tapirò, as also Israels, and his Dutch followers. The two first-named are Spaniards, and if Tapirò is of Italian extraction, he has, equally with the two others, come under the influence of the Spanish Fortuny, and in recent years has established a studio at Tangiers—the picturesque Moorish life presenting the same fascination to him as to Fortuny. The "Café at Tangiers" is a good example of Tapirò; and if in finishing he loses some of the spirit which never failed to distinguish the most complete efforts of that most original master, Fortuny, he preserves a sense of colour, and obtains a truthfulness that are not a little remarkable. The examples of Villegas are rough and ready sketches of unmistakable power, but convey no idea of the exquisiteness of his finished work in oil. Like other painters of the school, he seems to have a *penchant* for ugliness in his characters. Galofre's landscape drawings have a daring, dashing vigour of handling, and a potency of colour, which would have astonished David Cox, even in his most "brotesque" moods, but they convey an impression of strain and of self-assertive *chic*, from which the works of our English master are free. The drawings by the veteran Israels here are not of much account. The saddened colouring and pathos of his interior subjects are not in keeping, carried into the rendering of such an outdoor subject as "First Love." The followers of the master, Menhuys and Blommers, approach very near, or come within measurable distance of him at his best, the former in "News from the War," the latter in "Mending Nets." The drawings by Mesdag will also find admirers.

Besides these and other foreign works, there is a selection of drawings (few of which have been previously exhibited) by many of the most popular English painters, which, if rarely of first-rate importance or quality, are generally of fairly average merit. As, however, we have not space to review these this week, and as we shall shortly see most of the artists here exemplified put in an appearance in the galleries of which they are respectively members, we must be content to say that the following are, among others, more or less well represented—viz., Sir John Gilbert, Carl Haag, G. A. Fripp, T. Collier, R. Beavis, H. Herkomer, Erskine Nichol, Birket Foster, G. H. Boughton, E. J. Gregory, F. Taylor, T. B. Hardy, Mrs. Allingham, and Mrs. Coleman Angell.

In one of the rooms of the Fine-Art Society, New Bond-street, is being exhibited a selection of the works of the late Hablot K. Browne ("Phiz"), formed mostly from those exhibited recently at the Liverpool Art Club. On the occasion of this exhibition we offered some estimate of the powers of one of the most deservedly popular book-illustrators of his day; we also engraved a few of the works. We may therefore be excused from repeating our observations.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells', in New Bond-street, are being shown drawings by C. Robertson, W. Langley, J. Donne, and other artists who have made their mark in recent exhibitions, together with a selection of oil pictures. T. J. G.

The Convalescent Home, which has been erected at Southport at the cost of the Cotton Districts Convalescent Fund, at an expense for land, buildings, and furniture of about £48,000, was opened by Lord Derby on Tuesday.

The Christmas number of the *World* describes the last voyage of Lemuel Gulliver, and his shipwreck on the Island of Moralia. Gulliver goes to Court, and is present at a garden party given by Boss Booboo, is taken into society, describes the politicians, journalists, actors, army, and musicians of the island. Portraits of all the celebrities are provided by Mr. A. Bryan. It is said that Moralia strongly resembles England.

A fire broke out on Monday in the bed-room of a small dwelling-house occupied by a labourer at the Birmingham Gas Works. Mr. James Murray, a mechanic, saw the flames issuing from a window. Breaking open the front door, he rushed through the flames and dense smoke, and found the man, his wife, and three children stupefied. Unassisted, he carried them one after the other into the open air, where they received attention from the neighbours, and eventually recovered. The gallant rescuer was several times beaten back by the flames, and narrowly escaped being suffocated.

THE RECESS.

Fate is sometimes peculiarly unkind. On the morrow of the Marquis of Salisbury's lively condemnation at Reading of the Ministerial policy, it is safe to say Sir William Harcourt (named Home Secretary, perchance, because of the belligerent style of his platform oratory) was, of all Mr. Gladstone's colleagues, most anxious to deliver himself of a pungent answer to the trenchant attack of the Conservative leader. Yet it so happened that the Home Secretary was called upon to forego the pleasure of Party reply, and to content himself with delivering a pacific oration at the International Fisheries Exhibition in warm praise of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Commissioners and Executive Committee of that popular Exhibition, for the useful results of their labours. With Sir William Harcourt's hearty eulogy of the attractive evening concerts and illuminated garden fêtes everybody will agree; and many will cordially unite with him in the hope that this favourite feature will be continued at the series of annual exhibitions to follow the one the Royal President closed on Wednesday.

The Prince of Wales, on his part, spoke with accustomed clearness and geniality on Wednesday. In view of the growing importance of the question of healthy dwellings for the masses, the Prince could not have made a wiser choice of a subject for next year's Exhibition than that of Health and everything that could promote it.

This vitally important point of the proper housing of the poor has manifestly been brought within the range of practical politics by the Marquis of Salisbury's luminous paper in the *National Magazine* on "Artisans' and Labourers' Dwellings." The noble Marquis, reverting to the theme at Reading on Tuesday, earnestly said, "I hope that much good may be done in that direction, and that it may be the privilege of the present generation to assuage a vast amount of human misery." Though posing as a political Peabody, Lord Salisbury did not refrain from smiting the Government hip and thigh. Whilst his Lordship at Reading was tersely declaiming against self-government for Ireland, and virtually plumping for the annexation of Egypt, it chanced that Sir Charles Dilke was in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, boldly proclaiming the Ministry's settled intention to develop local self-government all over the United Kingdom, including Ireland and the Metropolis; and the Marquis of Hartington, taking up the parable at Buxton, once again declared that the Government, having determined to restore order in Egypt, would perform their task, but would keep faith with the other Great Powers by disregarding the invitations to add Egypt to our Empire.

The war of words has, in fine, been resumed in earnest this week. On Monday, not only was the Government vigorously attacked at Perth by one of the clearest and best speakers of the front Opposition bench in the Commons, Mr. Edward Stanhope, who believed that Conservative principles were once more in the ascendant; but the Ministry was as stoutly defended at Dumfries by Sir Henry James in a copious speech rebutting the charges of extravagant expenditure brought by Mr. Gibson, and suggesting that the Attorney-General would be equal at the next shuffling of the Ministerial pack of cards to the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Characteristically dry and dogmatic, Mr. Courtney at Liskeard bluntly disagreed with the counsel offered by the Leeds Liberal Conference, and thought that the question of County Government should be settled by Parliament before the County Franchise. Mr. Osborne Morgan, applying the Ministerial antidote for the sting of Sir Stafford Northcote at Carnarvon on Monday, became quite animated and jubilant in expatiating on the strength of the Liberals in Wales.

It is clear from one passage in the Marquis of Salisbury's speech at Reading that the Opposition will offer strong antagonism to the consideration of a County Franchise Bill if it be introduced without a plan being unfolded for the redistribution of seats. It may also be noted that Mr. H. S. Northcote and Mr. Darling, the latter seeking to be Mr. Northcote's colleague at the general election, spoke with much point against the Administration, and met with a warm reception at Exeter on Saturday; and that at Darlington on Tuesday night Earl Percy and Mr. G. W. Eliot secured the passing of a vote of censure against the Government at a Conservative meeting. Meantime, the Prime Minister calmly takes his daily exercise at Hawarden.

EXPLOSIONS ON THE METROPOLITAN RAILWAY.

Two explosions on the Metropolitan Railway—one between the Westminster and Charing-cross stations, the other between Praed-street and Edgware-road—took place on Tuesday evening about eight o'clock. The former, fortunately, injured no one; but by the latter a large number of persons were hurt. The circumstances are yet in obscurity. In the opinion of the experts who have visited the tunnel between Charing-cross and Westminster stations, the explosion was that of a nitrous compound, probably nitro-glycerine, but certainly not gunpowder, which was thrown from the window of a train passing from the Mansion House towards South Kensington, having possibly Aldgate for its ultimate destination. Captain Cundill, R.A., who is acting as inspector of explosives in the absence of Colonel Majendie, made a search of the tunnel this morning, accompanied by Lord S. A. Cecil, general manager; Chief Inspector Hagan, of Scotland-yard; and other officers. About 200 yards from Charing-cross station, and 30 yards from any of the ventilators, there was found a large hole in the ballast beneath the wall of the tunnel on the up side, its dimensions being 3 feet by 4 and 1 foot in depth. Upon the opposite side of the tunnel there were extensive traces of the ballast having been dashed violently upon the walls.

An inspection of the line at the spot near Praed-street station, where the explosion occurred, showed that the hole made by the explosion is very small indeed, being scarcely 18 inches in height from the ground, with a breadth about three parts of its height, and not more than 6 inches in depth. The hole is on the side of the line taken by the train going from Praed-street to Edgware-road, and it is about midway in a tunnel some eighty yards long, which lies between Praed-street station and an open cutting of about an equal length. The line for some half a dozen yards around is scattered with glass, and the broken panel-work of the carriages and two or three crumpled carriage-lamps also lie about. The train did not stop until it reached the Edgware-road station. There it was found that the damage to the rolling stock had been confined to the three third-class vehicles at the rear of the train. The panel-work, sides, and doors of these vehicles on the near side of the tunnel were considerably splintered and broken, and in places driven out; but the heavy parts, the body of the carriages, were absolutely unaffected. The gas-lights in the carriages were extinguished by the force of the concussion.

Sir Charles Dilke, accompanied by Mr. Tennant, M.P., and party, attended the opening of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary School of Medicine on Tuesday.

The Lord Lieutenant having proclaimed a National League meeting convened at Castle Lyons, in the county of Cork, on Sunday, a military and constabulary force was brought into the place to stop the meeting. Processions were dispersed by force.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty last Saturday took leave of her third son, the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, on his departure from Balmoral to take up his command in India, the Duchess and Princess Margaret and Prince Arthur of Connaught having also their farewell greetings and accompanying the Duke to London, whence they left yesterday (Friday) en route for the East. Princess Beatrice and Princess Irene of Hesse drove with their Royal Highnesses to Ballater, where a guard of honour of the 2nd Battalion Gordon Highlanders was drawn up. Immediately upon the departure of her son, the Queen will welcome the return of her daughter, Princess Louise of Lorne, and the late Governor-General of Canada, who embarked from Quebec in the Sardinian last Saturday, upon their return to England, at the close of the Marquis's rule in Canada. Divine service was attended, as usual, on Sunday at the castle by the Queen and Princess Beatrice, with Princess Irene of Hesse, the Rev. A. Campbell officiating. Her Majesty visited the Glassalt Shiel on Monday, the Princesses joining her at luncheon. Daily drives have been taken by the Royal family, and Lady Susan Suttie and Mr. Campbell have dined with the Queen, Miss Suttie, with some of the Royal Household, joining the Royal circle in the drawing-room one evening. Admiral Sir William King Hall has received through the Duke of Connaught a portrait of her Majesty. The Queen has consented to be patron of an International Forestry Exhibition, to be held next summer in Edinburgh. The Sultan of Zanzibar has been appointed by her Majesty a K.G.C.B.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been busy with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, who have been at Buckingham Palace during the week, previous to the Duke's departure with the Duchess and his family for India yesterday (Friday). On Monday the Princes passed the day with Prince Christian shooting in Windsor Great Park. The Princess and the Duchess went to Cumberland Lodge and joined the Royal sportsmen at luncheon, returning with the Prince and the Duke to town in the evening. The Prince was on Tuesday advanced to the degree of Mark Master Mason, the ceremony being performed by the Duke of Albany at a special meeting at the hall in Golden-square. The Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Albany lunched with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House. The Prince visited the Doré and Goupil Galleries, in New Bond-street. The formal closing of the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington was made by the Prince on Wednesday, the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke of Albany being present. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Prince Louis of Battenberg, and other relatives and friends, have been among the visitors to Marlborough House.

The Lyceum, St. James's, Comedy, and other theatres have been patronised by the Royal family.

Princess Christian arrived from town at Cumberland Lodge, with Prince Christian and her daughters, on their return from Germany. The Princess attended a drawing-room meeting on Monday at the residence of Mr. Stephen Ralli, Cleveland House, Clapham Park, on behalf of the East London Nursing Society, of which her Royal Highness is president.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, who, with their family, arrived a few days since at Eastwell Park, Kent, from Coburg, are entertaining a party at Eastwell, the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin being of the guests.

The Duchess of Connaught and Strathearn has appointed Viscountess Downe to be Hon. Lady in Waiting to her Royal Highness.

The Duke of Cambridge arrived at Gloucester House on Tuesday, from a week's shooting in Yorkshire.

The Duke and Duchess of Teck have been visiting the King and Queen of Italy.

THE CHURCH.

The Duke of Devonshire has given a site for a new Gothic church at Keighley, Yorkshire.

St. Matthew's Church, Brixton, was on Sunday lit by the Fyfe-Main system of electricity.

The ancient stone church of Wimbish, Essex, has been re-opened, after extensive restoration.

Sir Bartle Frere was present on St. Crispin's Day at the laying of the foundation-stone of a new church in Northampton, dedicated to the patron saint of shoemakers.

Mr. Rowland Winn, M.P., has contributed £200 to the Southwell Bishopric Fund. The amount now required to endow the new see is only £3500.

The Archbishop of York has consented to preach a sermon in Westminster Abbey on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11, in connection with the Luther Commemoration.

A new church and school are to be erected at Doncaster, and towards the cost Miss Russell has promised £500, Sir Edmund Beckett £200, and the Dean of Llandaff £100.

Following the example set them at other places, the people of Sherborne are about to take in hand the restoration of the tower of their venerable abbey, now used as the parish church.

Lord Hartington laid the foundation-stone on Tuesday of a new Sunday-school building in connection with St. James's Church, Buxton.

At the Cork Diocesan Synod on Thursday week it was decided that the Church of Ireland should take advantage of the Government proposals for the establishment of training colleges for the teachers of primary schools.

The Rev. Francis J. Beck, who has been Curate of Routh, near Cardiff, since 1879, has been appointed to the living rendered vacant by the translation of the Rev. Charles A. Smythies to the Bishopric of Central Africa.

The Archbishop of York has appointed Mr. Henry Arthur Hudson to the office of Registrar of the Province of York and Registrar of the Diocese of York, vacant by the death of Mr. Egerton Vernon Harcourt.

The west window of All Saints', Clapton, has been filled with Munich stained glass by Messrs. Mayer and Co.; the work being in memory of departed friends of the contributors, and the names of the deceased being engraved on brass plates.

The parish church of Kerry, one of the most ancient churches in Montgomeryshire, was re-dedicated on Thursday week by the Bishop of St. Asaph, after restoration from the designs of the late Mr. Street, R.A.

A fancy Swiss fair was on Monday opened at the Pump-Room, Leamington, by the Mayor, for the purpose of assisting to liquidate the £1200 debt upon the parochial mission-hall erected by the late Vicar, Canon Leigh, now Rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston-square.

The parish Church of St. Leonard, Bilston, was reopened on Sunday, the 21st ult., after restoration, from the designs of Mr. Ewan Christian, architect. An important feature in the work is a large and handsome stained-glass window, from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., of Fitzroy-square, London.

GENERAL HOME NEWS.

Prizes to successful students and associates of the City of London College were distributed on Thursday week by Mr. Edward Clarke, Q.C., M.P.

Lord Jersey has been appointed President of Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, an office vacant by the death of the Duke of Marlborough.

Major R. Jones, who has for the last fourteen years occupied the post of United States Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been made consul for Wales, with residence at Cardiff.

The Lord Mayor presided on Monday over a meeting of delegates, at which it was resolved to hold a conference of Parliamentary debating societies in London next year.

An exhibition of appliances, ornaments, and furniture appertaining to churches and schools was begun on Monday at the Agricultural Hall, and will be continued next week.

Miss Emily G. Jones, of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework, has been appointed Directress of Needlework for the Education Department.

Mr. Burchfield, of London, possessing property in Dover, has offered the Dover Town Council to invest £2000 in Consols for the benefit of needy and aged tradesmen of Dover.

The number of live stock and the quantity of fresh meat landed at Liverpool during the past week from the United States and Canada amounted to 2121 cattle, 2508 sheep, 8259 quarters of beef, and 1150 carcasses of mutton.

A numerous and fashionable company assembled yesterday week at a conversation given by the President and members of the Architectural Association, in the rooms of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Piccadilly.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth Town Council yesterday week Mr. Foster, a member of the Corporation, was presented by the Mayor with the testimonial on vellum of the Royal Humane Society for saving two lives at Southsea last August.

Mr. Copeman, the inventor of a seat-raft exhibited at the Fisheries Exhibition, successfully accomplished a voyage from Dover to Calais yesterday week on his raft, accompanied by four boatmen.

Mr. J. Brill, B.A., St. John's College, Cambridge, has been appointed lecturer to assist the Professor of Mathematics at University College, Aberystwith. He was fourth wrangler in 1882.

Miss Phipson, of Westbourne, Edgbaston, has intimated her intention of giving £1000 to the endowment fund of the Birmingham Suburban Hospital, presented by Mr. Jaffray to the General Hospital. This makes the eighth donation of £1000 presented to the fund.

Under the auspices of the St. Bernard Club, a show of St. Bernard dogs was opened on Tuesday at the Duke of Wellington's Riding School at Knightsbridge. The number of competitors exceeds that of last year, there being upwards of 250 entries.

The weekly return of metropolitan pauperism shows that in the third week of October there were 87,563 paupers, of whom 52,646 were indoor and 34,917 outdoor. On the last day of the third week of October 642 paupers were relieved, of whom 438 were men, 177 women, and 27 children under sixteen.

At a meeting of the council of the University College of South Wales, at Cardiff, on Monday, the Dean of Llandaff presiding, it was announced that the Senate of the University of London has appointed Cardiff as a centre for matriculation examination in 1884.

A new veterinary college, erected in Leith-walk, Edinburgh, by Principal Williams, was inaugurated last week. The Marquis of Lothian presided, and an influential deputation attended from the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland and the Yorkshire Veterinary Medical Society.

There were 2724 births and 1450 deaths registered in London last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births exceeded by 12, while the deaths were 143 below, the average numbers in the corresponding week of the last ten years. The deaths included 22 from smallpox, 22 from measles, 56 from scarlet fever, 20 from diphtheria, 25 from whooping-cough, 29 from enteric fever, 31 from dysentery, and 1 from simple cholera.

Sir Farrer Herschell, Solicitor-General, addressing the students of Durham Science School on Monday night, said that if he had to live his life over again he should endeavour, before the practical work of life began, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with some branch of natural science. Dwelling upon the advantages to be gained by study of modern sciences, and specially that of electricity, he advised students to thoroughly master one branch before taking up another, and to limit their studies to a complete mastery of subjects taught.

It is understood that on the occasion of the Lord Mayor's Show, next Friday, Nov. 9, the procession, after having traversed the City, will proceed direct to the Law Courts in the Strand, where his Lordship will be sworn in. During this ceremony the carriages will not remain stationary, but will move on through Wych-street and Newcastle-street, returning to the Courts. The procession will then pass along the Strand, Charing-cross, and Parliament-street, returning by way of the Thames Embankment and Queen Victoria-street to the City. The Lord Mayor is expected to arrive at the Law Courts about two o'clock.

The Portrait of the late Sir Samuel Marling, Bart., who is mentioned in our Obituary this week, is from a photograph taken at the National Photo-Mezzotint Gallery in Regent-street. Our Portrait of the late Captain Mayne Reid, author of many entertaining stories of wild adventure, is from a photograph by Mr. K. Symons, of Tenby.

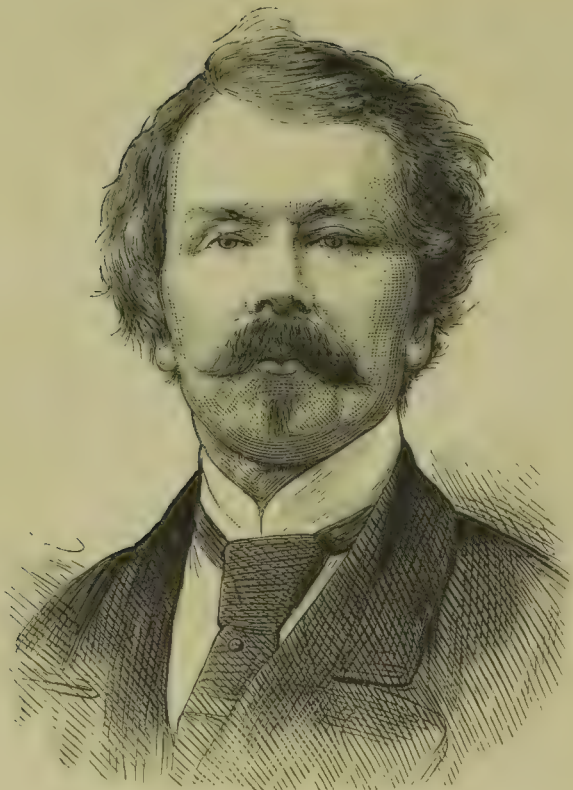
The cast of Luther's face, taken three days after his death, in February, 1546, when his body lay in the Stadt-Kirche (now St. Mary's Church) at Halle, on its way from Eisleben, where he died, to Wittenberg, where he is entombed, is kept in a public library at Halle. The exclusive right of reproducing this cast belongs to Messrs. Tausch and Grosse, publishers and dealers in works of art, in the Steinstrasse, Halle, to whom we are now indebted for the privilege of copying it in our Engraving, on another page of this week's publication. They have medallion copies of this cast for sale; and its value as an authentic portrait of the great German Reformer is generally acknowledged. Some hairs of Luther's eyebrows, which came off in taking the cast, were carefully preserved, and are in the possession of Messrs. Tausch and Grosse. They are stiff and bushy, of a dark colour mixed with grey. Luther being in the sixty-fifth year of his age when he died. Professor Rauch and Riettschel, the eminent sculptors, who have designed monuments of Luther, did not see this cast at Halle before moulding their statues of him, and have since expressed their regret that it was not sooner brought to their notice. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., of Fleet-street, are the London agents for Messrs. Tausch and Grosse, and have furnished us with a copy of the cast.

NEW BOOKS.

A volume published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall is entitled *The Land of the Five Rivers*; or, as the legend in the Hindustani character runs, on the ornamental cover of this book, "Panjab o Sindh malkon ke beyan." It consists generally of historical and descriptive—and a few short biographical—sketches of the Panjab and Sindh (or Scinde): especially of the tract of country more immediately served by the Scinde Panjab and Delhi Railway, and its allies, the Kandahar, Indus Valley, and Panjab Northern (State) Railways. The information, which will prove of great benefit to travellers in those provinces of our Indian Empire, is perfectly reliable; as the author—Mr. David Ross, C.I.E., F.R.G.S.—being traffic manager of the Scinde, Panjab, and Delhi Railway, has enjoyed special opportunities, in the course of his numerous journeys on duty, of frequently visiting nearly all the places described. The plan of the book supposes the traveller to have landed at Kurrachee (Karachi), whence he may journey, by the above-named railways, to Kandahar, Peshawur, or Delhi. In order to give a distinct and definite idea as to the situation of different localities with reference to the railway stations, a method similar to that of travellers' guide books has been adopted. The names of the railway stations, and of the principal places described, are put at the head of each article or paragraph; while in the marginal notes are enumerated the minor places or objects of interest in each vicinity. The routes to Cashmere, Murree, Dalhousie, Simla, Mussooree, Nynce Tal, and many other hill sanatoria, and Himalayan places of interest, are given. We could have wished, considering the opportunities at the disposal of the author, that he had supplied us with detailed information concerning the movements of traffic along these lines of railway. For example, taking Umballa as a centre, we should have been glad to know the proportion of traffic—passenger and freight—which proceeds thence towards Bombay and Kurrachee; and the reason—fares and distance being nearly the same—why the greater proportion of it goes in the former direction. It would be desirable to learn whether some arrangement cannot be made for increasing the attractions to Western travellers and merchants to patronise the port of Kurrachee more than they do at present for the northern districts of India. However, as the book is so useful, there is no doubt it will go to a second edition, when much useful information, it is to be hoped, may be added: in particular, in a tabulated form, the inward and outward items of freight to and from each station, whether proceeding or arriving from below Gaziabad (i.e., in the direction of Bombay) or to Kurrachee; with description, quantity, rates for freight per ton, to the seaboard, and whatever else may prove of use to the mercantile community to enable the resources of the country to be developed, by means of European capital, to its utmost possible capacity, for the benefit of all concerned, though chiefly of the indigenous cultivating classes. It might, perhaps, be as well to ask whether the neglect of the Kurrachee route is due to the double management of the railway lines; and whether it would not be better and cheaper for the Government of India to place the management of the Indus Valley (State) Railway under the undivided control of the officials of the Scinde, Panjab, and Delhi Railway, to which company it properly belongs. The present arrangement is a marked anomaly in the Indian railway system whereby needless confusion is created, merely for the sake of patronage. At all events, we wish every success to the author and his work, and trust that so good an example may be followed by the traffic-managers of the other lines of railway in India. The volume is furnished with a railway map. The glossary affords useful explanations of the vernacular terms used in various portions of the book, and the index is conveniently arranged for the purpose of handy reference.

We do not know that the biography of any celebrated man dying in this century carries with it a weightier moral than the life of Sheridan. Let the reader take up Mrs. Oliphant's *Sheridan* (Macmillan and Co.), the latest issue of *English Men of Letters*, and we shall be surprised if he does not endorse our opinion. Here was a man endowed with the most varied gifts of nature—a brilliant wit, an orator of transcendent power, a dramatist who took the London world by storm, and still holds possession of the stage, a man whose society manners were well-nigh irresistible, and yet a man whose life claims from us far more of pity than of admiration. There are more effective scenes in the "Rivals" and the "School for Scandal" than in any modern comedies; there was more brilliancy and pathos in Sheridan's marvellous speech on Warren Hastings than in the oratory of Burke; yet no one dreams of comparing Sheridan with Shakspeare as a writer of comedies, or with Burke as a profound thinker and majestic orator. Of its kind, indeed, Sheridan's genius was inimitable; but it was not the kind which impresses men the more strongly the further it is removed from them by the lapse of years. The truth is, despite some fine as well as brilliant qualities, there is much that is hollow in Sheridan's life—a hollowness reflected in his dramas. His early career, as Mrs. Oliphant observes, was "made up of happy hits and splendid pieces of luck"—such hits, indeed, and such luck, that it is difficult to believe they do not rather belong to some stage hero than to a writer for the stage who began life penniless and unknown. At the same time, he had none of the solid virtues which keep a man steadfast in the battle of life. He could do wonderful things, but there was never any certainty that he would do them, and in the account of his theatrical career many curious illustrations are given of his untrustworthiness and instability. "The Critic," for example, was announced to appear on Oct. 30, but on the 27th the play was not complete. A clever artifice was adopted. Sheridan was called into a room to speak to the stage manager. There he found a table supplied with pens and ink, a good fire, two bottles of claret, and a dish of anchovy sandwiches. The moment he entered the room the door was locked, and he was told that until he had finished the play he would be kept where he was. Sheridan, it is said, "took this decided measure in good part; he ate the anchovies, finished the claret, wrote the scene, and laughed heartily at the ingenuity of the contrivance." The early and romantic portion of Sheridan's career is told with much animation by Mrs. Oliphant. She has, indeed, nothing to relate with which readers acquainted with the man and the time are not already familiar; but the writer's literary skill enables her to give fresh interest to a story full of strange and almost incredible incidents. Perhaps it is not strange to read, but it is surely pitiable enough, how the aristocratic friends who courted Sheridan's society when he was "the observed of all observers," fell from him when he lay upon his death-bed, and his house was in the hands of bailiffs. Neither is the reader surprised to learn that the man whose very corpse was in danger of being arrested "was no sooner covered with the funeral pall than Dukes and Princes volunteered to bear it."

The Agent-General for South Australia has received a telegram announcing the arrival of the ship *Alder Grove* at Adelaide on Tuesday. All well; passage seventy-four days.



THE LATE CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.



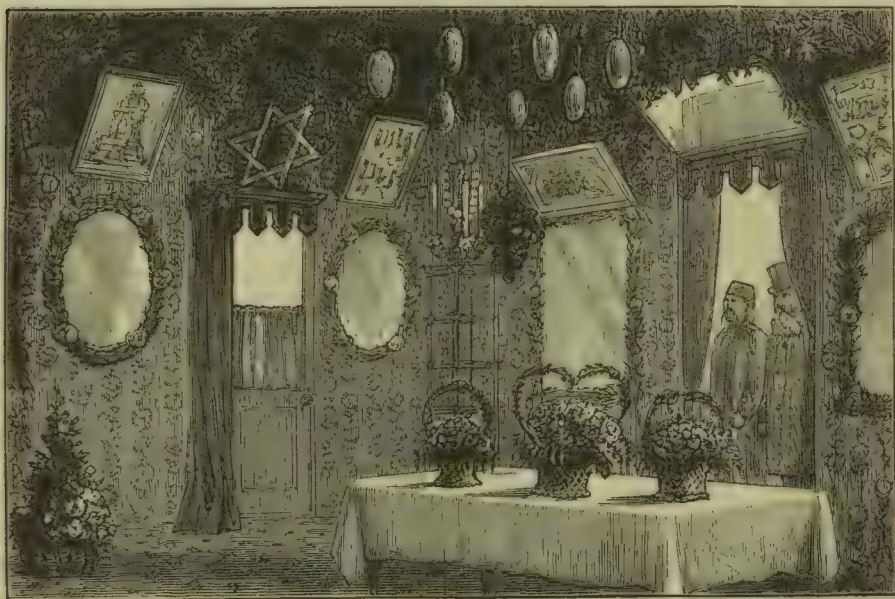
THE LATE SIR SAMUEL MARLING, BART.

THE COLLIERY EXPLOSION AT BARNSELY.

The disastrous explosion on Thursday, the 18th ult., at the Wharnccliffe Carlton colliery, Barnsley, caused the loss of twenty lives, only five being saved of those who were at work in the pit at midnight, when the explosion happened. This colliery, and that of East Gawber adjacent, connected with the Wharnccliffe Carlton Pit by underground workings, are the property of Messrs. Craik, of Smithies, Barnsley. The shaft is about 130 yards deep, and the colliery was furnished with the most complete and efficient apparatus, and was under

vigilant supervision. The seam of coal, however, with a thick bed of fine clay beneath it, and with "bind" strata and hard rock overlaying it, was charged with a large quantity of inflammable gas, probably in a state of compression. It is probable that this was suddenly released by the fall of a mass of the "bind" and rock in the plane along which the engines drew coal from the workings. Blasting with gunpowder was used in driving the workings through the stone. The coal in the mine has now continued burning a fortnight, and can only be extinguished by flooding it with water. This is to be done by the aid of a four-inch pipe laid a mile and a

half from a neighbouring dyke, and it will take some days yet. In the mean time, descents into the pit have been made, at considerable risk to themselves, by a party of courageous volunteers, amongst whom were Mr. A. Lupton, lecturer on mining in the Leeds College, Mr. F. N. Wardell, the Government inspector, and Mr. Joseph Mitchell, consulting engineer and manager of the colliery. An inquest on the bodies recovered has been opened by the Coroner, Mr. Taylor, of Wakefield. The Home Office has also ordered a special inquiry. Fourteen widows and thirty-two orphans deplore their bereavement by this disaster at Barnsley. It was



SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE'S TENT FOR THE JEWISH FEAST OF TABERNACLES.



JEWS' COLLEGE, RAMSGATE, SYNAGOGUE, AND TOMB OF LADY MONTEFIORE.

followed, on the Sunday night, by a similar calamity at the Lady Pit, Leycett, near Newcastle-under-Lyne, Staffordshire, where six men were killed and three others injured.

THE DOG JACOB.

This dog is a little black and tan dachshund, three years old, bred and owned by Mr. Willoughby Maycock, of the Foreign Office. The sagacity and intelligence of dachshunds, and their strong personal attachment to their masters, have frequently been observed. "Jacob in Search of his Master," one day

last month, afforded a marvellous proof of animal cleverness and singleness of purpose. Mr. Maycock was going for a few days to the seaside, as he relates in a letter to the *Times*, and asked a friend, Mr. H. Farnall, to take the dog home and keep him the while. Mr. Farnall and Mr. Maycock, in their hours of official business, sit in the same room at Whitehall; and Mr. Maycock was accustomed to bring "Jacob" to the office. On Friday evening, after Mr. Maycock had left, Mr. Farnall took the dog by train from Charing-cross to his own residence, Wingfield House, Lee, adjacent to Lewisham. "Jacob" had never been in that neighbourhood before, and

it was dark long before he got there. Next day (Saturday) the dog remained with Mr. Farnall's sister, at Wingfield House, and seemed happy and contented. On Sunday Mr. Farnall and his brother took him for a walk; and on Monday he was again left at Lee, Mr. Farnall and his brother having to attend their offices in London. This day he seemed uneasy, and about three in the afternoon, availing himself of the garden gate being open, he made a clean bolt of it in the direction of Lewisham station, about a mile from Wingfield House. Here, it appears from inquiries, he took the railway route in the direction of St. John's station, but returned



SCENE OF THE COLLIERY DISASTER AT BARNSELY.



THE DOG JACOB.



anon, and, according to one of Messrs. W. H. Smith's lads, pursued the down line in the direction of Ladywell. He seems, however, to have eventually deserted the railway in favour of the Hatcham-road, where some circus people saw him travelling very fast, and here all trace of his movements is lost till the following day. Mr. Maycock adds to these particulars:—"Whether or not he tried my residence—where his mother also lives—I cannot say, as under any circumstances it is improbable that anyone would have seen him at such an early hour in the morning. All I know is that he arrived at the Foreign Office, in Whitehall, at half-past six on Tuesday morning, and was let in with the coats. He went straight to my department, and sat down in my chair; he was extremely indignant with anyone who entered the room till Mr. Farnall arrived at noon, and, to his great relief, found the lost Jacob in charge, who greeted him with a warm welcome." It is certainly a wonderful achievement for a dog—it would have been thought wonderful for a young child to have found its way alone from Lee to Westminster. "Jacob" well deserves the honour of having his portrait engraved, which we have copied from a photograph by Mr. W. Graham, of Leamington.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

A great many people left Newmarket on the Wednesday night of the Houghton Meeting, as the remainder of the programme contained little of more than passing interest. The Troy Stakes was reduced to a match between Sandiway and Strathnairn, in which the latter was never dangerous; and then Fitzfulke just managed to upset the odds that were laid on the disappointing Junket, in their match over the Ditch Mile. Six out of the eight starters for the Feather Plate were two-year-olds, and the doubtfully-bred Tortoiseshell finished so gamely and stayed so well, that Mr. Brewer was content to give 430 guineas to retain possession of her. The Cheveley Stakes was selected for the first appearance in public of Cherry, an own sister to Energy, by Sterling—Cherry Duchess, who came out with a great private reputation, which she fully sustained by winning in a canter by half-a-dozen lengths. It must not be forgotten, however, that she received weight from everything in the race, the luckless Knight Errant, who added one more second to his melancholy record, being set to concede her no less than 15lb. Fantail (8 st. 9 lb.) accomplished a rare performance in the Bretby Nursery Handicap Plate, in which she had all the worst of the weights with nearly all her seventeen opponents; and Hamako (7 st. 10 lb.) made very short work of Wild Arab (7 st. 8 lb.) and Rookery (8 st. 3 lb.) in the Free Handicap. On the Friday, Munotony was a little too good for Iambic in a private sweepstakes over the T. Y. C., and Brag (8 st. 12 lb.), who was very heavily backed, pulled through in the Houghton Handicap, after a good struggle with Prism (7 st. 13 lb.). Backers also proved right in standing Kinfauns (7 st. 12 lb.) for the Old Nursery Stakes, though Applause II. (6 st. 2 lb.) made a very bold bid for victory, and only succumbed by a short head. Another smart "darkie" in Wickham, by Wild Tommy—Refinement, made his bow in the Houghton Stakes, and won with so much in hand that he may safely be set down as smart, though there was nothing of much account behind him. In spite of a capital entry, there were only four runners for the Jockey Club Cup, and, as Corrie Roy escaped any penalty, it did not seem possible that she could be beaten. Still, Ladislas had plenty of supporters, and, being ridden as even Fordham has rarely, if ever, ridden before, he managed to get up in the last stride or two, and beat the mare by a head. She changed her legs from distress just at the finish of the struggle, and the proximity of Faugh-a-Ballagh, who was trying to give her 7lb., proves that she was in nothing like her summer form. A walk-over for the All-Aged Stakes enabled Tristan to bring the total amount of his winnings in stakes to £20,000, and this "well-graced actor" has now, probably, taken a final leave of the turf.

Nearly all the crack greyhounds of the day were engaged in the Haydock Park Cup last week, and some splendid sport was witnessed. Manager, Dutch Oven, Wild Mint, Kate M'Pherson, and Markham, all went down in the first round;

while the first ties proved fatal to Match Girl, Millington, and Glenlivet. Finally, Alec Huldway and Edwina Balfie went to the slips for the deciding course, and though the latter led to the hare—a great feat against such an opponent—the wonderful old Irish dog worked with all his accustomed brilliancy, and was a clever winner when his opponent killed. The Haydock St. Leger was won by Minchmair, by Miner—Nettley, who beat Sea Glen, by Glenalmond—Sea Beauty, in the final. The young Clytos were in great force at the Ashdown Park (Open) Meeting, for two of his sons were left in for the Derby Stakes, and a daughter won the Oaks.

Sir Henry Brand presided on Monday at a large gathering of Sussex sportsmen at Glynde Place, on the occasion of the first meet of the South Down fox-hounds, when a gold watch, silver tea service, and £824 in money were presented to Mr. George Champion, who for twenty-six seasons has been chief huntsman of the South Down pack.

There was a rare gathering at Stamford-bridge last Saturday at the Second Autumn Meeting of the London Athletic Club. The handicaps did not prove so successful as usual, but, to compensate for this, a couple of fine performances were accomplished in the Challenge Cups. The Mile fell to W. Birkett, who beat J. G. Claburn (the holder) by half a yard, in the very fast time of 4 min. 27 2-5 sec.; and O. Y. Bedford just managed to wrest the Quarter Mile from H. R. Ball in 50 4-5 sec. On Monday, the Moseley Harriers held a meeting at Birmingham, when W. G. George and W. Snook ran the second of their three matches. This was at two miles, and the former had matters all his own way, covering the distance in 9 min. 29 1-2 sec., which was within four seconds of the amateur record. F. T. Ritchie disposed of J. M. Cowie very easily in their 120 yards match, his time being 11 3-5 sec., wonderfully fast, but then the course is downhill, and is, therefore, all in favour of the man.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

The closing of this popular exhibition, on Wednesday last, is an event of considerable social interest to Londoners and visitors to London. Our Artist's Sketches attempt to present the different feelings, whether of regret or of relief, which he supposes to be experienced at this termination by various classes of people, including those who have been in compulsory attendance, those who may have got tired of the subject, and those who had other ends in view, and who may possibly have been disappointed. We are tolerably sure, however, that no disappointment or weariness of the subject has been felt by that large number of persons, having either a scientific or a practical interest in fish and fisheries, who repaired to South Kensington for useful instruction. The attractions of the place, for mere entertainment with the beauty and novelty of the scene, were, no doubt, much greater during the bright and warm summer weather; as well in the mornings and afternoons, when it was pleasant to sit in the Horticultural Gardens and listen to the military bands, as at those brilliant evening assemblies, where rank and fashion paraded between the rows of coloured lamps, or in the soft blaze of electric light. All those pleasures of the season are past, but we hope they will be renewed next year with an equally agreeable effect, though upon some different pretext of a special Exhibition.

In its practical, scientific, commercial, and financial aspects, this undertaking has been entirely successful. The awards of prizes to exhibitors have been officially published; the total number of gold medals is 335, of which 160 go to Great Britain. Newfoundland has obtained 12; Spain, 9; the United States, 48; Canada, 17; New South Wales, 11; Norway, 23; Sweden, 22; France, 3; the Netherlands, 5; Greece, 1; India, 4; Denmark, 3; China, 2; Russia, 7; Italy, 4; the Bahamas, 1; and Tasmania, 1. There is also a great number of silver and bronze medals, and diplomas of merit. The classes of things exhibited, for which prizes are awarded, may here be enumerated:—Drift, seine, and other nets; trawling gear; sea-fishing lines, hooks, and bait; harpoons, whaling implements, fishing-boats, ropes and canvas, scientific instruments, life-boats and life-saving apparatus; models of harbours,

lighthouses, and buoys; fishing nets and lines in stages of preparation; signalling apparatus, telegraphs, and electric light; salmon nets and fixed appliances, salmon rods and lines; boats, punts, and cobbles, portable and collapsible; illustrations of economic condition of fishermen, fish-breeding establishments and apparatus, live oysters, apparatus for the purification of streams; natural history collections of invertebrate animals, fish, birds, and mammals; specimens of exotic fish of commercial value, cured and tinned fish, cod liver and other fish oils, models of curing establishments, fish manufactures; corals, whalebone, and sealskin; books of history and the various literature of fishing, maps and charts, oil-paintings, water-colour drawings, and photographs illustrative of the subject. Among the recipients of a gold medal is her Royal Highness Princess Louise, not indeed for her drawings, but for specimens of Canadian fish.

The prize essays, for which prizes from £25 to £100 have been awarded, are the following:—By Dr. F. Day, Essay on the Commercial Sea Fishes of Great Britain and Ireland, £100. By G. Sim, Aberdeen, on the Food of Fishes. By W. O. Chambers, Lowestoft, on the Introduction and Acclimatisation of Foreign Fishes. By R. B. Marston and W. O. Chambers (prize divided) two essays, on the Propagation of Freshwater Fish, other than Salmon. By J. Stirling, Haddington, on the Propagation of Salmon. No prize for essay on the Herring Fisheries, but four writers honourably mentioned. By Rev. W. Houghton, on the Sole. By O. W. Morris, Lowestoft, on Laws for the Regulation of Deep-Sea Fisheries. By C. E. Fryer, Home Office, on the Relations of the State to Fisheries and Fishermen. By J. C. Wilcocks, Plymouth, on Harbour Accommodation for Fisheries. By W. Anderson Smith, Argyllshire, on Harbour Breakwaters. By J. M. Leith, Edinburgh, on Legislation for Salmon Fisheries. By W. Anderson Smith, on Salmon Disease. By Commander Anson, R.N., and E. H. Willett, Kew, on Oyster Culture. By T. F. Robinson Carr, Edinburgh, on Supply of Mussels and Other Molluscs; also by J. C. Wilcocks, Plymouth. By J. W. De Caux, Yarmouth, on Insurance for Fishermen. By J. Skinner, St. Martin's-lane, on London Angling Societies. By W. Watt, Aberdeen, on Sea Currents and Temperatures affecting Fish. By A. Beajohn, the Hague, on Dutch Sea Fisheries. A concluding series of practical conferences of fishermen and those concerned in fisheries, under the presidency of Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., was held on several days last week.

The closing ceremony took place at noon on Wednesday, in the Inland Fisheries Gallery or Central Promenade, where a dais was erected for the Prince of Wales and the Royal Commissioners. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Albany, and the Duke of Cambridge. He was received by Earl Granville, Sir William Harcourt, and Lord Northbrook, with Mr. E. Birkbeck, M.P., Chairman of the Executive Committee. There was a large assemblage of spectators, and the Grenadier Guards' band performed some music. Mr. Birkbeck read the address of the Committee, stating the results of the Exhibition, and presented volumes of the papers they had printed. The Prince of Wales replied with a speech of approval and congratulation, recommending the establishment of a society to promote the fishing industries of the United Kingdom, and the disposal of the surplus fund to that end. His Royal Highness also referred to the intended Exhibition of next year, which he thought might be one of objects belonging to the conditions of health, food, clothing, and dwellings, or else the appliances of Education; and in 1885 there might be an Exhibition of labour-saving machinery. He hoped in 1886 to see a Colonial Exhibition, preparatory to the institution of a Colonial Museum in London.

The total number of admissions to the Fisheries Exhibition, in six months, has been 2,800,000. There is a surplus fund of £27,000.

At the annual conference of poor law guardians on Tuesday the Right Hon. G. Selater-Booth, M.P., who presided, adverted to the anomalous condition of the law and practice regarding the valuation of property for the purposes of taxation. Papers were subsequently read on subjects connected with the objects of the conference.

COLONY OF NEW ZEALAND.—ISSUE OF £350,000 FIVE PER CENT MORTGAGE DEBENTURES AT PAR
THE WELLINGTON AND MANAWATU RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.
SHARE CAPITAL, £500,000, in 100,000 SHARES of £5 each, which have been fully subscribed, and 10s. per share paid up.
DEBENTURE CAPITAL, £400,000, in Five per Cent Mortgage Debentures of £100 each.
Of which £40,000 have already been placed.
60,184 Shares have been subscribed for in the Colony, and 39,816 Shares in Great Britain.

DIRECTORS.
London Board.
Sir PENROSE G. JULYAN, K.C.M.G., C.B.
The Right Hon. Sir JOHN A. JOHN MUNDELLA, M.P.
Sir EDWARD W. STAFFORD, K.C.M.G., late Premier of New Zealand.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.
The WELLINGTON AND MANAWATU RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED, will receive Applications through the LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK, LIMITED, Lombard Street, E.C., until Two o'clock on Friday, Nov. 9, for £300,000 5 per cent Debentures at Par.

The Debentures are redeemable in 1908, and Interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum will accrue from Dec. 1, 1883, and be payable half-yearly, on June 1 and Dec. 1, at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lombard Street, where also the principal will be repayable at maturity.

The security offered by the Company over which the debenture holders will have a first charge is estimated at £1,227,151.

The Wellington and Manawatu Railway Company was formed to construct a Railway from Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, to a point near Palmerston in the Manawatu District, a distance of eighty-four miles.

It is expected that the line will be finished in about three years, which is two years less than the time stipulated for in the agreement with the Government.

The present issue of £300,000, together with £100,000 already placed, will absorb the borrowing powers of the Company, which are limited to the amount of the uncalled capital.

The Government, under the Railway Act, have power ten years after construction to take the Railway line at a valuation, but in concluding the Contract with the Company they have reserved to themselves the right of exercising this power at any time after the expiration of three years from the completion of the Railway, and in either case the Railway Construction Act provides that any money borrowed by the Company shall become a portion of the Consolidated Debt of the Colony.

It is anticipated that the Government will exercise the right of purchase at an early date; in fact, it is difficult to suppose that the acquisition of the line by the State will not soon become a public necessity. In such case the Act provides that the Government shall pay for the Railway according to its value ascertained by arbitration. As part of the purchase the Government will assume the liability of the Company's debentures.

Applications in the form annexed to the Prospectus will be received at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lombard Street, E.C., until Two o'clock on Friday, Nov. 9.

Full Prospectus and Forms of Application can be obtained from the Bankers and Brokers, Messrs. J. and A. Scrimgeour, and at the offices of the Company.

Script Certificate, with Coup. n for the first half-year's interest attached, will be issued in exchange for the Bankers' receipts, and due notice will be given when the Debentures are ready for delivery.

15, Old Broad-street, Oct. 30, 1883.
THE LOUIS VELVETEEN.—The strictest examination may try every test of touch and sight without discovering that these are other than the GENOA VELVETEEN they so closely resemble, while the peculiar arrangements resulting in the FAST WOVEN PILE enable them to stand interminable and rough wear which would ruin real velvets at four times the price.

For Outfits it is unequalled; and, in fact, for all purposes in which SILK Velvets may be used, we specially recommend the LOUIS VELVETEEN. Patterns post-free. Every yard of the genuine bears the name "Louis."
THOS. WALLIS and CO. (late Charles Meeking and Co.), Holborn Circus, London.

JAY'S, REGENT-STREET.

"NEW MATERIAL FOR MOURNING"
WEAR.—Messrs. Jay, of Regent-street, London, have secured a novel manufacture for black. It is all wool, and yet looks exactly like crepe, as it has the crinkled or crumpled surface which is inseparable from that fabric. It is solid and most durable, being free from the elasticity of the more perishable silk crepe which it so closely resembles, and yet it is glossy. It appears under the name of "Crepe Imperial," and is made up effectively into costumes for deep mourning, when it is not compulsory to trim with crepe. The firm should be congratulated on introducing a fabric which will answer for the deepest mourning dress; and will wear as long as the mourner elects to use it.—Extract from "The Queen" Newspaper, June, 1883.

JAY'S,
THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
REGENT-STREET, W.

LADIES' JACKET and MANTLE CLOTHS.
Sealskins, Ulsterings, Black Diagonals, in great variety. One-third less than West-End prices. For Cash only.
C. MEERING and CO., Woollen Warehouse,
8, Holborn-circus (corner of Hatton-garden), London, E.C.

LA VIE.—The Dresses, Mantles, &c., worn by Miss Lillian La Rue in "La Vie," at the Avenue Theatre, were specially designed and executed by WORTH & CO., 4, Hanover-street, London, W. Ladies desiring the newest style and perfect fit are invited to call.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER'S IRISH CAMBRIC POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS. Samples post-free.—All pure Flax, hemmed for use. "The Cambrics of Robinson and Cleaver have a world-wide fame."—The Queen. Per dozen—Children's, 1s. 10d.; Ladies', 2s. 11d.; Gentlemen's, 3s. 11d. Hem-stitched, per dozen—Ladies', 5s. 11d.; Gents', 7s. 9d.

IRISH LACE COLLARS, Sets, and Trimming Laces. in Crochet, Gimpure, Appliqué, Point, and Limerick, at lowest wholesale prices.

IRISH EMBROIDERY.—Ladies should write for our new Illustrated Sheet. Real Irish and Madeira Embroidery, also Machine Work. All buttoned edges, on best cloth, from 24d. per yard.

SHETLAND WOOL SHAWLS.—"The MARVEL." White, two yards square, post-free, 1s. 8d. Pale Blue, Black, Cardinal, Pink, or Grey, 1s. 10d. Write for Illustrated Sheet.

ROBINSON AND CLEAVER, to H.M. the Queen, Belfast. Send for samples and price-lists of our other specialities, post-free.

ESSENCE of LLOYDIA.
THE NEW PERFUME FOR 1883.
This elegant Production will be found both fragrant and lasting.
Price 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., and 1s. Bottle.
BREIDENBACH and CO., PERFUMERS to the QUEEN,
157s, New Bond-street, London, W.

PRATT'S WATER PAD TRUSSES are the MOST EFFECTUAL CURE FOR RUPTURES. PRATT'S ELASTIC STOCKINGS, for VARICOSE VEINS, &c.
J. E. PRATT,
Surgical Mechanician, St. Bartholomew's Hospital,
43 (late 42), OXFORD-STREET, LONDON.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."
Made simply with boiling water or milk.
Sold in Packets (and Tins, 1 lb. and 1 lb. for Export), labelled, JAMES EPPS and CO., HOMEOPATHIC CHEMISTS, Paris Depot: A. Delafosse, 64, Faubourg St. Honoré.

"THE CHEVIOT."
AN ENGLISH CARPET
(ALL WOOL)

FOR A GUINEA.
Nearly 3 yards long by 2 1/2 yards wide.
BORDERED, FRINGED, SEAMLESS.
Also made in 20 other sizes.
PROTECTED BY TRADE MARK (THE CHEVIOT).

Can be obtained only from
TRELOAR and SONS,
68, 69, and 70, LUDGATE-HILL.

Every description of British and Foreign Floor Coverings.
EIGHT PRIZE MEDALS. (Established 1832.)

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT INDIGESTION.—AN AUTOMOGRAPHY.—"It appeals forcibly to those who have allowed the palate to decide everything for them, and have paid the inevitable penalty of their folly."—Globe. Send for a copy to-day; it costs but 2d., including postage.
J. M. RICHARDS, Publisher, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

GET A Bottle to-day of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It instantly relieves and cures severe rheumatism, neuralgia, toothache, headache, pains in the side, joints, and limbs, all neuritic and rheumatic pains. Taken internally, cures at once coughs, croup, colds, cramp, stomachic, colic, diarrhoea, and cholera infantum. PAIN KILLER is the great household medicine, and has stood the test of fifty years. Any Chemist can supply it, at 1s. 11d. and 2s. 6d.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE and LIVER COMPLAINT.—The Holman Pad has stood the severest and most thorough test for years. It has a national reputation as established through its wonderful efficacy in all ailments that have their origin in a torpid liver, diseased kidneys, or stomach ailment. It has been endorsed by thousands of earnest, intelligent, living witnesses, who will tell you that the Holman Pad is a cure for these diseases. Read the pamphlet entitled "Nature's Laws," sent free to any address.
HOLMAN PAD COMPANY, 92, Great Russell-street, London.

After Dryden.
"Three pens for three essential virtues famed, The Pickwick, Owl, and Waverley were named. In first in flexibility surpassed, In ease the next, in elegance the last. These points, united with attractions new, Have yielded other boons, the Phaeton and Hindoo." Sample Box, with all the kinds, 1s. 1d. by post.
"Let those write now who never wrote before, And those who always wrote now write the more."
—Oban Times.

Patentees of Pens and Penholders.
MACNIVEN and CAMERON,
33, Blair-street, Edinburgh.
PENMAKERS TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT OFFICES (Established 1770).

RODRIGUES' MONOGRAMS, ARMS, CORONET, CREST, and ADDRESS DIES Engraved as Gems from Original and Artistic Designs. NOTE-PAPER and ENVELOPES, brilliant & illuminated by hand in Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Colours. BEST RELIEF STAMPING, any colour, 1s. per 100. HERALDIC ENGRAVING, PAINTING, and ILLUMINATING. All the New and Fashionable Stationery. H. RODRIGUES, 42, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

FOR FAMILY ARMS (Lincoln's Inn)
Heraldic Offices: send Name and County, sketch, 3s. 6d.; in colour, 7s. 6d. Arms Painted and Engraved on Seal, Dies, Illuminated Addresses, Silk Banners, &c.—PUGH BROTHERS, 64, Turnstile, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.; & 76, Queen Victoria-st., City.

FOR ARMS and CREST send Name and County to T. MORING, Inn of Court Heraldic Offices, 32, High Holborn, W.C. Plain sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. Seal, Dies, and Diplomas. Illustrated Price-Lists post-free.

WHAT IS YOUR CREST and WHAT IS YOUR MOTTO? Send name and county to CULLETON'S Heraldic Office. Plain sketch, 3s. 6d.; Coloured, 7s. 6d. The arms of man and wife blended. Crest engraved on seals, rings, books, and steel dies, 8s. 6d. Gold seal, with crest, 20s. Solid gold ring, 1-carat, Hall-marked, with crest, 42s. Manual of Heraldry, 400 engravings, 3s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

CULLETON'S GUINEA BOX of STATIONERY contains a Ream of the very best Paper and 200 Envelopes, all stamped in the most elegant way with Crest and Motto, Monogram, or Address, and the engraving of Steel Die included. Sent to any part for P.O. order.—T. CULLETON, 25, Cranbourn-street (corner of St. Martin's-lane).

VISITING CARDS by CULLETON. Fifty best quality, 8s. 6d. post-free, including the Engraving of Copper-plate Visiting Cards, 2s. each, 20 Embossed Envelopes, with Maiden Name, 1s. 6d.—T. CULLETON, Seal Engraver 25, Cranbourn-street, St. Martin's-lane, W.C.

"A SIMPLE FACT ABOUT" KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES. Ask throughout the world, in any country that can be named, you will find them largely sold. There is absolutely no remedy that is so speedy in giving relief, so certain to cure, and yet the most delicate can take them. One lozenge gives cure. 8d. in 150d. Tins.

ST. JACOB'S OIL.—The most valuable for the relief and cure of Pain. Used externally. 2s. 6d. or, post-free, 2s. 11d.
NEWBURY, 1, King Edward-street, London, E.C.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers.
Full Lists free by post.

ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR. By
WALTER BESANT, Author of "All Sorts and
Conditions of Men." 3 vols., crown 8vo. At every Library.

FRESCOES: Dramatic Sketches. By
OUIDA. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 10s. 6d. (Immediately.)

IONE. A Novel. By E. LYNN LINTON.
3 vols., crown 8vo. At every Library. (Immediately.)

MAID OF ATHENS. By JUSTIN
MCGARTHY. 3 vols., crown 8vo. At every Library. (Just ready.)

BEYOND THE GATES. By ELIZABETH
STUART PHILIPS, Author of "The Gates Ajar." Post
8vo, cloth limp, 2s. 6d.

THE LAND LEAGUERS. By ANTHONY
TROLLOPE. 3 vols., crown 8vo. At every Library.

THE FOREIGNERS. By ELEANOR C.
PRIGE. 3 vols., crown 8vo. At every Library.

BIMBI. By OUIDA. New and Cheaper
Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.
London: CHATTO and WINDUS, Piccadilly, W.

NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS.
Now ready, at all the Libraries, in 3 vols.,

GOLDEN GIRLS. By ALAN MUIR,
of Author of "Lady Beauty," &c.

IN THE WEST COUNTRY. By the Author of
"Queenie," &c.

PEARLA. By Miss BETHAM-EDWARDS, Author of
"Kitty," &c.

JUNE. By Mrs. FORRESTER, Author of "Viva," &c.
Second Edition. (Next week.)

JONATHAN SWIFT. (Next week.)
HOBBS and BLACKETT, Publishers, 13, Great Marlborough-
street, London.

**NEW AND POPULAR NOVELS AT
ALL LIBRARIES.**

I. THE LADIES' PARADISE. From the French of
EMILE ZOLA. 3 vols.

II. ADE: A Romance. By G. M. 1 vol.

III. THE WATERS OF MARAH. By JOHN HILL.
3 vols.

IV. GEORGE ELVASTON. By the Author of "Lady
Ottoline." 3 vols.

V. RING AND CORONET. A Story of Circus Life.
3 vols.

VI. A BURGLARY. By the Author of "The Rebecca
Rioter." 3 vols.

SIX NEW NOVELS at all the LIBRARIES.
Each in 3 vols., crown 8vo.

ABIGEL ROWE: a Chronicle of the Regency. By the
Hon. LEWIS WINGFIELD.

BELINDA. By RHODA BROUGHTON.

A STRUGGLE FOR FAME. By Mrs. J. H.
RIDEWELL.

JULIET. By M. E. CARTER.

DR. EDITH ROMNEY.

PUT TO THE PROOF. By C. FOTHERGILL.
RICHARD BENTLEY and Son, 8, New Burlington-street.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW NOVEL.
Price One Shilling; post-free, 1s. 3d., illustrated by H. French.

UNDER THE RED FLAG.
By Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," &c.
ORDER THE MISLETOE BOUGH.

J. and R. MAXWELL, 4, Shoe-lane, E.C.; and all Booksellers.

NEW NOVEL BY A NEW WRITER.
At all Libraries, in 3 vols.,

PARDONED. By A. M. HOPKINSON.
London: J. and R. MAXWELL, Milton House, Shoe-lane.

THE GREAT SOCIAL NOVEL OF THE SEASON.
In 3 vols., at all Libraries,

THY NAME IS TRUTH. A New
Novel, of great political and social importance, by a
New Writer.

**AN ENTIRELY NEW WORK, CONTAINING A STORE-
HOUSE OF KNOWLEDGE AND INFORMATION FOR
ENGLISH GIRLS.**

Part I. now ready. Price 6d.

1. SYLVIA'S YOUNG LADIES'
TREASURE BOOK. A Complete Encyclopedia of
Practical Instruction and Direction for all Indoor and Outdoor
Occupations and Amusements suitable for Young Ladies.

WITH PART I. JUST PUBLISHED, IS PRESENTED A
PLATE CONTAINING TWELVE ORIGINAL DESIGNS
FOR PAINTING ON CHINA, TERRA-COTTA, &c.,
BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED IN COLOURS.

2. SYLVIA'S YOUNG LADIES'
TREASURE BOOK. To be completed in 13 Parts.

Among the subjects treated are:

Household Elegancies and Indoor and Outdoor Amuse-
ments and Exercises.

Artistic Occupations.

Practical Science for Girls.

Home Pets and their Treat-
ment.

Hints on Social Etiquette.

Home Duties and Domestic
Economy.

Dress, Needlework, Appearance.

Prospectuses post-free on application.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

SECOND EDITION NOW READY.
Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, price 3s. 6d.

THE AUTHORIZED EDITION.
Printed in large type from the original Plates, and published by
special arrangement with the Author.

**THE FREEDOM OF FAITH: A VOLUME
OF SERMONS.** BY THEODORE T. MUNGER.

"The Freedom of Faith" will, we feel sure, be hailed with
delight by a large number of ministers and others in this
country."—*Christian World*.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

**JUST READY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FREEDOM
OF FAITH,"**

**ON THE THRESHOLD: TALKS TO
YOUNG PEOPLE ON PURPOSE, FRIENDS AND COM-
PANIONS. MANNERS, THRIFT, SELF-RELIANCE AND
COURAGE, HEALTH, READING AND INTELLECTUAL
LIFE, AMUSEMENTS, AND FAITH.**

"It will work a revolution among young men who read it."—
New York Times.

London: WARD, LOCK, and Co., Salisbury-square, E.C.

THE SCIENCE MONTHLY.
Price Sixpence.

NOVEMBER NUMBER NOW READY.
Illustrated.

London: DAVID BOGGS, 3, St. Martin's-place, W.C.; E. W.
ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane, E.C.; and of all Booksellers and
Newsagents.

ZADKIEL'S ALMANAC, 1884.
Zadkiel's Almanac contains Weather Predictions, the
Voice of the Stars, Horoscopes of Gambetta, &c. Zadkiel fore-
told the Ischia Earthquake.—London: COUSINS and Co., 3, York-
street, Covent Garden. Price 6d.

YOUTH. Price
Twopence.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7.

EMIGRATION.

A MIRACULOUS SHOT.

EXCHANGE AND MART.

PARLIAMENT.

SHORTHAND AND NATURALISTS'
SOCIETIES.
72, Strand, W.C.

NEW BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS.

THE NEW SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.
No. II., NOVEMBER, Now Ready.
**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

THE MILLER'S COURTSHIP.
Frontispiece, by H. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

IN THE FENS.
With Illustrations by R. W. MACBETH, A.R.A.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE BANQUETING HOUSE AND OLD
WHITEHALL.** AUSTIN DOBSON. With Illus-
trations.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

BRASS WORK AT BIRMINGHAM.
BERNARD H. BECKER. With Illustrations by A.
Morrow.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

THE LITTLE SCHOOLMASTER MARK.
A Spiritual Romance. J. H. SHORTHOUSE (Author of
"John Inglesant").

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**OYSTERS AND THE OYSTER
QUESTION (Concluded).** T. H. HUXLEY, F.R.S.
With Illustration.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

THE ARMOURER'S PRENTICES.
Chapters III., IV., V. (To be Continued). CHARLOTTE
M. YONGE.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

THE GIANT'S ROBE. By the Author of "Vice Versa,"
Chap. XIII.—A "Thorn and Flower Piece." Chap. XIV.—
In the Spring. Chap. XV.—Harold Calfyn makes a Dis-
covery. With Illustrations by W. Ralston.

WONDERS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

MY POOR WIFE.—I. Illustrated by William Small.

A WAGON TRIP AT THE CAPE.
London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 15, Waterloo-place.

**THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE.**

**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for
NOVEMBER.**

THE DEANERY BALL. Illustrated by W. S. Stacey.

MADAME D'ARLAY. ON THE DOWNWARD SLOPE.

FAMILY BEREAVEMENTS.

Upon Receipt of Letter or Telegram,
EXPERIENCED DRESSMAKERS and MILLINERS
travel to all parts of the Country (no matter the distance),
free of any extra charge.

with Dresses, Mantles, Millinery, and a full Assortment of
Made-up Articles
of the best and most suitable description.
Also Materials by the Yard,
and supplied at the same
VERY REASONABLE PRICES

as if purchased at the Warehouse in REGENT-STREET.
Mourning for servants at exceptionally low rates,
at a great saving to large or small families.
Funerals conducted in Town or Country at stated Charges.
Address, 256 to 262, Regent-street, London.

PETER ROBINSON'S.

PARCELS POST.—FREE.

MADE-UP ARTICLES
or MATERIALS BY THE YARD
forwarded promptly.

BLACK SILKS.

Recommended by Peter Robinson.
Black Gros Grain Silks 5s. 6d.
Black Satin 5s. 11d.
Black Brocade (handsome patterns) 5s. 11d.
Black Silk Velvet (best Lyons) 11s. 9d.
Black Merveilleux (superior) 4s. 11d.
Broadened Velvets 8s. 11d. and 12s. 9d.
The above are special qualities—but can be supplied at all
prices, the stock being immense.
PETER ROBINSON, 256 to 262, Regent-street, W.

COSTUMES.—Elegant Silk Costumes,
from 5 to 20 guineas.

COSTUMES.—Rich and Beautiful Dresses,
from 3 to 10 guineas.

COSTUMES.—Evening and Fete Dresses,
from 1 to 10 guineas.

COSTUMES.—Material Dresses in immense variety,
the latest fashions, from 2 to 10 guineas.

PETER ROBINSON'S

COURT and GENERAL MOURNING.
256, REGENT-STREET.

ÆGIDIUS.—The only FLANNEL SHIRTS
that never shrink in washing—not if washed 100 times.
Soft as silk. Can be worn with or without an under vest. Made
in several mixed colours, greys, drabs, browns, &c. Three for
30s. 6d. by parcel post free. Patterns and self-measure free by
post.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

SHIRTS.—FORD'S EUREKA.—"The most
perfect fitting made."—Observer. Gentlemen desirous of
purchasing shirts of the best quality should try Ford's Eureka,
30s. 6d. by parcel post free. Patterns and self-measure free by
post.—R. FORD and CO., 41, Poultry, London.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.

AMSTERDAM AWARDED
EXHIBITION, 1883. GRAND
DIPLOMA OF HONOUR.

CHOCOLAT MENIER, in ½ lb. and ¼ lb.
PACKETS. For
BREAKFAST,
LUNCHEON, and SUPPER.

CHOCOLAT MENIER.—Awarded Twenty-
Eight PRIZE MEDALS.
Consumption annually
exceeds 25,000,000 lb.

CHOCOLAT MENIER. Paris,
London,
New York.

Sold Everywhere.

Diploma of Honour (Highest Award),
Amsterdam Exhibition, 1883.

FRY'S

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.
"A most delicious and valuable
article."—Standard.

COCOA. PURE COCOA ONLY.

FRY'S COCOA EXTRACT.
"Strictly pure."—W. W. STODDART,
F.I.C., F.O.S., City Analyst, Bristol.
SEVENTEEN PRIZE MEDALS.

SCHWEITZER'S COCOATINA.
Anti-Dyspeptic Cocoa or Chocolate Powder.
Guaranteed Pure Soluble Cocoa, with excess of Fat extracted.
Four times the strength of Cocoa Thickened with Weakened with
Arrowroot, Starch, &c.

The faculty pronounce it the most nutritious, perfectly digesti-
ble beverage for "BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, or SUPPER."
Keeps in all climates. Requires no Cooking. A teaspoonful to
Breakfast Cup costing less than a halfpenny. Samples gratis.

In Air-Tight Tins, at 1s. 6d., 3s., &c., by Chemists and Grocers.

H. SCHWEITZER and CO., 10, Adam-street, London, W.C.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

IS A WORLD-WIDE NECESSARY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

FOR THE NURSERY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

FOR THE FAMILY TABLE.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

FOR THE SICK ROOM.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.

PULLNA BITTERWATER,
Bohemia.

THE OLDEST and BEST SPRING.
ANTON ULBRICH.

KING OF NON-ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

ZOEDONE.

"A non-alcoholic beverage, certain of permanent
public favour."
L. A. DOUGLAS LITHGOW, LL.D., M.B.C.P.,
F.R.S.L., F.I.C.S.,
SOLD EVERYWHERE.

POPULAR MUSIC OF THE DAY. DANCE MUSIC.

FONTAINEBLEAU.

New Waltz. By
H.R.H. the Duke of ALBANY.
Just published.

MIA CARA WALTZ. By P. BUCALOSS.

(Composer of "My Queen" Waltz, &c.)
Already in its 20th Thousand.

THE P. & O. POLKA. P. BUCALOSS.

DAISY WALTZ. LUKE WHEELER.

CHIC POLKA. LUKE WHEELER.

Two of the successes of the season.

VENETIA WALTZ. CAROLINE LOWTHIAN.

The most popular Waltz of the day.

MOTHER HUBBARD POLKA.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN, Composer of the Venetia Waltz. 10th Thousand. Price 2s. each net.
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W.; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

VOCAL MUSIC.

HUNTING SONGS.

DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK.

THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

THE GOOD GREY MARE.

A RUM ONE TO FOLLOW.

THE CLIPPER THAT STANDS IN

THE STALL AT THE TOP.

A LAY OF THE BLACKMORE VALE.

Price 2s. each net.

ISIDORE DE LARA'S NEW SONGS.

LAST NIGHT.

WHERE MEMORY DWELLS.

Price 2s. each net.

MRS. MONCREIFF'S NEW SONGS.

THE OLD CHURCH DOOR.

GREEN LEAF AND BLOSSOM.

A CREOLE LOVE SONG.

'T WAS ONLY A YEAR AGO.

Price 2s. each net.

CAROLINE LOWTHIAN'S NEW SONGS.

IN APRIL.

GATES OF THE WEST.

Price 2s. each net.

MICHAEL WATSON'S NEW SONGS.

SOMEONE'S PRIDE.

SWINGING.

Price 2s. each net.

BUCALOSS'S NEW SONG.

LATER ON. To Melody of his popular

"Mia Cara" Waltz. Price 2s. net.

COTSFORD DICK'S NEW SONG.

Price 2s. net.

CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street, W.; and 15, Poultry, E.C.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on view every

description of PIANOFORTES by the best makers, returned from hire, to be sold at greatly reduced prices for cash, or may be purchased on the "Three Years' System."

CHAPPELL PIANOFORTES, from 15 guineas.
COLLARD PIANOFORTES, from 35 guineas.
ERARD PIANOFORTES, from 35 guineas.
BROADWOOD PIANOFORTES, from 35 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S STUDENT'S

PIANOFORTES, from 16 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S PIANINOS,

with Check Action, from 20 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED

OBLIQUE and COTTAGE PIANOFORTES for Ocean Steamers and Extreme Climates, from 35 to 65 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Early English and

Chippendale PIANOFORTES, artistically designed Ebonized, Mahogany, or Rosewood Cases, from 45 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S Iron Double

Overstrung PIANOFORTES, Check Actions, &c., from 65 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO.'S IRON-FRAMED

OBLIQUE GRAND PIANOFORTES, Patent Harmonic Dampers in Base, Machine-covered Hammer, from 85 guineas.

CHAPPELL and CO. have on View Grand

Pianofortes from 50 to 250 guineas.
50, New Bond-street; and 15, Poultry.

CRAMER'S NEW PIANOFORTES.

FROM TEN GUINEAS.
J. D. CRAMER and CO., by new mechanical appliances recently added to their factory, combine in their instruments durability and moderate cost with great power, purity of tone, and general excellence.

FOUR OCTAVES (Table), portable, and never requires Tuning. 10 Guineas.

FIVE " " (Studio) " " " 16 "

" " (Yacht) " " " 16 "

" " " " " 20 "

" " " " " 22 "

" " " " " 24 "

" " " " " 26 "

" " " " " 28 "

" " " " " 30 "

SEVEN OCTAVES, in Pine and other Cases, from 25 "

Ditto, in Black and Gold Cases, " " from 35 "

CRAMER'S ORGANS,
For Church, Chamber, or Chancel.

CRAMER'S HARMONIUMS.

CRAMER'S AMERICAN ORGANS.

HARPS by ERARD and others for SALE, HIRE, and on CRAMER'S THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM.

Full Lists and particulars free.

Nothing supplied but what is of the highest and most satisfactory quality.

Exchanged any time within Three Months without loss to the Purchaser.

J. D. CRAMER and CO.,
London: Regent-street, W.; Bond-street, W.; Moorgate-street, E.C.; High-street, Notting-hill, W. Liverpool: Church-street.

KIRKMAN and SON,

PIANOFORTE MANUFACTURERS,
3, Soho-square.

KIRKMAN and SON

use steel (for which they hold the sole patents, dated 1870 and 1877) in the construction of the frames for Grand Pianos, and the best class of uprights, rendering them unrivalled in tone and strength. They also make a MINIATURE OVERSTRUNG IRON GRAND (only 5 ft. 9 in. long).

KIRKMAN and SON'S

New Model Iron-Framed Pianos (both vertical and overstrung) are all full trichord, and fitted with the best reception check actions. All their Pianos are for Sale, Hire, or on the THREE-YEARS' SYSTEM.

NEW MUSIC.

LA VIE. Opera Bouffe by OFFENBACH.

Written by H. B. Farnie. Performed at the Avenue Theatre with the greatest possible success. The Vocal score complete, including the whole of the introduced songs. Price 6s. Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

A MAID OF KENT. New Ballad by

LOUIS DIEHL, the Composer of "Going to Market." This day. 2s.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

NEVER TO KNOW. By MARZIALS.

This day.

The air is dreamy with flow'rs.
The room is lovely with light.
The low waltz tune is floating
Afair in the warm June night.
And she danced with him and the other,
She was far too lovely to care,
And she never look'd as she past him by,
Alone in the window there.

2s.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

COWEN'S NEW CONTRALTO SONG.

A SONG AND A ROSE. New Song by

F. H. COWEN. Sung by Miss Damian with the greatest success at the Provinces; also by Madame Adeline Paget and Miss Horton. 2s.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

STEPHEN ADAMS' NEW SONG.

THE OWL. New Song by STEPHEN

ADAMS. "Sung by Mr. Maybrick every night this month, on Madame Antoinette Sterling's Tour." 2s.—Boosey and Co.

MARZIALS' POPULAR BALLADS.

LEAVING, YET LOVING. ONLY FRIENDS.
JUST AS WELL. IF ONLY.
ASK NOTHING MORE. IN THE NORTH COUNTRY.

2s. each.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

WHEN MY JIM COMES HOME FROM

SEA. By MARZIALS. The Words by William Black. Author of "A Daughter of Heth." This day. 2s. Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

YEARS AND YEARS. By MORA.

Sung by Mr. Mass at the Promenade, Concerts, also at Manchester and Leeds, with brilliant success.

Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

SOUTHERN BREEZE WALTZ.

THINE ALONE WALTZ. Both by

MEISLER. "It was past one o'clock, the band has ceased playing, but the melody of 'Thine Alone' still haunts the ear." The Queen. 2s. each.—Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

Price 2s. 6d. each volume, paper; 4s., cloth, gilt edges.

THE ROYAL SONG BOOKS.

A complete Encyclopedia of Vocal Music.

Songs of England. (2 vols.) Songs of Germany.

Songs of Scotland. Songs of Italy.

Songs of Ireland. Songs of Scandinavia and Northern Europe.

Songs of Wales. Songs of Eastern Europe.

Songs of France. The above volumes contain one thousand popular ballads.

Beethoven's Songs. Schubert's Songs.

Mendelssohn's Songs. Rubinstein's Songs.

Schumann's Songs. Rubinstein's Vocal Duets.

All with German and English Words.

Handel's Oratorio Songs. Songs from the Operas. Mezzo-

Handel's Opera Songs. (Italian and English Words.) Soprano and Contralto.

Songs from the Operas. Tenor and Baritone.

Modern Ballads. Humorous Songs.

Sacred Songs. Choice Duets for ladies.

Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

TO BE HAD OF EVERY MUSICSELLER IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE CAVENDISH MUSIC BOOKS.

A list of contents gratis.

Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

BOOSEY'S SHILLING PIANOFORTE

ALBUMS in the Musical Cabinet.

23. MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS. Six Books.

212. BOOSEY'S MARCH ALBUM. (30 Marches.) (26 pieces.)

213. SCHUMANN'S ALBUMBLATTE. (20 pieces.)

214. BACH'S PIANOFORTE ALBUM. (13 pieces.)

215. BRAHMS' PIANOFORTE ALBUM. (13 pieces.)

216. FIELD'S NOCTURNE ALBUM. (10 Nocturnes.)

217. BEETHOVEN'S WALTZ ALBUM. (45 Waltzes.)

218. CHOPIN'S WALTZES, complete.

219. CHOPIN'S MAZURKAS, complete.

220. CHOPIN'S NOCTURNES, complete.

221. HELLER'S PROMENADES D'UNE SOLITAIRE.

222. SCHUMANN'S KINDERSCENEN, &c.

223. SCHUMANN'S FIRST ALBUM FOR YOUTH.

224. OVERTURES (1st book), including Figaro, Fra Diavolo, Crown Diamonds, William Tell, Freischütz, Zampa.

225. OVERTURES (2nd book), including Masaniello, Oberon, Gazza Ladra, Euryanthe.

Boosey and Co., 235, Regent-street.

PIANOFORTES, from 17 Guineas

upwards, for SALE, Hire, or upon Three-Years' System.

English Pianofortes by Broadwood, Erard, Collard, &c. Foreign Short Grand and Cottage by R. nisch, Hagspell, Kaps, Blüthner, Schiedmayer, Pleyel, &c.—BOOSEY and CO., 235, Regent-street.

Now ready,

METZLER'S ALBUM OF DANCE MUSIC,

CHRISTMAS, 1883.

containing Bucalossi's popular Waltz "Ruby," and a new Waltz, entitled "Micacia," by Emile Waldeufel. Now published for the first time, together with a large selection of Dance Music easily and effectively arranged. Edited by P. BUCALOSS.

Handsomely illuminated cover. Price One Shilling.

Post-free, 13 stamps.

METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

PARTHENIA WALTZ.

Dedicated to and Illustrated with a beautiful Portrait of Miss Mary Anderson.

SOUVENIR D'ESPAGNE VALSE.

Beautifully Illustrated.

Composed by EMILE WALDEUFEL.

IN THE MOONLIGHT WALTZ.

On Lady Arthur Hill's popular Song.

Performed every evening at the Promenade Concerts.

LOVE AND BEAUTY. New Song.

Sung every evening at the Lyceum Theatre.

YESTERYEAR. New Song.

Composed by Lady ARTHUR HILL.

Sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd.

Post-free 2s. net each.

METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, London.

MASON & HAMLIN American ORGANS.

Recommended by
Ch. Gounod, Liszt, Christine Nilsson, Charles Santley,
Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Stainer.

Used at
Westminster Abbey, St. James's Hall, Young Men's
Christian Association, Exeter Hall, the Moody and
Saukey Mission Meetings.

Received the
Highest Awards and Medals at the Great Exhibitions,
Paris, 1867; Vienna, 1873; Santiago, 1875; Philadelphia,
1876; Paris, 1878; Sweden and Norway, 1878; Milan,
1881; Amsterdam, 1883.

New Models.
Containing the latest improvements in tone, me-
chanism, and design. Prices from 6 to 350 guineas.

The Queen's Model, as supplied to her Most Gracious
Majesty the Queen. Price 150 guineas.

And the
New Three Manual and Pedal Organ, 250 guineas. One
of these splendid organs may be seen any day, blown
by one of the New Water Motors.

New Illustrated Catalogues post-free.

METZLER and Co., 42, Great Marlborough-street, W.

DR. STAINER on the AMERICAN

ORGAN, containing full Instructions for playing this
Instrument, together with a series of Pieces, sacred and
secular (many of which have been especially composed
for this work), by Ch. Gounod, Joseph Barnby, Sir
Arthur Sullivan, Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Bridge, F. H.
Cowan, Sir R. P. Stewart, E. J. Hopkins, Sir G. A.
Macfarlane, Berthold Tours, R. L. Head, and Dr.
Stainer. Post-free, 30 stamps. New Catalogue of all the
best Instruments gratis and post-free on application.

METZLER and Co., Great Marlborough-street, London, W.

NEW MUSIC.

CATALOGUES GRATIS and POST-FREE

POPULAR SONGS.

VOCAL DUETS.

TRIOS for LADIES' VOICES.

PART-SONGS.

PIANO MUSIC.

VIOLIN MUSIC.

ORGAN MUSIC.

FLUTE MUSIC.

Containing in all 17,000 Works. Published by
ROBERT COCKS and Co., New Burlington-street, London.

PINSUTI'S LAST SUCCESS.

LADDIE. New Song. CIRO PINSUTI.

(Words by Jaxone.)
O! Laddie was somebody's darling,
So somebody often said,
And his loving breast was a perfect rest
For somebody's weary head.

LADDIE. New Song. CIRO PINSUTI.

"The prettiest and most effective song for concert or drawing-room ever written." Pronounced by all, the most fashionable and taking song of the season. Over 3500 copies sold during last month. Sale daily increasing. Every professional and amateur singer should at once secure this effective new song. Sung by 100 vocalists. Always encored.

LADDIE. New Song. CIRO PINSUTI.

Sung with tremendous applause by Madame Frances, Madame Weber, Madame Clara West, Miss Woodhatch, Miss Horton, Miss Weber, Miss Martin, Miss Woodhatch, Miss Carter, Mr. Egbert Roberts, Mr. H. Groom, and Mr. D. Cooper.

"A grand success." B flat, C (D to E), D, and E flat. 24 stamps.

GENTLE FACES. By THEO BONHEUR.

This fine new song contains a sweet melody and charming refrain, now being sung with the greatest success by Miss Maud Cameron, Madame Weber, Miss Martin, Miss Woodhatch, Miss Carter, Mr. Egbert Roberts, Mr. H. Groom, and Mr. D. Cooper.

"A grand success." B flat, C (D to E), D, and E flat. 24 stamps.

THE BROKEN PITCHER. By PONTET.

Of this new humorous song "The Musical and Dramatic World" says: "A bright little song, to words of a semi-humorous character, by the composer of 'Up for Tat,' which it will certainly rival in popularity." Would bring down the house at a penny reading or village concert. Sung everywhere. A flat, B flat (A to F), and C. 24 stamps.

W. MORLEY and COMPANY,

269, Regent-street, W.; and 70, Upper-street, N.

All the songs published by W. Morley and Co. may be freely sung.

Now ready, price 1s.,



The dinner passed off without a hitch; the topic of conversation was chiefly Cambridge, in which there were few discords.

THE CANON'S WARD.

BY JAMES PAYN,

AUTHOR OF "BY PROXY," "HIGH SPIRITS," "THICKER THAN WATER," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

UNMASKED.



THEIR return to Albany-street, the Canon and Sophy sat talking over old times so late, expecting every moment Adair's arrival, that when he did come, his visitor had perforce retired to his own room to prepare for dinner. It was the habit of the master of the house to come in at the last moment, though that circumstance did not mitigate his indignation in case the meat was overdone. Adair looked worn and irritated, which, however, was by no means unusual with him.

"What is it now?" he exclaimed fretfully, when Sophy came into his room. It was plain, by the surprise in his tone, that she did not often intrude upon his privacy.

"The Canon arrived this morning," she answered, sententiously. "He dines, and is going to sleep here to-night."

"The devil he is!" was the hospitable rejoinder. "What on earth brings him up to town?"

"I don't know. Some little matter of business, he said."

"Tut! What does he know of business? He had much better stop in college, with his musty old Milton."

This was a little ungrateful, considering what Milton had done for the speaker, and also sardonic; for if Milton, considered from the point of age, was musty, the other objects of study affected by the Canon should have been in an advanced state of decomposition.

"I couldn't tell him that," answered Sophy, "though I was well aware you didn't want to see him."

"And I don't want," replied her husband (his English grammar was not on a par with his mathematical acquirements). "Why does he come poking and prying about our house? Perhaps he'll do it one day once too often."

"What do you mean, John? Surely you would never let him see, of all men, that he was not welcome."

"Oh, he's welcome enough, as long as he behaves himself. I don't want to quarrel with him," was the dogged reply. "But I'll have no interference in my affairs, if that's what he's after.—Shut the door, will you, because there's a draught."

Sophy closed the door, as requested; but left herself on the other side of it. Remonstrance with her husband at any time

she knew to be futile; when he was put out, as was just now obviously the case, it was dangerous. She had long known that he had lost all regard for the Canon; but up to this moment he had never spoken of him with absolute antipathy. What could he mean by that phrase, "Perhaps he will come here one day once too often?" Was it intention to break with her guardian altogether? She would then be friendless and isolated indeed. As regarded Adair himself, his words had no power to harm her. He was her husband only in name. She knew him thoroughly for what he was. Her illusions about him had not been destroyed, because she had never had any; but all hope of even that moderate degree of happiness to which she had ventured to look forward in their married life was over. She was weak, as we are well aware; but she was not a fool. Whatever happened of evil to her at his hands was borne without murmuring. "It is my punishment," she would wearily say to herself, "and I have deserved it." What chances she had had, and how she had missed them all! How the pleasure of her youth had turned to dust and ashes! Her charms, her wealth, the love of kind and honest hearts, how they had all been flung away by her own reckless hands! That there was some new trouble in store for her was certain, though she could not guess its nature.

Adair received his guest with that mixture of warmth and deep respect which he always threw into his tone when the Canon came to Albany-street; but, to Sophy's eye, there was more effort in it than usual. She noticed, too, that her guardian's manner was unusual—stiff and guarded. It was always difficult to the Canon to conceal his feelings; but the remembrance that the other was his host enabled him to do so to some extent.

The dinner passed off without a hitch; the topic of conversation was chiefly Cambridge, in which there were few discords. The influence of good wine, as was its wont, operated upon the Canon favourably. When Sophy left them, and the cigars were produced, he was certainly disposed to take a more sanguine view of things. Though he began at once upon the matter that had brought him up to town—it had, indeed, been fizzing and seething in his brain for so many hours, that it was impossible longer to suppress it—it was without heat; his tone was quiet and conciliatory.

"I am come here, Adair, upon rather an unpleasant errand—a matter concerning yourself; but which I earnestly hope you will be able to explain to my satisfaction."

"I hope so, indeed," replied the other. His lips smiled, but his brow had darkened; his face had a resolute yet apprehensive look, such as a man might wear about to be attacked by more than one assailant, but who has his back to the wall.

"It is only an advertisement in a newspaper, but it has given me great distress of mind. I do not wish to recall a certain event which happened two years ago, or more; you cannot have forgotten it."

"Indeed I have not, Sir," put in Adair, quietly. "I will recollect your generous conduct on that occasion to me and mine."

"At all events, I showed very great trust and confidence in

you, which you assured me would not be misplaced. You gave me your word, also, that under no circumstances would you ever embark in any undertaking which even the most prudent person could call speculating. In this advertisement—he had taken the paper from his pocket, and pointed at the place—I see your name published as the director of the Susco Railway Company, in South America."

"True; but in British Guiana, you will allow me to add," said Adair, suavely.

"Good heavens! what has that to do with it?"

"Well, if you were a man of business, Canon," said Adair, smiling, "I could show you that it had a good deal to do with it. Let me say, however, generally, that an investment in that country would be as safe as in the debenture stocks of any English railway; indeed, it is English. But, as it happens, I have not even invested in it. For certain reasons which, perhaps, you could not easily understand, but which are very valid and reflect no little credit upon my position in the City, it has been worth the company's while to put me on its direction, and also to pay me handsomely for the use of my name."

"That explanation is not satisfactory to me, Adair," said the Canon, firmly. "It is true, I am not a man of business; but I know enough of such matters to be convinced that it wouldn't be worth the while of any safe and stable company to do anything of the kind."

Adair shrugged his shoulders, and smiled a pitying smile. "Really, Canon, I scarcely know what to say. I could give chapter and verse for everything I have stated about this Susco project; but it is a long business, and if you will not take my word"—

"I have taken your word already, Adair; your solemn promise, in return, I must need say, for a very great favour, that you would never have anything to do with Speculation—that is, Risk. Do you mean to tell me there is no risk in your being a director of the Susco Railway Company?"

"Not one atom, not a scintilla, I pledge you my word of honour."

The Canon was staggered by the other's earnestness and emphasis.

"Well, of course, I cannot imagine for one moment that you are deceiving me. I must needs believe you. But still I do not like it. I must ask you to withdraw your name at once from the official list, and to give up all connection with the undertaking."

"Very good, Sir," returned Adair, frankly. "Since nothing else will satisfy you, I will do so. I shall lose two hundred pounds a year by it; but I need not say I would make a much greater personal sacrifice to meet your wishes."

"It is not, you know, on my own account," said the Canon, greatly mollified, "that I demand this of you. It is nothing to me whether you risk your money or not."

A sneer passed over the face of his companion as these words were uttered. He played with his wine-glass, and muttered a noiseless something in a menacing tone.

"If you yourself were alone concerned in the matter I

should say nothing," continued the Canon. "A bachelor may do what he likes with his money; if he makes a slip he can pick himself up again. But there is Sophy to be looked after, and little Willie. I will have no risks."

"I have never had to do with anything but the safest speculations, Sir," said Adair.

"Pardon me, but that is a contradiction in terms, my friend. A speculation cannot be safe. However, as you have passed your word to withdraw from this one, and—if I understand you aright—to enter upon no others (Adair inclined his head), let us say no more about it. This port is very good, Adair, and reminds me of our Trinity cellar."

The matter for the present seemed settled; things were tidied over, and the boat of friendship, which had been in grave danger, was got afloat again.

But it had been done, as it were, with a dead lift; there was no margin. Moreover, the reconciliation was not really genuine on either side. Though Adair had given way to the other's wishes, or had appeared to do so, he secretly resented his interference exceedingly. Malefactors of all degrees have been found to make a clean breast of their crimes save in one instance. No one, it is said, has ever owned himself to be ungrateful. Mr. John Adair was no exception to this general rule; but in his heart of hearts he knew that he was an ingrate, and hated the Canon as such men do hate the benefactors whom they have wronged.

On the other hand, the Canon was not quite honest when he had said, "Let us say no more about it," for the words implied that silence was to be preserved on all hands, and not only between those two, whereas he was firmly resolved to make a confidant of Frederic Irton on the morrow. He would be able to tell him whether the Susco Railway Company was what Adair had represented it to be, a respectable undertaking, or (as he still strongly suspected it to be) a bubble concern.

In the meantime he behaved to his host with such friendliness as was possible, addressing himself, however, for the most part to Sophy, and listening to her stories of the wondrous intelligence of little Willie with relief as well as interest. Making allowance for maternal exaggeration, the child seemed to be a very Malkin for premature sagacity. It seemed amazing that in such a father (for no one could deny to him the possession of great intellectual gifts) such a daughter seemed to excite so little sympathy.

The Canon was so indiscreet as to rally him, though very good-naturedly, upon this circumstance; upon which Adair remarked, in a very different tone, that "he had something else to think of than infant prodigies"—an observation that did him more harm, and evoked more suspicion in the Canon's mind, perhaps, than all that had gone before.

It was with eyes more than half opened to the true character of his former protégé, and with an impression of the domestic relations between his ward and her husband which gave him infinite pain, that he took his leave next morning as if for the railway station. As soon as he reached Oxford-street, however, he put his head out of the cab window and bade the driver take him to Bedford-row.

The young solicitor gave him a hearty welcome.

"I only wish it was my house," he said, "instead of my office, that this pleasure might be shared by Henny. Now, Canon (here he assumed the legal manner), what can I do for you?"

"Well, it isn't settlements; I am not going to be married again," said the Canon, characteristically hiding his anxiety with a joke. "I am not even come for legal advice, but merely for your opinion as a man of business. A certain friend of mine is connected with the Susco Railway Company, in British Guiana. What do you think of it as an investment?"

"For yourself?"

"I don't say that. Put it as generally as you please."

"Well, such things are not much in our way," was the quiet reply. "Our clients' investments (he looked up at the yellow tin boxes that ornamented the office walls) are not, as a rule, in British Guiana securities; but I do happen to know something about the Susco. If I had not a shilling in the world I would perhaps accept fifty shares of such a company, as a gift, provided they were fully paid up; but not a hundred, because that would put me on the direction."

"And why not?"

"Because my name would be then made use of, and might induce ignorant persons to invest in the undertaking, which is, in my opinion, thoroughly unsound."

"Do you mean to say it's a bubble company?"

"That is a strong expression, and suggestive of fraud. Let us call it a balloon company—it is all in the air."

"My dear Irton, you alarm me more than I can say. John Adair, Sophy's husband, is a director of it."

Irton shrugged his shoulders. "That that should be a matter of regret to you, Canon, I can easily believe; but surely it is not one of surprise."

"It has shocked and surprised me beyond measure. You don't mean to tell me that it is Adair's practice to mix himself up with such undertakings?"

"My dear Canon," returned Irton, gravely, "it is quite contrary to my custom to interfere, unless I am professionally consulted, in other people's affairs. Moreover, Mr. Adair and I are not on very good terms. I would therefore much prefer you to go elsewhere for information about him."

"But I am here to consult you professionally. I wish, for Sophy's sake, to know the whole truth. Tell me all; it will be the truest kindness."

"I can only speak from hearsay," returned Irton, after a moment's pause; "but it is matter of common report—and has been for these many months—that Adair is a great speculator. That he has a finger in almost every new-made pie, and some of them, I am sorry to say, dirt pies. He is a man of great ability, but of overweening conceit: one, in my opinion, who would never be content with the moderate profits of a legitimate business. It must be admitted that he has peculiar advantages in the fact of his money being settled on his wife; that is always a great temptation to such men to gamble. Ruin can never touch him, he has always his wife's principal to fall back on, no creditor can claim it, and that will assure him a certain income. These companies are unaware of that. He is known to be a partner in a respectable firm and to live in good style, and it is worth their while to purchase his name. That is the long and short of it."

The Canon grew not only grave but grey; he looked ten years older than he had done five minutes before.

"Adair assured me with his own lips last night that he was connected with no undertaking except the Susco Railway, which, moreover, he stated to be a perfectly safe concern; 'as safe as any English railway debenture stock,' were his very words. Did he deceive me wilfully, or is it possible he was deceiving himself?"

"If you compel me to give you a categorical reply," returned Irton, with evident reluctance, "the latter supposition is impossible."

"He lied to me?"

"Undoubtedly he did."

"That is enough," sighed the Canon, rising slowly from his seat. All vigour seemed to have gone out of him. He looked a broken man.

"I do hope, my dear Canon," said Irton, gently, "that you will not take this matter too much to heart. Mrs. Adair is, of course, quite ignorant, and therefore innocent, of her husband's proceedings; and, thank Heaven, into whatsoever hole he falls he cannot drag her and the child after him. The law, so far as material matters are concerned, has made them safe."

The Canon answered nothing; his sad and lustreless eyes seemed to be looking into some Inferno of the future. "Deceived, deceived," he murmured.

"Now, my very dear Sir, I do entreat you not to let that annoy you," urged the solicitor, earnestly. "You have lived out of the world, but if you had lived in it you would know that to be deceived is man's normal state. His only remedy is to consult a respectable solicitor, and he is not to be found in every street. Whatever the law can do for you in this matter (if you will trust me) shall be done, and with a will, I assure you. But it can do nothing (except in breach of promise of marriage cases) to assuage the feelings. What amazes me is that you should allow yourself to be wounded by the duplicity of this man. What else could be expected of him? Did I not assure you on the very first day I met him that he told me a most distinct and wilful lie about his being in a certain place in the City (I've got a note of it) on a particular Tuesday morning. That, of course, was not his first lie, nor was it likely to be his last."

If Mr. Frederic Irton flattered himself that it was an abstract love of truth, or hatred of falsehood, that caused him to be so vehemently antagonistic to Mr. John Adair, he was mistaken: what Henny had told her husband of Adair's conduct at home—his roughness to Sophy, and indifference to his child—was really what fed the flame of his indignation. In business matters no private considerations have any place, but they affect them just as strongly as if they had; it is only that the lever is not in sight.

To the young lawyer's philosophic view of matters the Canon had replied nothing; to judge by his sad preoccupied face, it is doubtful whether he even heard it.

"I don't think I can come up here again just yet, Irton," he murmured, as they shook hands; "I may want you to come down to me at Cambridge; you will oblige me so far, I know, if necessary."

"And much farther, my dear Canon," returned Irton, warmly. "At any hour of the day or night, you may depend on my attending to your summons."

He saw his visitor into his cab, and again the Canon shook hands with him; not because he had forgotten he had already done so, but as if to assure himself that here was a man apt in affairs, yet of a kindly nature, on whom he could rely.

As the vehicle rolled away, Irton looked after it with troubled looks. "What can be the matter with the dear old fellow? he thought to himself. 'It is something much more than what he has told me, I'm convinced. He surely never could—no, no, that is impossible. Human folly is as deep as plummet can sound, but it has its limits.'"

He was wrong; it is unfathomable.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE THUNDERBOLT.

Sad as had been the thoughts of Canon Aldred on his way up to town, they were almost pleasant ones in comparison with those which consumed him on his return journey. In the former case he was not so preoccupied as to have been oblivious to the inconveniences of travel. He had felt the cold, he had been conscious of the annoyance and trouble to which he had been put. But none of these things moved him now. A fellow-passenger, shivering in the other corner of the carriage, inquired of him whether he had any reason for keeping the window down. He did not even know that it was down, or that he was travelling thirty miles an hour in the teeth of an east wind.

And, as he felt no personal discomfort, so was he unconscious of any misfortune that his conduct might bring upon himself. His misery was caused by remorse for what his weakness—his culpable weakness—had brought on others. He would have been wretched enough had they been strangers, but they were very dear to him; persons who had been committed to his safe keeping by the dead, whose trust he had abused; and his agony was none the less because he had never dreamt of harming them. He was suffering, in fact, as Sophy suffered, from the effects of his own wilfulness (for he had acted upon his own impulse without asking the advice of any man) and weakness and folly. He had done, indeed, the very thing which Frederic Irton, with all his knowledge of the world, had said to himself that no man would be fool enough to do. No fatal consequences need of necessity, indeed, proceed from it: the one thing that comforted him was the hope that they would not do so; but they might do it. It was not necessary to say anything about it yet; it might even never be necessary; but he felt that it would never be absent from his thoughts—never, never. How should he meet his sister with such a weight upon his mind and not let her perceive it? He had a letter in his pocket from her, received in answer to his telegram, full of disappointment at his stay in town, tender apprehensions for his health, anxious love and messages for Sophy and the child. Such letters as kind folk write, full of groundless though not fictitious grief, when there is really nothing the matter. It was only too probable that Aunt Maria would soon have cause to grieve, indeed.

He resolved to tell her something of the unpleasant impression he had got of the position of the little household in Albany-street; that would account for his bad spirits, and at the same time be a humiliation to himself. His punishment, as he remorsefully thought, could not begin too soon, though, alas! he had not the remotest notion of the possible extent of it. Then, so soon as he had once made his arrangements for warding off the immediate trouble, he grew a little calmer, as often happens when we get our heads above the sea of calamity even for a moment; there now seemed a ray of hope. After all, matters might not be so bad as Irton had suggested; and, since his out-spoken words had not apparently been without their effect upon Adair, who can tell what a letter of urgent remonstrance and appeal might not effect? He would write such a letter to him that very night. No one could say he had not the right to do it. And he would not mince matters; upon that he was determined. While carefully avoiding anything like offensive language, this young man should be told what he thought of him—no, not that, for that would make a breach indeed—but what he thought of his conduct.

"My dear William, what *has* happened?" were Aunt Maria's first words. I am sure it must be something very serious; how pale and fagged you look."

"Nothing has happened, my dear Maria; but I am certainly tired, and, to say truth, I have been worried as well."

"About business? Now what a pity it is you should ever meddle with business. Why don't you get some sensible—that is, I mean, not a sensitive scholarly person like yourself—to do all that sort of thing for you; Mr. Irton, for example; it would save you a world of trouble, and money too, I believe, in the long run."

The observation was full of truth, though the speaker did not know how true it was. The poet's remark, "we are wiser than we know," would have fitted her to perfection. The Canon winced at the random shaft struck him.

"It is not exactly business which has annoyed me: I am sorry to say I found domestic matters in Albany-street not at all satisfactory."

"Is little Willie worse?" put in Miss Aldred, anxiously.

"It is not little Willie, though the poor child is no better. Sophy isn't happy in her married life, Maria, and that's the long and short of it. I am very, very much disappointed in Adair."

There was silence for a little while; the Canon expected at least some expression of surprise, or perhaps (which would have been worse) not of surprise; some feminine ejaculation of "who can wonder?" or, "just what I expected."

But all Aunt Maria said was, and that very gently, "I am very sorry, William; I am sure you acted for the best."

Nothing was further from her thoughts than to reproach him. She intended to console him. Yet this speech wounded him even more cruelly than the other had done. It took the part he had taken in Sophy's marriage so entirely for granted. The remark was only natural, nor could the fact be gainsaid; but it is one thing to accuse oneself and another to have one's offences presupposed by another.

"It has turned out far from well," he answered, gloomily; "he is an indifferent husband and a careless father, and she is not a happy wife."

"Poor Sophy, poor Sophy!" murmured Aunt Maria, tenderly. "Well, well, it's no use crying over spilt milk. We must pretend, for her sake, not to see it, and we must not quarrel with her husband. It would add bitterness to her cup, indeed, should she thereby be estranged from us."

The Canon looked at his sister with affectionate admiration. He had not given her credit for such sagacity. If he had told her Sophy had been already cut off from Henny's society through Adair's dislike of Irton, he would not have been astonished; but this prescience staggered him. As a matter of fact, no superhuman wisdom, but Aunt Maria's ill opinion of Adair, had suggested this sage advice. "The man is brute enough for anything" was the thought that was passing through her mind.

"True; we must take care of that," he said.

"Thank goodness," observed Aunt Maria, "it is only necessary to be barely civil to him. Self-interest is his god, and since you have some command of her money, that will always keep him on good terms with us. How dreadfully pale you do look, William! How stupid I am to be asking you all these questions, when it is clear you are ready to faint for want of food."

And she bustled out to get him a glass of wine, and to hasten the preparations for his luncheon.

Of the wine he indeed stood in need, but the food he found it difficult to partake of; and as soon as the meal was over he went to his college rooms. He craved to be alone, for when we are in trouble the tenderest companionship, where confidence cannot be reposed, is irksome; and there was also the letter to be written to Adair before the post went out. He had proposed to himself to write to his son upon that day, but with this weight on his mind that was not to be thought of. It almost seemed to him—the idea was a flash of despair, however, rather than an actual apprehension—that he never could write to Robert now as he had intended to do; that he never could have the spirit for it; he had had enough of bringing young folks together into the bonds of matrimony.

The Canon had the pen of a ready writer, but it was over two hours before he had composed his communication to his satisfaction. It was embarrassing even to begin; that "My dear Adair" stuck in his throat; the man was no longer "dear" to him; and embarrassing to end. How could he sign himself "yours sincerely" even, without telling a lie? But his chief difficulty lay, of course, in the contents. He had helped many a fellow-creature along the rough path of life, but this was the first time he had ever reminded one of what he had done for him; ever appealed to his sense of gratitude. In this case he felt compelled to do so, and, indeed, he had done for Adair more than most men do even for their dearest friend; "I have not only helped you to the utmost extent of my ability," ran one pregnant sentence, "but even as we say here, *ultra vires*, beyond what the law in its strictness would perhaps have justified me in doing. It is surely not much to ask of you some prudence in return." He stated, though without giving the name of his informant, what he had heard of his speculative undertakings; but he abstained from reminding him that in every such instance he had broken his pledged word. He spoke plainly, in short, but carefully avoided giving any personal offence. His fingers itched to write something of Adair's behaviour at home, but he withstood the temptation.

In conclusion, he reminded him, with a pathetic ignorance which should have touched the correspondent's heart (only he had none) more than all the rest, that he could have no personal interest in the matter on hand whatever, but was merely actuated by his love for Sophy and her child. "If I have unwittingly said anything that pains you, forgive it, Adair, for their sake."

It is one of the most hateful necessities of human life, that good and honourable men often feel themselves obliged, for the sake of others, to use the language of conciliation to scoundrels; it is never of the faintest use, they might just as well speak the truth—"Sirrah, you are a vile hound" (and, oh, the rapture of telling them so!)—at once; but for the moment it seems to be of use.

When he had finished that letter, the poor Canon got up and rubbed his knees; he had a sensation of having been walking on all fours; his brow was damp with the dew of humiliation.

"There, I've done it," he sighed; "I've held out the olive-branch to the brute; even the hippopotamus is graminivorous, so let us hope he'll take it."

All things unite
To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils with regard
Of what we are and where: dismissing quite
All thoughts of war.

The words occurred to him quite naturally, and not till he had uttered them did it occur to him from whom he was quoting. It was part of the speech of Mammon to the fallen angels.

"Gad, if I had thought a little more of Mammon in this business," mused the Canon, ruefully, "it would have been better for Sophy." He posted his letter to Adair with his own hand, so that no mishap should occur to that, and then, not wishing to return home early, yet finding no restfulness, as of old, amongst his books and pictures, and feeling, for obvious reasons, disinclined to seek the society of his friend Mavors, he took a solitary walk in the Roundabout. This was the very spot, as we know, in which Sophy had been so imprudent as to give a meeting to her first husband; a circumstance from which she could, not indirectly, trace all her misfortunes. It is not only our pleasant vices which scourge us; but sometimes even our indiscretions. Little guessed the Canon of how the train for her marriage with Adair (of which he blamed himself as the sole cause) had been laid there.

It was winter now, but the place was full of evergreens and well sheltered: it was not old, yet it had seen many generations of scholars and students. They had been wont to walk there sometimes in company, but for the most part alone; the young ones (just come into their fellowships as into a kingdom, and proud of their privilege of being there) full of hope, revolving each their scheme of classical and mathematical ambition; the old ones (who had seen its folly) taking a constitutional and getting up an appetite for "Hall." The Canon had belonged in his time to both parties, without quite sharing the feelings of either. His thoughts strayed down the vista of departed years without much regret for them. "I have almost got to the end of my tether," was his reflection; "and, but for Maria (who would miss me, I fear), I don't care how soon I reach it." The trouble which he had, as he felt, brought upon poor Sophy depressed him and made him very unlike himself. He felt, as indeed he looked, much older than he had done forty-eight hours ago. He flattered himself that he was nearing his rest, whereas (if he had but known it) he was about to begin life again under changed conditions. All that he now beheld he would see again, but they would never awake in him the same emotions. He would have other things to think about.

At present the idea had not so much as crossed him that it might be so. As far as his own affairs were concerned, he did not even see the cloud in the sky of the size of a man's hand; there was no warning. Indeed, what happened did not take place on the morrow, nor on the day after. It is generally so, when Fate overwhelms a man: she is sure of him, and is in no hurry.

There was no answer from Albany-street for three days. This silence irritated the Canon exceedingly, as well it might. That Adair should take no notice of such a letter as he had written to him was nothing less than an insult. He had requested to address his reply to college, not to the Laurels, so that his correspondent might not be taken by surprise, and led into showing more feeling before Aunt Maria than was judicious. On the fourth morning, as the Canon eagerly ran his eye over the letters lying at his room (literary correspondence chiefly, with ingenious suggestions as to Milton's meaning, which, if correct, would have gone much further than was intended, and put him side by side in the category with the mad poets), it lit upon a legal document. It was inclosed, of course, but the handwriting on the long blue envelope proclaimed it as a communication from Themis. "There were her very c's, her m's, and her t's; and so makes she her great C's."

"What the deuce is this?" he murmured, partly because he hated law, partly because he was annoyed at not getting the letter he expected, and tore it open. The contents of it were as follow:—

"Sir,—We are instructed, on behalf of Wilhelmina Adair, the infant daughter of Mr. John Adair, of Albany-street, London, to apply to you as one of the trustees of Mrs. John Adair's marriage settlements, dated the 14th of June, 18—, for a statement of the property subject to the trusts of such settlement at the date thereof, and of what such trust property now consists.

"We are informed that the sum of fifteen thousand pounds has been paid out of the trust property by you to Mr. and Mrs. John Adair.

"According to our view of the trusts of the settlement, such payment ought not to have been made; and our instructions are to see that the trust property is protected for the benefit of our client, the said Wilhelmina Adair. We must ask you to let us have the information required in the course of this week; and will be obliged if you will put us into communication with your solicitors, as, if we are compelled to take proceedings to protect the trust property, we do not wish to trouble you personally in the matter.

"We are, Sir, your obedient servants,
"SINE AND SEELE."

The Canon stared at these words, boldly written and very legible though they were, as though they were some Belshazzar warning. He felt in his heart that they boded ruin; but he required an interpreter to get at their meaning. As his heated eyes reperused the document, its own words, "we shall be obliged if you will put us into communication with your solicitor," suggested to him the very person of whom he stood in need. Hardly knowing what he was doing, yet afraid to trust another with such an errand, he put on his hat and gown and hurried to the telegraph office, where he wrote this message:—

"From Canon Aldred, Trinity College, to Frederic Irton.
"Can you come to me by next train? Most urgent; reply paid."

Then he tottered back to his rooms, and sported the door. Half-an-hour—an hour—he spent the time he knew not how; but not in thinking: on the contrary, in trying not to think. All that he dared suffer his mind to dwell upon, lest it should leave him altogether, was, "When shall I hear from Irton?"

At last relief came to him; there were steps on the stairs, and a careless whistle. (Little do those telegraph boys know what messengers of Doom they are; the postman, by comparison, is a mere valentine purveyor.) The yellow envelope was dropped through the letter-slip, and the Canon seized it as some starving prisoner clutches his daily meal.

"From F. Irton, London, to Canon Aldred, Trinity College.
"I shall be at your college rooms at five o'clock."

(To be continued.)

The Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland have resolved to hold next year's Royal Show in the city of Kilkenny.

The Duke of Abercorn on Thursday week attended the ceremony of confirming Degrees in the Royal University in Dublin, and, addressing the students, said that all the hopes entertained of the success of the University has been fully realised. Mr. Trevelyan, who also spoke, expressed a hope that a large number of Irishmen would by means of the culture now open to them be forthcoming for public service.

Presiding at a meeting of the Nottingham Hospital on Thursday week, Mr. S. Morley, M.P., said the condition of the working classes had greatly improved in the last thirty years. Still, there was need of hospitals to bridge the gulf between the rich and the poor. The assistance of working men was very encouraging, and he greatly approved the establishment of self-supporting infirmaries and dispensaries. A great need, however, was felt for convalescent homes, and he advocated their provision on a wider scale.

The Mayor of Middlesbrough laid the foundation-stone of new public buildings last week. The buildings, which are handsomely designed in the Gothic style, will comprise a large Townhall, council chambers, municipal and parochial offices, and a free library. Their total cost will be £100,000. At the ceremony Mr. Fallows, the oldest public man in the town, mentioned that when he set his foot on the green sward of Middlesbrough, a little more than fifty years ago, there only existed a farmhouse, though now the population is 70,000.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications relating to this department of the Paper should be addressed to the Editor, and have the word "Chess" written on the envelope.

F M (Cambridge).—The last is worse than the first version. Look at 1. Q to Q B 6th (ch), K moves; 2. R to B 3rd (ch), and 3. Q to K R 5th, mate.

J H J (Tamworth).—There is no rule against the solution of a problem opening with a "check"; but as a check is a forcing move, such a problem would probably present no difficulty to the solver.

ALPHA.—The error was on the author's part, not on yours. We are glad you liked No. 2065.

Dr K (Margate).—We do not know the address asked for, but a letter addressed to the care of the Honorary Secretary of the City Chess Club, Moullet's Hotel, Newgate-street, would probably reach your friend.

B E.—A flight of four squares for the Black King with mate impending, is no novelty in modern two-move problems.

T B R (Dublin).—We have given your corrected version below.

O H L (Manchester).—Both your problems are incorrect. No. 1 can be solved in the move by 1. Q takes Kt, and No. 2 cannot be solved in your own way if Black play 1. K to Kt 5th.

G G.—Thanks for the trouble you have taken, but it is better to leave it in the author's hands. See below.

L S (Brompton).—We have not seen "Chess Strategy," and cannot, therefore, answer your question. A letter addressed to the Manhattan Chess Club, New York, would probably reach the author.

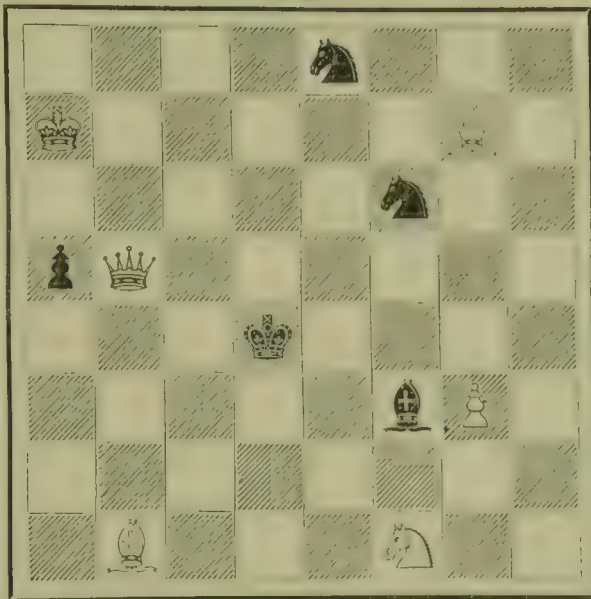
H W (Lotus Club, New York).—Your second letter received, but too late, we regret to say, for us to be of any use—F. W. had left London for Paris.

Dr G (Vienna).—The book is very welcome, and shall receive early notice.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2062, 2063, and 2064 received from Henry Bristow; of No. 2064 from S. L. I. New Forest, E. O. Booker, W. Kirby, J. A. B., J. H. J. (Tamworth), and B. H. C. (Salisbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2065 received from J. R. (Edinburgh), G. W. Law, G. G. II Wardell, O. H. Labone, L. Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, O. Darragh, Shadforth, R. Winters (Canterbury), Rev. W. Anderson, M. O'Halloran, F. H. A., H. D. and G. P. II Blacklock, Otto Fulder (Ghent), R. H. Brooks, Venator, E. Loudon, A. H. Mann, Hereford, H. L. D., E. Casella (Paris), A. Kurlberg (Hamburg), S. Lowndes, H. K. Awdry, B. R. Wood, Aaron Harper, L. Wynnan, W. Dewie, How L. That, T. G. Smauch, E. J. Poma (Havre), G. S. Oldfield, L. Falcon (Antwerp), C. W. Milson, E. H. H., O. T. Salisbury, H. H. (Oxford), D. W. Kell, W. Hillier, A. M. Colborne, A. R. Street, E. O. H. (Worthing), E. P. James, Gyp, Joseph Almsworth, Ben Nevis, Nerina, Jupiter Junior, F. Ferris, Eduardo A. (Milan), Macanlay (Margate), Junno, A. W. Scrutton, R. T. Kemp, F. G. Parsloe, An Old Hand, Alpha, Dr F. St. Enno (Darlington), A. F. Graveley, W. M. D., Henry Bullock, J. A. B., F. M. (Edinburgh), and Schmucke.

PROBLEM No. 2067.
By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).
BLACK.



White to play, and mate in three moves.

Played in the Vizayanagram Tourney between the Rev. G. A. MacDonnell and Mr. Piper.

(Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)	WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. P.)
1. P to K B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. B to R 3rd	K to R sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	22. Q to R 3rd	R to K Kt sq
3. P to K 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	23. B to Q Kt 4th	Kt to Q B 3rd
4. P to Q Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd	24. B to B 5th	P takes Kt P
5. B to Kt 2nd	Castles	25. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
6. B to K 2nd	P to B 4th	26. B to Q 4th	Q to Q 3rd
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd	27. R takes Kt	
8. P to B 3rd			

We can hardly find fault with this move. It seems necessary, although it shuts the Q B out of play for many moves.

8. P to Kt 3rd, or 8. P to R 3rd would have been better.	Q to B 2nd
9. Kt to R 3rd	R to Q sq
10. R to Q B sq	P to Q R 3rd
11. Kt to B 2nd	P to Q Kt 4th
12. K to R sq	B to Kt 2nd
13. Q to K sq	P to B 5th
14. Q to Kt 3rd	R to Q 2nd

With the view of doubling the Rooks, it may be presumed, but he never gets time, to complete that operation.

15. P to Q 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
16. Q Kt to Q 4th	B to Q 3rd
17. Kt to K 5th	B takes Kt
18. P takes Kt	Kt to K sq
19. R to B 4th	

White gets a full equivalent in position for the Pawn he sacrificed.

19. Q takes K P	
20. Q R to K B sq	Kt to K B 3rd

Necessary, to prevent 21. B takes B P, a move which wins out of hand.

Last week we announced the result of the Problem Tourney of the South Australian Chronicle, and have since received, through the courtesy of the author, Mr. J. W. Abbott, a copy of the position to which was awarded the prize for the best three-move problem in the competition:—

White: K at K Kt 6th, Q at K R 6th, Kts at K 3rd and Q 5th, B at K Kt square; Pawns at K B 5th, K 5th, and Q Kt 5th. (Eight pieces.)
Black: K at Q B 4th, Kt at Q Kt 2nd, B at Q Kt 6th, Pawn at Q B 5th. (Four pieces.)

White to play, and mate in three moves.

As a general rule, there is little interest taken by the public in the correction of inaccurate problems; but we cannot refuse Mr. Rowland's request to insert the following amended version of No. 2064:—

White: K at K R sq, Q at K R 2nd, R's at K R 5th and Q B 2nd, Kts at Q 8th and Q R sq, B's at K 2nd and Q 6th, Pawns at K B 3rd and K 6th. (Ten pieces.)

Black: K at Q 5th, R's at Q B 5th and K 5th, B at Q R 7th; Pawns at K 6th, Q B 2nd, and Q Kt 4th. (Seven pieces.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

La Strategie for the current month contains a highly interesting notice of the chess career of the late M. Delannoy, and announces that the next number will contain the first of a series of articles entitled "Les Reformes au Jeu des Echecs," from the pen of a learned writer. The publication of a collection of the best problems, by M. Pradignat, is also announced.

We quote the following sweet chess nut for beginners from *For Tid*, a Copenhagen paper, containing a most interesting chess department, conducted by Messrs. Jespersen and Meisling. The problem is the composition of the first-named gentleman.

White: K at Q Kt 3rd, Q at K R 2nd, R at Q R 5th. (Three pieces.)
Black: K at Q Kt 2nd. (One piece.)
White to play, and mate in three moves.

Among the suburban matches to record this week are Greenwich v. Bermondsey, played on the 22nd ult., in which the former scored a victory by 5 to 2; North London, 4, against Great Western, 2; and Athenaeum, 7, against North London, 5.

Mr. Blackburne visited the South Norwood Chess Club on Saturday last, and was the guest of Captain Beaumont, the president and founder of the club. After dinner Mr. Blackburne played twenty members of the club simultaneously, winning thirteen, losing two, and drawing five games, a very creditable result to the young association.

In the great tournament of one hundred competitors, at the City of London Chess Club, a second round in each of the ten sections has now been completed. The first of the usual monthly suppers held at this club during the winter season came off on Monday last, Mr. H. F. Gastineau, the popular president of the club, in the chair.

OBITUARY.

LORD CONGLETON.

The Right Hon. John Vesey Parnell, second Lord Congleton, of Congleton, in the county of Chester, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and a Baronet of Ireland, died on the 23rd ult. at his residence, 53, Great Cumberland-place. He was born June 16, 1805, the eldest son of Sir Henry Brooke Parnell, fourth Baronet, created Baron Congleton Aug. 18, 1841, and of Lady Caroline Elizabeth, his wife, eldest daughter of John, first Earl of Portarlington. He married, first, in 1831, Miss Cronin; secondly, in 1833, an Armenian lady of Sheeraz, Persia, the widow of Yooosof Constantine, an Armenian merchant, which lady died in 1865; and thirdly, in 1867, Margaret Catherine, only daughter of Mr. Charles Ormerod, by whom he leaves a daughter, Sarah Cecilia, born Aug. 5, 1868. He succeeded his father as second Baron and fifth Baronet in 1842, and, as he had no male issue, is himself succeeded by his brother Henry William, now third Lord Congleton, who has been twice married, and has several children. The deceased nobleman's grandfather was the well-known politician, Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1787, and his collateral ancestor, the poet Parnell, the friend of Pope and Addison. Mr. William Parnell, of Avondale, grandfather of the M.P. for Cork, was brother of the first Lord Congleton.

SIR S. S. MARLING, BART.

Sir Samuel Stephens Marling, Bart., of Stanley Park and Sedbury Park, in the county of Gloucester, J.P. and D.L., died suddenly on the 22nd ult. He was born April 10, 1810, the sixth son of Mr. William Marling; and married, Sept. 23, 1834, Margaret Williams, daughter of Mr. William Bentley Cartwright, of Devizes, by whom he leaves two surviving sons and one daughter. The elder son, now Sir William Henry Marling, second Baronet, was born in 1835, is married, and has issue. Sir Samuel, an active Liberal, was M.P. for West Gloucester, 1868 to 1874, and for Stroud, 1875 to 1880. In 1882 he was created a Baronet.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

Captain Mayne Reid, the Novelist, died on the 22nd ult., at 12, Blomfield-road, Maiden-hill, aged sixty-seven. He was born in the North of Ireland, and was educated for the Presbyterian Church of Ireland (of which his father was an honoured minister), but a spirit of adventure gave his thoughts a different direction. After two excursions up the Red River, trading and hunting with the Indians, and remaining on the Prairies for nearly five years, he travelled through the United States, and acquired a store of incidents and adventures that subsequently imparted a charm to his writings. At the outbreak of the Mexican War, he obtained a commission in the United States Army, was present at the capture of Vera Cruz, and led the forlorn hope at the assault of Chapultepec, where he was shot down and reported to be killed. Settling finally in England, Captain Reid devoted himself to literature, and produced many very popular works—among others "The Rifle Rangers," "The Scalp Hunters," "The Desert Home, or Family Robinson," "The Boy Hunters," "The Bush Boys," "The White Chief," "Wild Huntress," "The Quadroon," "Afloat in the Forest," "The Child Wife," "The White Squaw," and "The Mountain Marriage." Captain Mayne Reid leaves a widow, on whom a pension from the Royal Bounty might well be bestowed.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. W. Anderson, Minister of Justice at Melbourne, of heart disease.

The Rev. Charles Clayton, M.A., Hon. Canon of Ripon, Rural Dean, and Rector of Stanhope, aged seventy; formerly Senior Fellow and Tutor of Caius College, Cambridge.

Mr. J. H. Chamberlain, of Birmingham, J.P., a well-known architect, on the 22nd ult., aged fifty-two; a native of Leicester, and the son of a Baptist minister.

The Rev. Robert Henry William Miles, Canon of Lincoln, Rural Dean and Rector of Bingham, Notts, on the 25th ult. One of his sons is Mr. Frank Miles, the painter.

Mr. John Octavius Butler, of the Abbey Houses, Kirkstall, Leeds, J.P., a member of the Institute of Civil Engineers, long connected with the iron trade of Yorkshire, in his seventy-third year.

Mr. George Inman, of Trafalgar House, head of the old-established ship-building firm that has made Lymington famous, on the 20th ult., aged sixty-six. He had filled the offices of Town Councillor, Alderman, and Mayor of the town in which he resided.

The Rev. Charles Stovel, Pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Commercial-street, Whitechapel, at his residence, on the 22nd ult., in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Mr. Stovel was in his time one of the leading ministers of the Baptist denomination in London, and took an active part in the social and political movements of the past fifty years.

Mr. Harry Burrard Farnall, C.B., of Wingfield House, Lee, Kent, J.P. and D.L., Hon. Colonel 1st Kent Volunteer Rifles, formerly Inspector, Local Government Board, on the 24th ult., in his eighty-second year. During the cotton famine, he was appointed Special Commissioner to the Cotton Manufacturing Districts, and was, in requital, made a C.B.

Colonel Harry Reginald Salusbury Trelawny, of Poltair, Penzance, Cornwall, J.P. and D.L., formerly Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Royal Cornwall Rangers Militia, on the 24th ult. He was the youngest of the late Sir William Lewis Salusbury Trelawny, eighth Baronet, of Trelawny; held a commission in the 36th Regiment, and afterwards in the 6th Dragoons, and was eventually in the Cornwall Rangers Militia. He married, in 1853, Juliana, daughter of Mr. Kelly of Kelly, and leaves issue.

The new volume of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica" was published last week. It is stated that 10,000 copies are sold in the United Kingdom alone, that 30,000 copies find their way to America, and several thousands to the colonies.

A large show of dairy produce, said to be the largest annual show held in the world, was opened at Kilmarnock, Ayrshire, on Thursday week. About 500 tons of cheese were exhibited, while there was a splendid show of butter and roots. Buyers were present from France and America, and even Australia was represented. The estimated value of the cheese exhibited was nearly £40,000.



LUTHER MADE PRISONER BY THE SAXON KNIGHTS IN THE FOREST OF THURINGIA, TO BE CARRIED IN DISGUISE TO THE WARTBURG FOR HIS SAFETY.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 4, 1878), with two codicils (dated April 27 and July 20, 1883), of Mr. Henry Harrison, late of Great George-street, Westminster, and of Maple Lodge, Surbiton, who died on Sept. 7 last, was proved on the 9th ult. by Mrs. Sarah Harrison, the widow, James Grant Fraser, and Andrew Duncan, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £219,000. The testator confirms the settlement made by him of his Birkenhead property, under which his wife takes the life interest; and, in addition, he leaves to her all his plate (except the presentation plate), pictures, household goods, furniture, horses and carriages, £1000, and the income of £80,000 for life; £500 each to his executors, Mr. Fraser and Mr. Duncan; a watch to his son, John Henry Heywood; and his presentation plate, including the silver salver and plate presented to him by the employees of the Sambre and Meuse Railway, between all his children. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, to divide the annual income equally between his children, and, subject to some contingent interests given to their widows or widowers, on their respective deaths, their share of the capital is to go to their issue, as they shall appoint.

The confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh (signed on Aug. 15, 1883), of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 23, 1877), of the Right Hon. Sir John McNeill, P.C., G.C.B., late of Burnhead, in the county of Edinburgh, who died at Cannes on May 17 last, granted to Lady Emma Augusta Campbell or McNeill, the widow, William Stuart Walker, Andrew Hay Wilson, and William Sime, the accepting executors nominate, has just been sealed in London, the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting in value to more than £58,000.

The will (dated Nov. 20, 1867), with a codicil (dated Feb. 24, 1883), of Mrs. Hannah Jane Vardon, late of Hay Heath, Wroth, Sussex, who died on Aug. 14 last, was proved on the 13th ult. by Frederic Hitchcock and Alfred Hitchcock, the brothers, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £48,000. The testatrix, out of the proceeds of the real and personal estate under the will of her late husband, leaves £7000, upon trust, for her nephew, Sidney Vardon the younger, his wife, and children; £8000, upon trust, for the four younger children of her brother-in-law, Sidney Vardon; and the residue of the said fund, upon trust, for her said brother-in-law for life, then for his wife for her life, and then for their five children, Sidney taking a double share, the aforesaid sums of £7000 and £8000 being brought into account. There are numerous legacies, and the residue of her property the testatrix gives to her four brothers, Harry William, Thomas, Frederic, and Alfred.

The will (dated Nov. 19, 1878) of Miss Elizabeth Catherine Ferard, late of St. Catherine, Redhill, who died on April 19 last, at No. 16, Fitzroy-square, was proved on the 4th ult. by Charles Cotton Ferard, the brother, and Charles Dobson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being over £23,000. The testatrix appoints a certain sum of over £11,000 stock under the will of her father between her two brothers, Charles Cotton Ferard and Bingham Arthur Ferard; and she leaves her stocks, shares, and securities for moneys to her said two brothers; her two freehold houses at Redhill, with her furniture, upon trust, for her niece, Mrs. Emily Rose Armstrong, for life, and then for her children; and her plate, jewellery, and the residue of her property to her brother Charles.

The will (dated Feb. 17, 1882) of Mr. John William Barr, late of Oak Villa, Riddlesdown Park-road, Kenley, Surrey, who died on Aug. 14 last, has been proved by Mrs. Janet Barr, the widow, and Edward Dadswell, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £20,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his wife.

The will (dated Sept. 20, 1877) of Mr. John Durst, formerly of Tooting, Surrey, but late of Dover, Kent, who died on Aug. 21 last, was proved on the 10th ult. by the Rev. John Durst and the Rev. William Durst, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £20,000. The testator, after payment of his debts, funeral, and testamentary expenses, gives all his railway debenture and preference stock, upon trust, to pay the interest to his son-in-law, John Adcock, until his granddaughter, Marian Fanny Adcock, attains twenty-four, and then to transfer the principal to her. Whatever else he may die possessed of is to be held, upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Ann Durst, for life, and then to be divided equally between his said two sons.

The will (dated April 6, 1876) of the Rev. William Henry Empson, late of Wellow Vicarage, in the county of Southampton, who died on May 17 last, was proved on the 11th ult. by Charles William Empson, the son, and William Henry Rawson, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £16,000. The testator, after giving legacies to his brothers and sisters and to a servant, gives all his farm lands, hereditaments, and other real estate, and the residue of his personality, to his said son.

The confirmation (dated Sept. 29, 1883), under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the general disposition and settlement (executed Jan. 25, 1862) of the Hon. Captain John Carnegie, R.N., D.L., F.R.G.S., late of No. 13, Pall-mall, who died on July 5 last, granted to the Hon. Charles Carnegie, the executor-nominate, was sealed in London on the 6th ult., the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £13,000. The deceased was the second son of Sir James Carnegie, the sixth Baronet, and brother of the Earl of Southesk.

UNDER THE TREES: A RETROSPECT.

The lives led by most of us are extremely artificial. A town life breeds town habits, and Nature, which claims leisure and repose, seldom has her claims allowed. It may sometimes chance that a Londoner, to his great surprise, sees the sun rise on a July morning; but this strange occurrence, it need scarcely be said, is not due to early rising. During what is characteristically called "the season" (for, though the poets write of four seasons, the man of fashion knows of but one) night is turned into day, and people go to assemblies and to balls at an hour when simple country folk are putting out their lights. It is a blunder to suppose that night is the time to sleep. It is the season for dancing, for flirtations, for champagne suppers, for ladies to display their beauty or their jewels, and for dandies to show how much they are indebted to that author of their being, the tailor.

London coachmen may, perhaps, know more of Nature than their masters, for they have ample time to gaze upon the stars, and they have time to moralize, probable at their master's expense. Lying under the trees on a hot August morning, one feels disposed to moralize also. Beauty is all around us, and a scene that would be lovely at any season grows tenfold more lovely in the glowing warmth of a sun that would do credit to Italy or Spain. The reapers are in the fields yonder, and the cheerful sounds of laughter carried by the breeze add to the luxury of solitude. There is a buzz of insect life too, and now and then a squirrel leaping from bough to bough displays his objection to the gaze of human eyes "with anger insignificantly fierce." In this delightful solitude one feels better able than amidst the whirl of London society to "see into the life of things." We have not, it is true, the poet's vision to help us, but it may be possible to discern a great deal without it. What do we see? No two men look on Nature with the same eyes. To every man who is willing to learn from her at all she teaches a different lesson. To some of us she gives courage, to some patience, to some energy, to some a sense of beauty that fills the heart with joy. "We receive but what we give," Coleridge says, finely; and "in our life alone does Nature live." So that what we carry with us into the country this autumn is what we receive back again, although sometimes "heaped together and running over." We may return laden with happy thoughts and delicious memories, so that our hearts may dance, as Wordsworth's heart danced at the recollection of the daffodils.

Perfect leisure for a month or two should prove the purest of delights; but leisure without resources is a breeder of ennui, and the man who is actively and steadily at work for ten months in the year will most readily display what is in him by his employment of the remaining two. He will do well not to expect too much from his vacation. Clouds will come across the sky even in August and September; and in escaping from home it is not always possible to escape from worry. "Old women of both sexes" are often fretted rather than soothed by a change of scene. They dislike inconveniences, they expect the comforts of a London house or a Parisian hotel in a Highland shantie; they don't know, to use a familiar phrase, how to rough it; they are such over-civilised, over-proper people that Nature in her undress has no charms for them. They cannot sleep upon the closely-nibbled grass on the hillside, but prefer a sofa; they like a smooth road better than a rough mountain path, they will not bathe without the

protection of a machine, they wear gloves at all seasons, they are shy of speaking to strangers, and avoid contact as much as possible with the country people. Nature teaches such travellers nothing, for they are slaves to custom, and have not sense enough to learn from her. They hear her thousand voices, but listen to none of them, and would think anyone a fool who should say as Walter Scott said, that if he did not see the heather once a year he should die.

Scott, by-the-way, was far from being a great traveller. He knew well his native land, and especially that border country which so often gave inspiration to his genius. But, like Burns, he found food for his art near at hand, and his finest works are associated with the soil of Scotland. Shakespeare must have travelled even less than Scott, and we have no proof that the greatest of English poets ever crossed the Channel. Men of vast powers do not need the stimulus afforded by foreign travel, and the ordinary tourist frequently deludes himself in supposing that he will gain more knowledge and more enjoyment by spending his vacation abroad. Little does he know in most cases what he is leaving behind him. Think of the wealth of beauty that encircles the moors and seacoasts of Yorkshire and of Devon, the peaceful valleys and lofty heights of Wales, the lakes and mountains amidst which the greatest of modern poets spent his happy life; think what a Londoner may see, if he has eyes to see it, on and under the downs of Sussex and amidst the woods and lanes of Surrey! We go abroad, indeed, for recreation often in utter ignorance of spots which form the glory of England and are associated with her history. Every American landing at Liverpool, visits, pilgrim-like, Shakespeare's birthplace and county; but innumerable Englishmen are more familiar with the first home of Goethe than with Stratford-on-Avon.

Lying under the trees on a cloudless summer day, the memory brings back many a scene of surpassing beauty in this small isle "set in the silver sea"; but while recalling them the thought occurs also how little comparatively we know of a land that has more claims upon our love and will better repay the love we give it than any other in the world. Truly does Mr. Jennings say, in his pleasant "Rambles Among the Hills," that no one will ever be able to do justice to the beauty of England, and there can be little doubt he is correct too when he adds:—"I do not believe there is any man alive who can say with truth that he has seen England thoroughly."

ETIQUETTE.

A point of etiquette arises frequently in society as to the proper rule for distinguishing ladies of the same title. The difficulty arises when there are more than one widow in a family. As an example, the case of the Wolseleys may be cited. At present no less than five Ladies Wolseley exist—viz., the wife of Lord Wolseley, the wives of the two Baronets of the name, and the widows of the last two Baronets of Mount Wolseley. To fix the identity of each, the following seems the right arrangement:—

1. The Lady Wolseley, Lord Wolseley's wife.
2. Lady Wolseley, the Staffordshire Baronet's wife.
3. Lady Wolseley of Mount Wolseley, the Irish Baronet's wife.
4. Dowager Lady Wolseley, widow of the Fifth Baronet of Mount Wolseley.
5. Frances, Lady Wolseley, widow of the Sixth Baronet of Mount Wolseley.

It may be added that the prefix "The," attached to Lord Wolseley's wife, represents "The Right Honourable," the designation of a Peeress; and the prefixed Christian name applied to the widow of the sixth Baronet, indicates that the word "Dowager" is understood but not expressed, thus "Frances (Dowager) Lady Wolseley." It must be remembered that the widow of a Peer or Baronet has precedence over the wife of the actual possessor of the dignity, from her husband having been nearer the succession.

The ship Merkara, Captain Phillips, sailed from Plymouth for Queensland last week, having on board 121 single men, 100 single women, and 121½ families.—The Earl Derby, Captain Kerr, sailed from Plymouth for Maryborough last Saturday evening, having on board 96 single men, 83 single women, and 104½ families.—The emigration agents for the Government of Tasmania have received a telegram announcing the safe arrival at Hobart Town on the 25th ult. of the steamer Cape Clear, with 372 emigrants.

FURS FREE BY POST OR RAIL TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.



TRADE MARK (REGISTERED).

"At the International Fur Store, Regent-street, W., may now be seen a most complete assortment of the latest styles in Sealskin Jackets and Dolmans. The Models are exceptionally varied and handsome, and afford good examples of the taste, quality, and finish of everything made at this establishment. It is also a fact worth mentioning, and one that will, moreover, be widely appreciated, that all Skins are here shown in the rough, and may be separately selected by an intending purchaser before being made up after the style of any approved patterns. Seal Capes for Young Ladies are finished with a novel fringe of fur balls, and a new trimming, consisting of a rope of sealskin, around which is twisted a silken cord, is particularly tasteful, and decidedly more appropriate than *cordelières* of silk and chenille, which are always poor looking against the luxuriant richness of the fur they are intended to ornament. We were shown some close-fitting short coats for young ladies' country wear, and very suitable for walking or skating. A novel make in this style was called the Pergolese. It was of seal fur, fastened at the neck and opened in front over a waistcoat of sealskin, which was cut to the figure and a perfect fit. The lining of the cutaway coat was of crimson and gold brocade. The waistcoat could also be made of the natural undyed seal, which would be effective and uncommon. Dolmans of plain velvet are likely to be much worn, and these have broad borders of skunk or opossum. Here, indeed, is a veritable 'store house' of furs and their appurtenances, where may be found trimmings of all kinds, from costly sable tails to the more moderate-priced sets of bear or beaver, skunk, racoon, mink, or musquash, and, in addition, carriage rugs and travelling wraps of every description (notably an almost unique one of red and black 'cross' fox), overcoats, driving gloves, hats, caps, and foot warmers."—The Queen Newspaper, Oct. 6, 1883.

CHEAP SEALSKIN JACKETS.

Well Cut Serviceable Sealskin Jackets at £10, £12, and £15 each, at

THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,
163, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.
(TWO DOORS FROM NEW BURLINGTON-STREET).
T. S. JAY, Manager.

FURNISH THROUGHOUT (REGISTERED). **OETZMANN & CO.,**
67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79, HAMPSTEAD-ROAD, NEAR TOTTENHAM-COURT-ROAD, LONDON.



EBONIZED EARLY ENGLISH TABLES.

2ft. 6in. £2 12 6
2ft. 9in. 2 15 9
3ft. 0in. 3 3 9
3ft. 6in. 3 15 6
Occasional and Card Tables to match.



HANDSOME CHIPPENDALE CORNER BRACKET

with Four Bevelled Plates,
3ft. 2in. high, 25s. 6d.



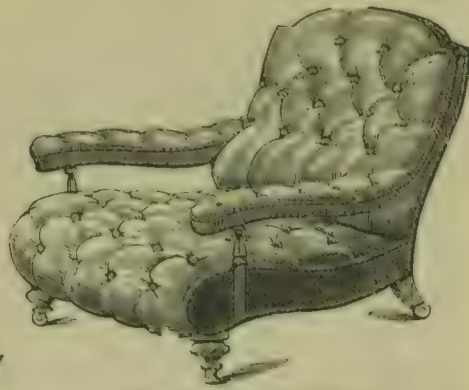
HANDSOME WALNUT SHAPED CABINET.

Inlaid with Marqueterie and Ormolu Mounted, Two Circular Glass End Doors, Inlaid Centre, good Locks, and Velvet lined inside.
4ft., £7 15s. 4ft. 6in., £8. 5ft., £9. 6ft., £9 15s.



TABLE LAMP.

Antique bronze, with duplex burner, plain globe, &c. 21s. 11s. 6d., with plain punkah head, for India, 25s. 6d.



THE JERSEY EASY-CHAIR.

Very comfortable, finished in best manner, £4 2s. 6d. A Large Stock of EASY-CHAIRS on View in the Show-Rooms, from One Guinea upward.

ORDERS PER POST RECEIVE PROMPT AND FAITHFUL ATTENTION. ILLUSTRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE POST-FREE.



NUBIAN WATERPROOF BLACKING.

The Original Self-shining Blacking gives an instantaneous bright polish without brushing. One application will last a week through rain, mud, or snow. Does not injure the leather, and is free from acid. Is a household requisite, and has a hundred uses for renovating all leather goods; also recommended for metal, paper, or wood, where a lasting black polish is wanted.
Sold Everywhere, at 1s. and 2s. per Bottle.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

NUBIAN OIL PASTE BLACKING.

Same as now supplied by us to her Majesty's Government. Is the best. Will keep moist in any climate. Gives much better polish than all others with less brushing. Prepared in a special manner by our new and improved steam machinery.
Sold Everywhere, 1d., 2d., and 3d. per Tin.
ONCE TRIED ALWAYS USED.

NUBIAN JAPAN BLACKING.

IN STONE BOTTLES.—Gives a most brilliant and lasting polish, and will retain its qualities in any climate, while at the same time it nourishes and preserves the leather.
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
USE NO OTHER.

LADIES' PET BOOT POLISH.

A Vegetable Dressing, especially for Ladies' Use, easily applied with sponge attached to cork. Does not harden or crack the leather, or peel off, and even in wet weather will not soil the most delicate clothing.
Sold Everywhere, 6d. per Bottle.
BE SURE AND ASK FOR THE "PET."

Prepared by the NUBIAN MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Smithfield Chemical Works, 8 and 9, Hosier-lane, West Smithfield, London, E.C.

ELECTROPATHIC BELT

As Introduced and Popularised by the

Pall Mall Electric Assoc'n, Ltd.,

21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

PRICE 21s. Post-Free.

PRICE 21s. Post-Free.

The MEDICAL OFFICER of the ASSOCIATION, a QUALIFIED and REGISTERED PRACTITIONER, attends daily for Consultation (FREE) from 10 to 6, at the PRIVATE CONSULTING ROOMS of the PALL-MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION, Limited, 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT E.C.

1000 Testimonials could be published did space permit.

From Rev. R. ANTRIM, Vicar of Slapton, King's Bridge, South Devon:—

"I am deriving great benefit from the ELECTROPATHIC BELT recently had of you. The pain across the loins has quite left me and my nervous energy is greatly augmented. Your invention retains its power as long as the Belt lasts."

Sergeant-Major A. N. SHILLINGFORD, Duncan-road, Ramsgate, writes:—

"The benefit I have derived from wearing your ELECTROPATHIC BELT has astonished everyone who knows my case (KIDNEY DISEASE). The EXCRUCIATING PAIN was lulled, and I can now sleep soundly. I really think you have been the means of adding to the length of my days. Accept my sincere gratitude."

Rev. C. AUBREY, Ogmere Vale, Bridgend, writes, July 27th, 1883.

"The appliances I received from you for my friend three weeks ago have done her a great deal of good in regard to EPILEPSY. Instead of having the fits at the rate of six or seven a day she has had NONE SINCE."

Please forward Size round the Waist when ordering the "Electro-pathic" Belt.



An experienced Lady is also in attendance daily.

Residents at a distance should send for a Private Advice form.

PARIS: 32bis. BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN. NEW YORK: 12, E 14 STREET.

ADVICE AND CONSULTATION FREE.

Belts of higher power, 42s., 63s., 84s., to 220s., suitable for severe cases.

NOTE ADDRESS—The PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOC'N, Ltd., 21, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

BY PARCELS POST. PATTERNS FREE.

SPENCE'S VELVETEENS

100 COLORS IN EVERY SHADE. GUARANTEED EASY PILE. 20/36/46. PATTERNS SENT FREE.

76, 79, St. Paul's Churchyard London.

£10. In return for a £10 Note, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S LADIES' GOLD WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With Keyless Action. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

SIR JOHN BENNETT'S WATCHES and CLOCKS.

£10 LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS. Elegant and accurate.
£15 GENTLEMAN'S STRONG GOLD KEYLESS.
20 GUINEA GOLD HALF CHRONOMETER for all climates.
£25 MEDICAL and SCIENTIFIC CENTRE SECONDS.

65 and 64, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

Bennett's WATCHES 65 Cheapside

£15. In return for Post-office Order, free and safe by post, one of BENNETT'S GENTLEMAN'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCHES, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship. With Keyless Action. Air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.

£20, £30, £40 PRESENTATION WATCHES, Arms, and Inscription emblazoned for Noblemen, Gentlemen, and others.
£25 HALL CLOCK TO CHIME on 8 bells, in oak or mahogany; with bracket and shield 3 Guineas extra.
18 Carat GOLD CHAINS and JEWELLERY.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

has been known for more than eighty years to be the best and safest preserver and beautifier of the hair; it contains no lead, mineral, or poisonous ingredients, and can now also be had in a golden colour, which is specially recommended for fair and golden-haired children and persons. Sizes, 8s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small), and 21s.

Ask for ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, of 20, HATTON-GARDEN, LONDON. Sold everywhere.



MAPPIN & WEBB,
SHEFFIELD MANUFACTURERS.
STERLING SILVER, ELECTRO-SILVER,
FINEST CUTLERY.
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES FREE.

LONDON WAREHOUSES:
MANSION HOUSE BUILDINGS, E.C.;
AND
OXFORD-STREET, W.

PARCELS POST

FOR TEN SHILLINGS

PARKINS AND COTTO.
OXFORD-ST. LONDON W.

SEND BY POST anywhere in the United Kingdom.

360 Sheets of Superfine Note Paper
300 Court Shaped Envelopes
STAMPED in COLOR with any TWO LETTER MONOGRAM, ADDRESS or CREST.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION: MEMORIALS OF LUTHER.

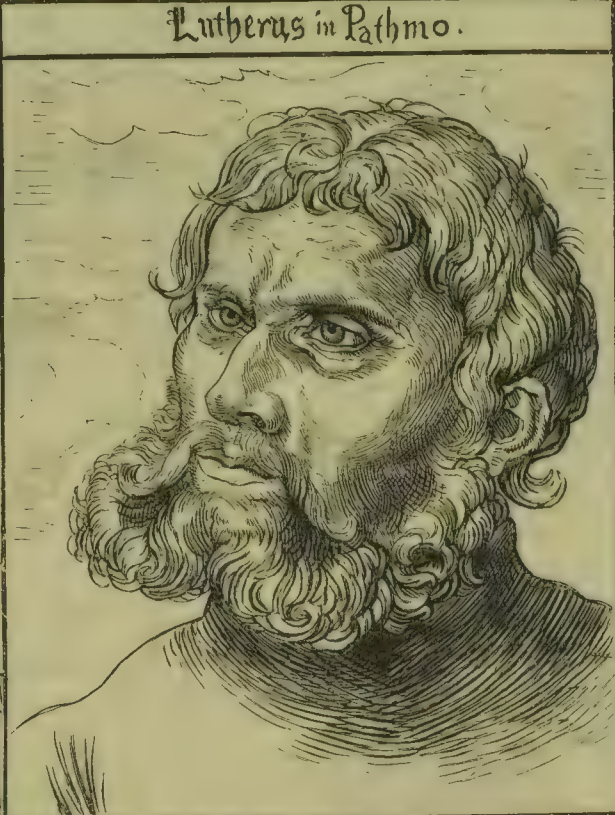
Luther's Wife, Catharina von Bora. Portrait by Lucas Cranach, jun.

Memorial Medal of Luther.

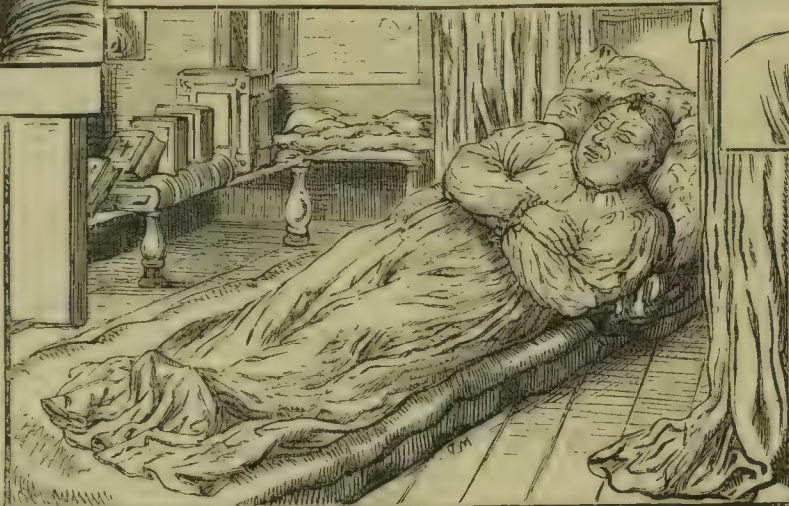
Luther disguised as "Junker George," in his seclusion at the Wartburg.



Catharina von Bora.

Ware Contrafoctur Herm Doctoris
Martini Lutheri Anno. 1546.

Medal of the Elector Frederick of Saxony.



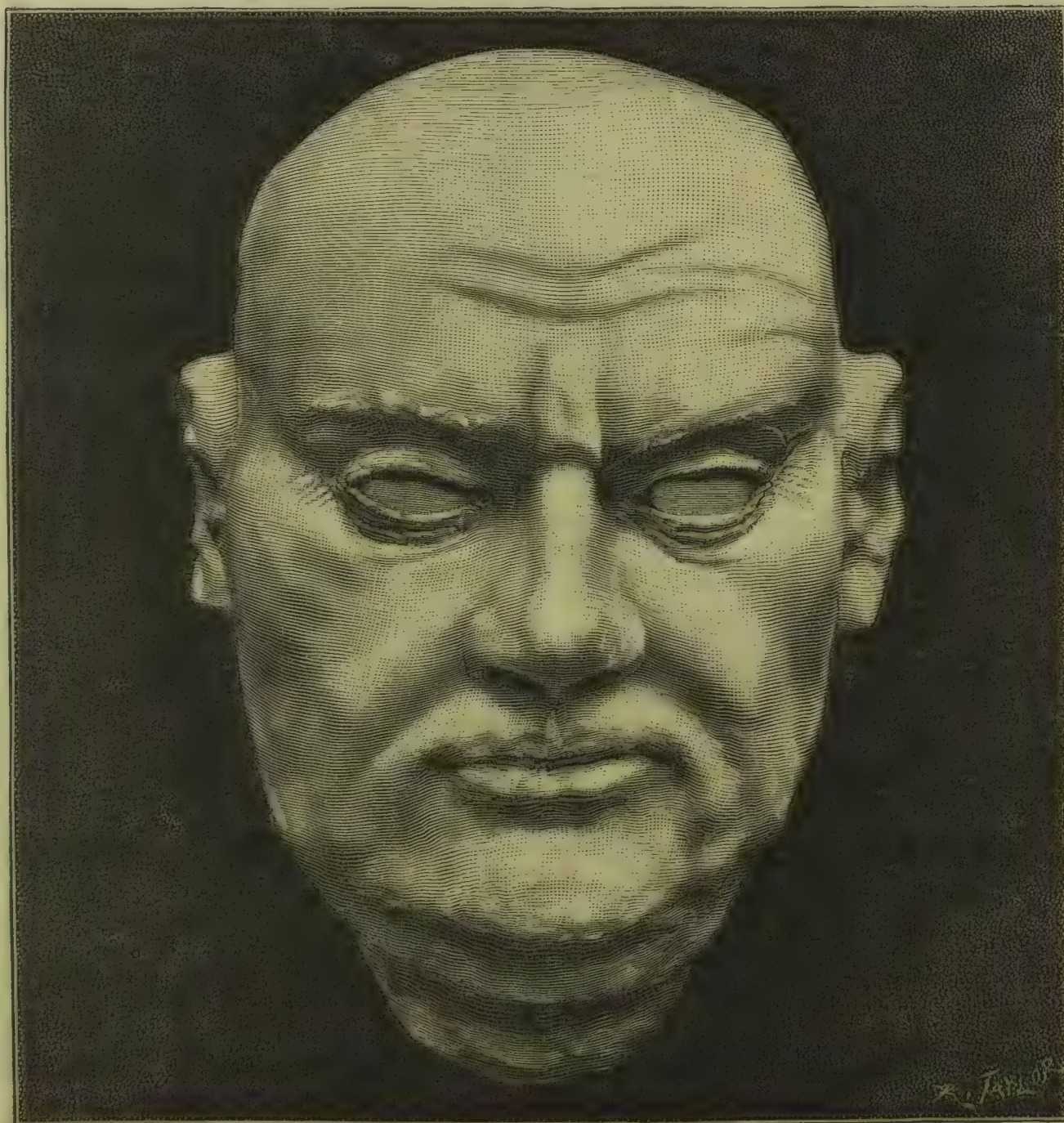
Luther lying in state after death. (From an old Engraving.)



Memorial Medal of Melancthon.

FROM THE LUTHER EXHIBITION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

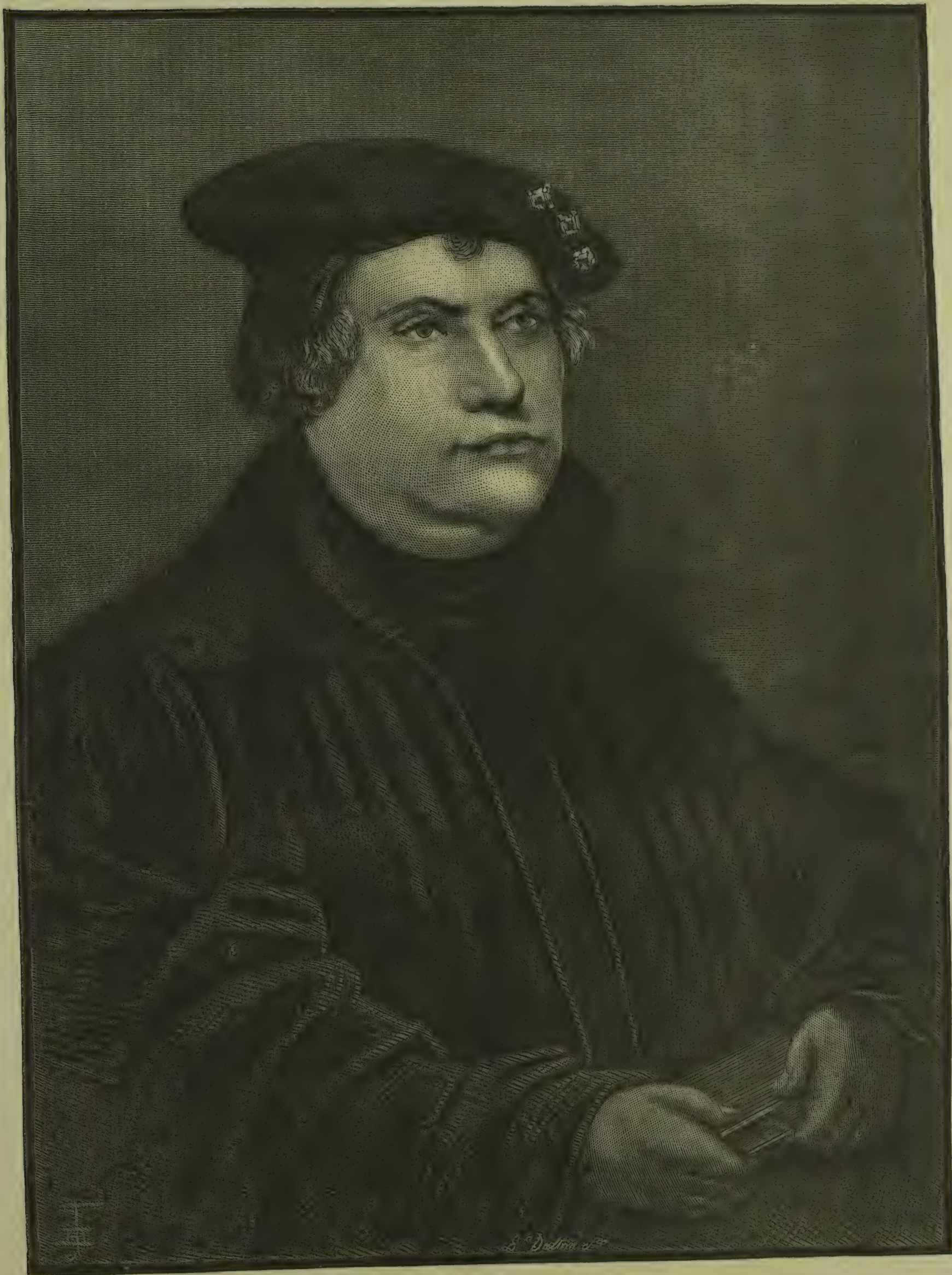
The Exhibition, in the Grenville Library of the British Museum, of a most valuable collection of ancient printed books and manuscripts, autograph letters, portraits, engravings, medals, and other memorials of Luther and his contemporaries, is well worthy of attentive inspection. The early editions of most of Luther's works, published at Wittenberg or at Leipsic, which had an immense effect on popular opinion in Germany, will be found in this collection. His first pamphlet against the sale of Papal Indulgences derives some additional interest from the specimen here of those documents sold by Tetzel and Samson, in April, 1517, to one Philip Kessel. A very attractive part of the exhibition consists of the numerous old woodcuts and engraved portraits of persons associated with the Reformation, which Mr. Bullen has brought together from the Department of Prints and Drawings. Among them are undoubted examples of Albrecht Dürer and Hans Holbein, to say nothing of those by Aldegrevier, Dürr, Lucas Cranach, Vosterman, Küfner, Kilian, and Heinrich Reitz. The engravings of Frederick III., Elector of Saxony, and of Philip Melancthon, by Albrecht Dürer, and the woodcut portrait of Erasmus by Hans Holbein, are fine examples of those masters. Amongst others, are Cranach's



portrait of Luther's wife, Catharina von Bora, and one of Luther, bearded and long-haired, in his disguise as a layman, bearing the assumed name of "Junker George," during his concealment at the Wartburg. These engravings are reproduced in our illustrations, with a coin of the Elector of Saxony, his resolute protector, and two medals struck in the sixteenth century as memorials of Luther and Melancthon. These and other medals in the collection have a value, for numismatists, apart from their historic interest, since they are among the earliest known specimens of German medallie art, which was practised by Albrecht Dürer. It is to be observed, in the biographical Memoir of Luther, that he died at Eisleben, his birthplace, on Feb. 18, 1546, but on the 22nd of that month his body was interred at Wittenberg, the town where he had resided, with some intervals, since 1508. One of the old Engravings, copied on this page, represents the body lying in the chamber where he died. On the road from Eisleben to Wittenberg, the bearers of Luther's mortal remains are reported to have stopped one night at Halle, where the body was laid in state, in St. Mary's Church. The plaster cast of Luther's face, taken upon that occasion, is still preserved at Halle, and is the subject of an illustration.

CAST OF LUTHER'S FACE, TAKEN AFTER HIS DEATH, WHEN LAID IN STATE IN ST. MARY'S CHURCH, HALLE.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY.



MARTIN LUTHER. FROM THE PICTURE BY HANS HOLBEIN.

MARTIN LUTHER.

Hero-worship is too congenial to the people in the Fatherland to permit the valiant dead to moulder in forgetfulness. To-day, by the commemoration throughout Lutheran Germany of the fourth century of Martin Luther's birth-year, the monk that shook the world stands revived before his countrymen and disciples. For Luther, dead though he be these 337 years, still dwells in Saxon hearts and homes as one that is deathless. He and his works were not born to die. Now, as high upon four centuries ago, his translation of the Bible is ever in his people's hands; his spiritual songs vibrate continually in their ears; his speech-words are still familiar on their lips, his rugged, burly form and homely face a pleasant, manful picture constantly before their eyes. To them, he is always the central figure in the Reformation group. Huss, the martyr pioneer of the New Faith, Melancthon, the gentle, earnest scholar, and Luther's brother-worker, Erasmus, Carlstadt, Oecolampadius and Zwingli, Ulrich von Hutten, Frederick the Wise and John the Constant—all alike, the lowly and the exalted aiders and abettors in Luther's thoughts and deeds—are to the German people but as dim impalpable shadows beside the substantial individuality with which, in life and since his death, they have constantly surrounded the Great Protestant Reformer.

The present is not the first, by many, of Reformation Jubilees. A visit to the Luther Exhibition, now being held in the Grenville Library of the British Museum—where will be found a highly interesting and scholarly collection of books, pamphlets, broadsides, MSS., portraits and medals illustrative of the career of Luther—a visit at the present time to this most noteworthy display will show that various memorial medals have been struck from time to time in honour of past Lutheran Commemorations. But the dates formerly chosen, as the several memorial medals shown in the exhibition prove, were not, as on the present occasion, the anniversary of Luther's birth, but the anniversary of some historical event in the commencement or in connection with the progress of the Reformation, such as Luther's first attack upon the system of Indulgences (1517) or the signing by the chief Protestant States of the Confession of Augsburg (1530). In celebration of the latter event two jubilees were held, one in 1630 and another at Amsterdam a century later.

The four-hundredth recurrence of Luther's birth-year being selected for the present commemoration—the anniversary of his death (1546) has frequently been publicly observed in Germany—it behoves us to say something upon the places where Luther lived, studied, taught, and wrote; his memorable actions, perils, conflicts, and adventures; his defiance of the Papacy, his appearance before the Emperor at the Diet of Worms, his seclusion in the Castle of Wartburg, and other remarkable events of his life. The illustrations of many of the places to be here mentioned will derive much interest from the following narrative of his career:—

Martin Luther, as all the world now knows, though he whom the event most concerned was not always aware of it himself, was born, Nov. 10, 1483, at Eisleben, in Saxony, a small town situate in a mining district, bordering the eastern edges of the Harz mountain. The assertion that Luther was, at one time at least, ignorant of his true birth-place is substantiated by his own words. At page 240 of his "Table Talk" ("Tischreden," Frankfurt, 1568), he writes:—"I have often conversed with Melancthon, and related to him my whole life, from point to point. I am the son of a peasant; my father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather were all mere peasants. My father went to Mansfeld and became a miner there. It was there I was born. That I was afterwards to become bachelor of arts, doctor of divinity, and what not, was assuredly not written in the stars, at least not to ordinary readers. How I astonished everybody when I turned monk; and again when I exchanged the brown cap for another! These things greatly vexed my father—nay, made him quite ill for a time. After that, I got pulling the Pope about by the hair of his head: I married a runaway nun. I had children by her. Who saw these things in the stars? Who would have told anyone before, that they were going to happen?" In this pithy and eminently characteristic autobiography, "from point to point," but in which no mention is to be found of such highly dramatic and popular incidents as his starving as a boy and singing in the streets of Eisenach, his deliverance from this sorry plight by Dame Ursula Cotta; the death by lightning of his companion Alexius, and his vow thereon to dedicate his life to the Church; the chained Bible, the journey to Rome; the nailing of his ninety-five theses to the church door, the burning of the Papal Bull, the Diet of Worms, or his abduction to the Wartburg—in this uneventful account of a wondrously eventful career, Luther, unconsciously, no doubt, has committed two mistakes, and these we have emphasised by our italics. The first is made when he alludes to the Luther stock as though they had always sprung from the peasantry;* the second occurs when Mansfeld is mentioned as his birth-place, unmindful, or more likely then unacquainted, with the fact that his father did not migrate thither until Martin was six months old. Beyond all question, and his own assertion to the contrary, Luther was born at Eisleben. Of this he must in all probability have convinced himself before he died. For it chanced that at the beginning of the year 1546 Luther had journeyed to Eisleben for the purpose of reconciling the Counts of Mansfeld, then at open feud. There, in the very town in which he had been born, he was seized with his mortal illness, and there he died, staunch and true to the noble doctrine he had so fearlessly propagated. But before his end—perchance before Feb. 14, when he preached his last sermon to his native town-folk—there must have been many a guide willing to lead him through the narrow Eisleben streets to the house in which the town even then took so much pride, where the great Doctor Martin Luther drew his first draught of life. †

* Luther's oft-repeated assertion that his ancestors were purely of peasant origin is probably not correct. Genealogical research has shown that at the beginning of the fourteenth century there lived in the neighbourhood of Möhra (a small village in Saxe-Meiningen, the home of the Luther stock) one Wigand von Luther, a noble. A copy of his patent of nobility was discovered among the Möhra archives not many years since—who possessed an estate called *Lutther* or *Lutera*, situate between that village and Kupfersuhl. This estate is now meadow land, and known by the peasantry of to-day by the name of "Längers." To the north of this there is another meadow named "Luterbach" (clear brook), so called probably from the stream traversing it. This property is proved by the old registries to have belonged successively to Wigand von Luther and Fabian von Luther, and ultimately to have passed into the possession of Dr. Martin Luther's grandfather, one Heinz Luther, who is known to have had a smelting-oven standing upon it. Thus the Luterbach property should prove two things. First, that the Luthers were not always peasants, as *Wigand von Luther*, who was the great-great-grandfather of Heinz Luther (Martin's grandfather) assumed his patronymic from the name of the property he possessed, after the invariable custom of the nobility of the Middle-Ages; and, secondly, that *Luther*, *Lutther*, *Lutler*, or *Lother*, as Martin himself variously signed his surname, should not be referred or etymologically tortured back, as it has been, to *Lut* (*Leute*—herr (chief of men)).

† Luther's birth-house stands at the top of the street which bears his name. It was partially destroyed by fire in 1594, and was restored at the expense of the town, and again repaired in 1817; but the lower portion inside remains unaltered. The house has a modern entrance, surmounted by a bust inclosed in a frame, with the following inscription:—"In this house Dr. Martin Luther was born, 10th of November, 1483. God's word is Luther's lore; which abides for evermore." The building is uninhabited and unfurnished save by a few, more or less authentic, Luther relics. The house in which Luther died stands in the middle of the town near the

But if Martin was, as we have shown, strangely mistaken as to the place of his birth, his mother, Margaret Luther, appears, upon her own confession, to have been still more curiously oblivious of the year in which it occurred. "I have often," says Melancthon, as quoted by Audin, "asked Margaret at what hour of what day it was her son Martin came into the world. She recollected the hour and the day perfectly, but had forgotten the year." But strangest, perhaps, of all is the inaccuracy of what follows—the association by Luther's mother of the time of her son's birth with the holding of a Fair or Year-market at Martinmas in Eisleben, which, as historians have recently proved, was not instituted until thirty years after the date of Luther's birth. "She states," continues Melancthon, "that she was brought to bed on Nov. 10, at eleven o'clock in the evening, at Eisleben, whither she had gone to buy provisions at the fair which was held every year in that place; and that the child was baptized the next day, after the name of the saint whose festival they were celebrating at the time, St. Martin." ‡

Now Luther's enemies—of whom he had, of course, a host—are said to have turned these curious inaccuracies of both son and mother in place, day, and even period of birth, to their own ends, and to have fabricated therefrom a story to the effect that Luther's father, Hans, had to fly from his native village, Möhra, for killing by a blow with a horse-bridle a peasant whom he found trespassing in a field of his with some cattle. The act was said to have been committed under the impulse of passion and wholly unpremeditated. None the less, Hans Luther sought safety with his wife in flight, and, being by calling a miner, he journeyed straight to Eisleben in search at once of safety and occupation. Hence, said Luther's Romish enemies, his dislike to dwell upon the circumstances of his birth, and hence his mother's wilful perversion of the reason of her visiting Eisleben. This story first found print in 1702, when Martin Michaelis issued his work upon "The Mines and Smelting-houses of Kupfersuhl." (It was here that Hans Luther worked as a slate-hewer before his flight, the place being adjacent to Möhra.) The truth of Michaelis' story has since been stoutly denied by Pastor Krumhaar in his "Dr. Martin Luther's Vaterhaus in Mansfeld." But, on the other hand, it has been as forcibly upheld by Pastor Ortman, of Steinbach (near Möhra), who not only repeats the tale, but combats, in his "Luther Family," the arguments of Herr Krumhaar with considerable plausibility. He shows that Hans Luther was possessed, for a peasant, of considerable property in Möhra at the time of his flight, and that there was consequently no ostensible cause, save the one given by Michaelis, for his quitting the neighbourhood of his youth and friends so precipitately, and forcing his wife to enter upon so long a journey in her then precarious state of health. Further, Herr Ortman maintains not only that such a tradition exists to this day in Möhra, but that the precise spot where the fatal encounter occurred is actually pointed out by the villagers. "This sad calamity for Hans Luther," he adds, "still lives in the minds of the Möhra peasantry. They not only relate the story, but they even show the spot of the meadow (the *Grosse Wiese*, as it is called) where it happened." §

Of his childhood Luther himself knew but little, save that at the age of six he could read and write with ease, and that his parents treated him with severe strictness. Once, for merely stealing a hazel-nut, his mother beat him until the blood flowed; and he has recorded that such was his dread as a child of his father's wrath that he would always hide in the chimney-corner when he had done anything to anger him.

In 1497, Martin, then aged fourteen, quitted Mansfeld, where he had received a fair elementary education, and, with his boy friend Hans Reinicke, set out as a vagrant scholar for Magdeburg, there to enter one of the *Currend-Schulen* or mendicant schools which then abounded, and which even now exist in some of the more primitive towns of Saxony. From Magdeburg, Martin, in 1498, wandered to Eisenach—his own beloved Eisenach, as he always called it—where, still as a *Currend* boy, he studied and starved, and sang before the town's-folks' doors at dawn and dusk to gain his daily bread. "Let no one," said Luther, in later life—"let no one in my presence speak contemptuously of the poor fellows who go from door to door singing and begging bread *propter Deum*! You know the Psalm says, *Princes and Kings have sung*. I myself was a poor mendicant, seeking my bread at people's houses, particularly at Eisenach—my own dear Eisenach." Martin had a sweet counter-tenor voice at that time, and one day his plaintive hymn struck the ear of good Ursula Cotta, who took the starving scholar to her compassionate heart and sheltered him and fed him at her own hospitable board. There was an end of hungering and begging now; and for the next four years, under the patronage of this large-hearted dame, Luther studied with Trebonius, the then famous master and rector of the convent of Barefooted Carmelites in Eisenach.

During these years, Hans Luther's worldly condition had materially improved at the Mansfeld mines. When Martin was eighteen, his father could even afford to send him to the University of Erfurt to study law, for the father had set his heart upon his son becoming a jurist. But, once at the University, young Luther found *belles lettres* and music more to his liking. He was no anchorite at this, the outset of his academic career, and he gaily took his share in the boisterous amusements of student life. Yet he was no idler; for at twenty he won his degree as Master of Arts, and at his father's renewed command resumed afresh the study of jurisprudence.

market-place, and opposite St. Andrew's Church. The room in which he breathed his last, like the adjoining sitting-room, remains unfurnished. On a plaque on the front of the house it is simply stated that, "In this house Dr. Martin Luther died, the 18th of February, 1546."

‡ Dr. Krumhaar, the pastor of Hilbra, in his work entitled "Dr. Martin Luther's Vaterhaus in Mansfeld," in a summary of the many falsities that he considers to have been told about Martin Luther's family and early life, writes:—"It is untrue that Luther's parents went from Möhra to Eisleben for the sake of being present at the (Martinmas) year-market. We can utterly refute this statement, by the historical fact that there was no year-market in Eisleben which fell in the month of November, or, in other words, at Martinmas, prior to the year 1515. Up to that period the Eisleben year-markets were held only on the Monday after *Cantate*, in the month of April, as well as on *Lambert's Day*, in the month of September, of every year." (Bergl. d. Berf., "Account of the Manor of Mansfeld at the time of the Reformation.") Moreover, M. D'Aubigné, in his "History of the Reformation," is at least doubtful of the authenticity of the incident, saying:—"This account does not appear to be correct; in fact, none of the oldest Luther's historians mention it, and, besides, it is about twenty-four leagues (seventy-two miles) from Möhra (the native village of Luther's father) to Eisleben, and in the condition of Luther's mother at that time, people do not readily make up their minds to travel such a distance to see a fair."—"History of the Reformation," Book II., chap. i., p. 50.

§ In the year 1802 I was in the village of Möhra, in the course of a tour undertaken by my father and myself in the footsteps of Luther, and I can certainly vouch for the accuracy of Pastor Ortman's assertion as to the survival in the village of the afay tradition. On mentioning our desire to see the spot, we were at once led to the lower part of the village, along the road called the Rührigsgasse, which leads to Rührigshof, and there, at about four or five hundred paces from the village, just where the road to Rührigshof makes a bend, lies the meadow, exactly opposite the curve in the pathway, and on the right-hand side, going from Möhra to Rührigshof. The whole village appeared to know the spot well. I took a photograph of it, but unfortunately the negative got broken, or "Luther's Meadow" should have been included in the present illustrations. Should any of the readers of the *Illustrated London News* desire to learn more about the early history of the Luther family, I beg to refer them for some curious reading to "The Boyhood of Martin Luther" and "German Life and Manners as Seen in Saxony," both by my father, Henry Mayhew.

But once again the law was neglected for philosophy and theology—the works of St. Augustine exercising already a strong influence over him.

It was in 1505 that Luther, till then a hard-reading but convivial student, who loved his glass and song, and wore gay clothes and a sword—it was, to be more precise, on July 17, 1505, that Luther suddenly changed the whole course of his life. The night before, he passed a merry, melodious evening with his friends; and on the morrow, to the amazement of all, he entered the Augustian Monastery at Erfurt. In fulfilment of a vow, made, it is said, when one of his friends was struck dead by lightning at his side, the young Master of Arts returned the ring and gown he had received from the University, and assumed the robe of a novice of the Augustine Order. He sent word to his father of the resolution he had carried out, and took leave, as he then thought, of the world for good. As a monk he was subjected to the severest discipline. His novitiate was passed in hardship and trial; for to him were relegated the most menial offices. He swept out the cells, opened and locked the church doors, and went a begging in all weathers with a sack at his back for broken victuals for the brotherhood. In this fashion his superiors strove to break his spirit; but Luther lifted up his voice against their tyranny, and on his treatment coming to the knowledge of the heads of the University of Wittenberg, and more particularly to the worthy Staupitz, the Vicar-General of the monastery, an end was put to their monkish despotism.

Luther was admitted to holy orders in 1507. By this time his father had relented so far as to be present at the ordination. The old miner, however, was but a sorry guest at the dinner which followed on that ceremony. "Pray Heaven," he exclaimed, in allusion to Martin's disobedience in not following the study of law, "Pray Heaven, this be not a snare of the devil."

Hitherto, Luther's religious opinions had been agreeable to those which universally prevailed. But the discovery of a Latin Bible, which, previous to his ordination, he tells us, he had never seen in any shape, save in selections from the gospel and epistles as they were inserted in the Romish missal—the finding of this complete Bible turned his thoughts, after a patient mastery of its contents, into a new channel. A sealed book to all within the monastery before, the monks now beheld, with distrust, the devotion with which Luther pursued the study of it. But they could only look askance, for already his learning, the correctness of his moral conduct, his devotion to the Church, and his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge had become known far beyond the monastic walls. Thus, when Frederick, Elector of Saxony, founded the University of Wittenberg, Luther was appointed (1508) to the first professorship of philosophy, and afterwards to that of divinity. Soon pupils were attracted to the infant University from all parts of Europe. The learning of the new Professor spread from country to country, so that even then the scholarly reputation of Luther had been securely founded.

But soon his name was to be a mightier power in the land. In 1510 Luther left Erfurt for Italy, whither he was deputed by his monastery to adjust before the Pope some differences which had arisen between his Order and the Pope's Vicar-General. Sick and weary with his pilgrimage, but with ecstasy in his heart at the thought of beholding the Eternal City, Luther at last reached Rome. "On arriving I fell on my knees, raised my hands to Heaven, and exclaimed, 'Hail, holy Rome! made holy by the blood which has been spilt there.'" For days he was filled with faith and fervour; and then came poignant sorrow on the discovery that he alone was the sole believer in an unbelieving city. With a righteous wrath burning within him at all he saw within the gates of Rome, he fled the Papal Court and hastened back to Germany. "I would not," he said, significantly, on his return, "I would not for a hundred thousand florins have missed seeing Rome. I should have always felt an uneasy doubt whether I was not, after all, doing injustice to the Pope. As it is, I am quite satisfied on the point." Thus the seed was sown.

And now the fame of Luther's learning keeps growing with his ever-widening mind. The year 1512 sees him a Doctor of Theology, and he has added to his classical store some knowledge of Hebrew. He has, moreover, during the temporary absence of Staupitz, been made Provincial Vicar of his Order; and next, he has been appointed town preacher—a post of alarming responsibility for Luther—but which he fills so masterfully that his fame increases more than ever through the office.

The period being 1517, the first act in the great drama of the Reformation begins. Tetzel, the Dominican monk and indulgence-huckster, has been brought to the notice of Luther. Pope Leo X. is now intent on rebuilding St. Peter's at Rome. Tetzel, like a mendicant quack-salver, is hawking Papal Indulgences, or rather Papal Absolutions, to gather money for the costly work. At the street corners, in the taverns, on the market-place, he is everywhere vending his "Apostolical" papers. Now Luther, who at first hardly comprehended what these same indulgences profess, suddenly awakens to the enormity of the unholy traffic. His historic letter to the Archbishop of Mayence—by whose authorisation the indulgences were sold in Germany—follows. The noble protest remains unanswered, and Luther straightway gives battle. On the festival of All Saints, in November, 1517, to use his own words:—"I read in the great Church of Wittenberg a series of propositions against these infamous indulgences, in which I set forth their utter inefficiency and worthlessness. I expressly declared in my protest that I would submit on all occasions to the word of God and the decision of the Church." These, the famous ninety-five Theses, Luther nails with his own hand to the outer pillars of the gate of the Schloss-Kirche. The publication of them, and the sermon which Luther delivers in support of his propositions, strikes through Germany like a thunderbolt. Luther himself is a little alarmed at the storm he has raised. But he will not go back a step. There is no hesitation in Luther when Tetzel burns his Theses in public. The Wittenberg students make reprisals on the Indulgence-monger's counter-propositions, and soon burning words are added to burning papers. Rome at first hears of the hubbub only as a squabble between two monks of rival Orders; but Luther's letter to the Pope, and his "protest" and letter to Staupitz (dated from Heidelberg, where the Augustines were then holding a provincial synod, and whither Luther had gone to uphold the new doctrine against all comers) quickly puts Rome in motion. Silvestro di Priero, an old Dominican, is ordered to write in support of the doctrine of St. Thomas against the Augustine monk, when Luther answers boldly and, as Rome thinks, in a manner that savours hugely of heresy. He is summoned to appear at Rome within sixty days. But the Elector of Saxony, already a staunch champion of "the mad monk," will not let him within the Papal clutches, and it is arranged that Luther shall be examined by a legate, in Germany, at the free city of Augsburg. Penniless, on foot, and dressed in a worn-out gown, Luther leaves Wittenberg for Augsburg. There is a vast concourse of clergymen and laymen at the town-gates to wish him God-speed, and shout, "Luther for ever!" as he sets stoutly forth to face, as some think, martyrdom.

He carries with him a safe-conduct from the Prince Elector

and, armed with this and a knowledge of the strength of his own righteousness, he appears (1518) before the Pope's Legate, Thomas de Vio, Cardinal Bishop of Gaeta. On four several occasions he is examined, but his learned eloquence in defence of the ground upon which he stands so firmly is met only by the imperious command, "Retract! retract!" But Luther will recant nothing. The Roman Cardinal and the German monk dispute together: but Luther is firm as a rock. Again they summon him to Rome, but he will not budge. "To Rome!" he cries. "Why the Pope himself does not live in security there! They have plenty of pens and ink in the Eternal City, plenty of scribes, scribes innumerable. They can easily put down in writing what my errors are. It will cost them less money to draw up an indictment against me absent, than to have me to Rome and destroy me there by treachery." The "scribes innumerable" are soon at work, and two years later the wrath of the Holy Church falls full upon the "heretic monk," and he is excommunicated.

Meanwhile, Luther's doctrine of faith has taken a firm hold on the people. Now he is the leader of a mighty movement, with many of the influential Saxon nobles following in his wake. He stands as one doubly fortified in the strength of his cause and the power of his supporters. In September, 1520, the Pope issues his famous Bull of excommunication against Luther and his adherents as "obstinate heretics." This formidable instrument, intended to overwhelm him with the anathemas of the Church, Luther publicly burns. "This day, tenth of December, in the year 1520," he records, "at nine o'clock in the morning, we burnt at Wittenberg, at the East Gate, opposite the Church of the Holy Cross, all the Pope's books, the rescripts, the credits of Clement VI., the extravagants, the new Bull of Leo X., the *Summa Angelica*, the Chrysostomus of Eck (one of Luther's bitterest opponents), and some other documents of his and Emser's. This is something new, I wot." By this act, the breach between himself and Rome became irreparable.

At this juncture, Luther's boldness had excited a fiercer spirit in others. There was much talk of a religious war. His noble supporters, such as Ulrich von Hütten and Franz von Sickingen, were all for "swords, bows, armour, and cannon." But it was Luther's desire that Germany should separate peaceably from the Holy See. His war was only one of words, though such words as his might win more than battles. Thus he stood, with his life dependent on his doctrine, resolutely in the van of his gathering Protestant army, an earnest, eloquent, dauntless expounder of their religious belief.

But Rome had not done with Luther yet. On Tuesday in Holy Week, 1521, he was cited to appear before the Imperial Diet, assembled at Worms, to show cause, as the citation ran, why he should not be condemned as an obstinate heretic, according to the previous judgment of the Pope. His way to Worms was, from the enthusiasm with which Luther was everywhere received, more in the nature of a triumphal progress than the journey of a man who went to confront his enemies with his life upon his tongue. On April 11 he arrived at Worms, and early the next morning he appeared before the Emperor, the Electors, and Princes assembled in the great Townhall. Here for two hours he maintained his doctrine and works with all the consummate eloquence and learning which even his greatest enemies could not deny him to be master of. But, again, as at Augsburg, came the command to recant, and again he stood steadfast on the Bible. "*Ich kann nicht anders, hier stehe ich, Gott helfe mir, Amen.*" (I cannot do otherwise; here stand I, God help me, Amen.)

Luther was ordered to quit the town of Worms within twenty days, and to refrain from preaching on his homeward course. Despite the safe-conduct which the Emperor had granted, Worms was too dangerous a resting-place for this bold unconquerable "heretic." At the advice of his friends he left that city at once for Wittenberg. It so happened, fortunately for Luther and the world, that his return journey led him by way of Eisenach. His friends in that neighbourhood arranged a plot for his personal safety. What followed is best given in Luther's own words, conveyed in a letter to his friend Spalatin, dated May 14:—"As to myself, I was proceeding to join my relations through the forest (of Thuringia), and was on my way to Waltershausen, when, near the fortress of Altenstein, I was taken prisoner. Amsdorf no doubt knew that it was arranged to seize me, but he was not aware to what place they carried me. My brother, who saw the horsemen coming up (Hans von Berlepsch and Burkhardt von Hund), jumped out of the carriage, and, without saying a word, ran off through the wood, and, as I am told, reached Waltershausen in the evening. As for me, the horsemen took off my robe and put me on a military garb, desiring me to let my hair and beard grow, and meanwhile put me on a false beard. You would scarcely recognise me: indeed, I hardly knew myself. However, here I am, living in *libertate Christiana*, free from the chains of tyrants."

Behold Luther, transformed to "Junker Georg," disguised in the attire of a knight, with long hair and beard, in honourable captivity at the castle of the Wartburg! Germany for a time believed he had perished, and both Pope and Emperor were accused of his death. But the abduction had been devised by Luther's patron, the Elector of Saxony, who was alarmed for his safety after the publication of the Imperial sentence fulminated against the Reformer. This edict prohibited all persons, under the penalty of high treason, from affording Luther any aid or asylum.

In the quiet security of the Castle of the Wartburg (his Patmos as he afterwards called it), perched high above the town of Eisenach, where he had been saved from starvation as a youth, Luther dwelt in a little cell-like room of the *Ritterhaus*; and here he translated the New Testament into German. The room is still preserved in the condition in which he is said to have left it; only that the portraits of his mother and father and himself, by his friend Lucas Cranach, now decorate the rough-cast walls which still show the stain where Luther is said to have cast his ink-pot at the devil. He remained in this seclusion about ten months.

In due season, Luther returned to Wittenberg, and, assisted by his friend Melancthon, the great work of the Reformation went steadily on, though the outbreak of the Peasants' War, in 1524, formed a terrible crisis in the history of the movement.

In 1525 Luther married the "runaway nun," Catharina von Bora, and from that date commenced the happy home life, a description of which has been preserved to us in Luther's own bright word-pictures.

In 1529 another futile attempt was made by Rome to crush the Reformation. The Diet of Spire was convened to carry out the decrees of the Diet of Worms. But here the full strength of the Lutheran party was shown. A formal *protestation* (which gave the name of Protestants to the party) was registered by the reformed Princes and Deputies against the decree which the Diet sought to enforce; and this was followed a year later by the formulation of the Lutherans at the second Diet of Augsburg (1530) of the famous Augsburg Confession. With the publication of this "Confession" (of faith), drawn up by Melancthon under the supervision of Luther, the Reformation became firmly established; and in the comparatively peaceful times which followed the union of Schmalkald (1531) and the Diet of Ratisbon (1532), Luther found

leisure sufficient to complete the translation of the entire Bible into German. This was published at Wittenberg, in 1534, by Hans Lufft.*

In this year, Paul III. being Pope, a Legate—the celebrated Paul Vergerius—was sent to Germany; and three years later witnessed the assembly of the Protestant Princes at Schmalkald, where, Luther being present, the Schmalkald Articles, as they have ever since been called, were drawn up and signed. On the publication of these the proposed Romish Council collapsed, and henceforward the work of the Reformation progressed steadily but uneventfully (save for an occasional "disputation") towards its national recognition in Germany. An attempt was made, during 1540-1, to bring about a reconciliation with the Church; but Luther put no faith in these endeavours of his adherents, considering schism from Rome inevitable.

With the publication of his "*Geistliche Lieder*" (1543), and the revision of his translation of the Bible (1545), and the writing of a general preface of his collected Latin works, Luther's prodigious labours † may be said to have ended. He died, as we have already shown, in his native town of Eisleben, Feb. 18, 1546, and was buried with the greatest honours at Wittenberg. The Emperor Charles V., when he captured that town, came to look on Luther's tomb, and said, "I war not with the dead: let this place be respected." But the spirit of Luther has outlived both the ancient Empire and the Papal supremacy of those times.

ARTHUR MAYHEW.

THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY.

On Saturday next, Nov. 10, the Four Hundredth Anniversary of Martin Luther's Birthday will be celebrated with a grand National Festival in almost every town, village, and hamlet of the Protestant parts of the great Reformer's Fatherland. Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, goes to Germany expressly to furnish our Illustrations of these proceedings. The principal celebrations will naturally take place in the Saxon and Thuringian towns most intimately connected with Luther's life and work. Eisleben, his birthplace; Mansfeld, the home of his childhood; Magdeburg and Eisenach, where he went to school; Erfurt, his University town, where he became a monk; Wittenberg, where taught as a University Professor, and burnt the Papal Bull; the Wartburg, where he lived in hiding from his enemies; and Coburg, where he partly translated the Bible. The Emperor William's message of May 21, appointing Nov. 10 and 11 as festival and thanksgiving days for the kingdom of Prussia in memory of Luther's birth, has since been followed by similar proclamations to the same effect by all the reigning Princes of the Thuringian States of Saxe-Coburg, Weimar, Meiningen, Altenburg, Schwarzburg, and Reuss.

The most interesting festival comes off at Eisleben, Luther's native place, where he also died. The German Crown Prince and his son Prince William will attend the celebration, but the aged Emperor is not able to be present. The principal ceremony on Friday will be the unveiling of Professor Siemering's bronze statue of the Reformer in the Market-square, before St. Andrew's Church. The statue, which stands on a granite pedestal, with bronze reliefs of scenes from Luther's life, represents the grand old hero with his right hand uplifted in the act of casting the Papal Bull into the fire, while with his left he presses the Bible to his heart. An historical procession will take place at Eisleben, representing Luther's reception by Count Mansfeld on his last journey to Eisleben; nearly three hundred noblemen, knights, and esquires in the full costumes and armour of the time, will take part in the procession. A banquet and illumination of the town will conclude the Eisleben celebration.

The town of Erfurt, where Luther studied at the University and entered the Monastery of St. Augustine, was the scene of a distinct celebration, preliminary to the November festivals, on Aug. 8, which was attended by eight hundred Protestant students of all the German Universities. The chief feature of the Erfurt fêtes was an historical procession representing Luther's reception by the Erfurt University and Municipality on April 6, 1521, while on his journey to attend the Imperial Diet at Worms. All the characters in the procession were represented by students in correct historical costumes. On the following day they proceeded to the Wartburg, near Eisenach, to attend a banquet in the great knights' hall, when the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar was present. The regular Luther festival at Erfurt next week will include the unveiling of a monument, for which 30,000 marks have been collected; on Wednesday, the oratorio "Luther in Worms," by Meinardus, will be performed in the Barfüsser Church, and on Saturday, that of "Luther in Erfurt," with a great procession of Protestant schools and a fête on the Domplatz in the evening.

At Wittenberg, where Luther resided as University Professor during some thirty years of his life, in the building previously occupied as an Augustinian Monastery, and where he published his defiance of the Pope, a great historical procession will take place on Saturday, and a torchlight procession at night. Wittenberg, like Erfurt, had its preliminary Luther festival two months ago, at which the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany was present, accompanied by Prince Albert of Prussia and the Prussian Minister of Public Worship, Herr von Gossler. There was a procession, joined by several persons connected with the Luther family, including one or two Englishmen, Lieutenant Martin Fletcher Luther, R.N., and his uncle, Dr. Luther, of Belfast. Representatives of the Free Church of Scotland, and of other British and Irish Protestant denominations, were present, and more than a thousand German clergy. After a religious service and sermon, the visitors went to the Townhall to inspect the interesting memorials of Luther there preserved, going next to visit the tomb of Luther in the Schloss-Kirche, and thence to the Luther Hall, which the Crown Prince opened. This hall is in what was once an Augustinian Monastery, which was converted into the University of Wittenberg by the Elector Frederick the Wise. Luther, as Professor, lived there with his wife, Catherine von Bora, and it was there that their six children were born. The rooms inhabited by Luther, consisting of the saloon and six other apartments, are now transformed into the so-called Luther Hall. In it there is exhibited a large collection of interesting pictures and drawings by Cranach, Albrecht Dürer, and others. There are also many of Luther's polemical writings, and other documents, including a copy of the Papal Bull of Excommunication which was burnt by Luther; with numerous mementoes, not only of Luther,

but of all the other leaders of the Reformation period. The Municipality of Wittenberg wanted to cull the rooms the Reformation Hall, but the Minister of Worship, allowed the title to the Luther Hall. Henceforth this building and museum will form the chief attraction of visitors to Wittenberg. The exhibition contains, besides the things above mentioned, a remarkable signature of the Czar, Peter the Great, written by himself in chalk, and now protected by glass above Cranach's picture of Luther.

The old Schloss-Kirche of Wittenberg, in which Luther usually preached, was erected in 1499, but the original building exists no more. In 1760, during the Seven Years' War, Wittenberg was besieged by the Austrians, and during a bombardment the church and a large part of the city were destroyed by fire. In 1770 the present building was erected on the old walls by order of Frederick the Great. The old wooden doors, destroyed in 1760, on which Luther had nailed the theses, were replaced in 1857 by Frederick William IV. by double bronze doors, ten feet high, bearing in Gothic characters the original Latin text of the ninety-five theses. A painting in the arch over the door represents on a golden ground the Saviour on the Cross, with Luther and Melancthon kneeling on either side, holding the Bible and the Augsburg Confession. In side niches are placed the sandstone statues of the two Saxon Electors who protected Luther. In the interior of the church the most interesting object is naturally the bronze slab marking the Reformer's grave. It lies on the southern side of the middle aisle, and bears the following inscription:—"Martini Luteri, S. Theologie D. corpus h. l. s. e. qui an. Christi MDXLVI., xii. Cal. Martii Eyslebi in patria s. m. o. c. v. ann. LXIII. m. II. d. X." It is certainly a noticeable fact that this inscription does not coincide with the usually accepted date of Luther's birth. If he really lived sixty-three years two months and ten days, as stated on the slab, he must have been born on Dec. 8, 1482, as he died beyond doubt on Feb. 18, 1546. There has always been some uncertainty as to Luther's birthday, even his parents not being quite certain, as mentioned by Melancthon. The now generally accepted date of Nov. 10, 1483, is based on a statement by Luther's brother Jacob.

A little further to the north another bronze slab with a similar inscription marks Melancthon's grave. The altar of the church probably stands unique among its kind, the pulpit being placed in its middle. This anomaly will be done away with after the festival, and the pulpit will again be placed against the south wall, as in Luther's time. Fragments of his original pulpit are preserved in the Wittenberg Museum. The Stadtkirche, in which Luther preached frequently, also dates from the fourteenth century, and here Holy Communion was in 1522 for the first time administered at a separate altar in both forms. The altar-painting by Lucas Cranach contains portraits of Luther preaching, Melancthon, and other Reformers.

In the Market-place of Wittenberg stand the fine bronze statues of Luther and Melancthon. On Nov. 1, 1817, King Frederick William III. of Prussia laid the foundation-stone for the Luther statue, in celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the ninety-five theses. The statue, a work by Schadow, was erected four years later. It is ten feet in height, and has become the typical model of all Luther statues and portraits, being the first modern representation of the Reformer. The figure stands under a Gothic canopy of iron, holding an open Bible, and looking down as if expounding the sacred text. The red granite pedestal bears the following inscriptions: In front, "Believe in the Gospel;" on the left side, "If it be God's work it will endure, if it be man's work it will perish;" and on the right, "Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott," the first line of Luther's celebrated hymn. Melancthon's statue, on the right, is similar in general conception. It is a work by Professor Drake, and was erected in 1866; the present Emperor, then Prince Regent of Prussia, had laid the foundation-stone on April 19, 1860, the three-hundredth anniversary of Melancthon's death. The old Townhall in the Market-square, before which the statues stand, was built in 1524, and remains in its original condition. In the senate-room can be seen two lifesize portraits of Luther and Melancthon, painted by Melchior Keil, in 1575. The old oak-tree which stood for nearly three centuries on the spot before the Elstergate, where Luther burned the Pope's Bull, was cut down by the French, who occupied Wittenberg in 1813, and cut up into palisades. The tree now shown as the Luther oak is of later origin.

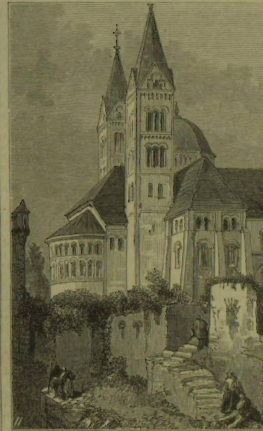
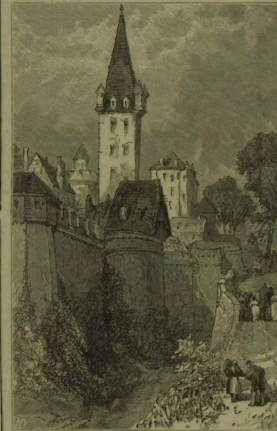
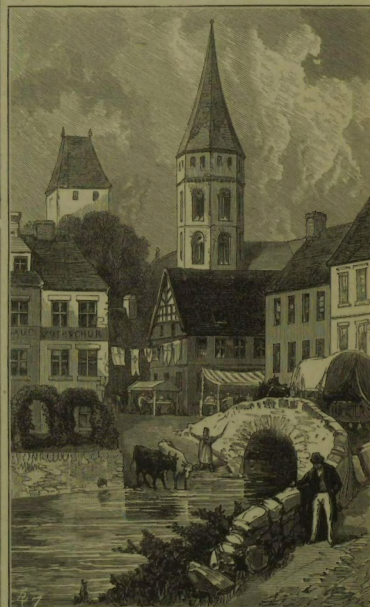
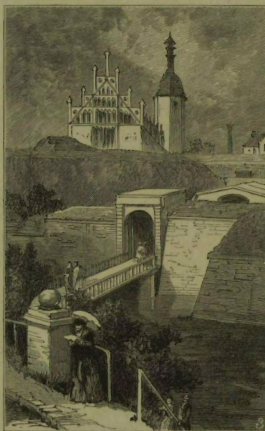
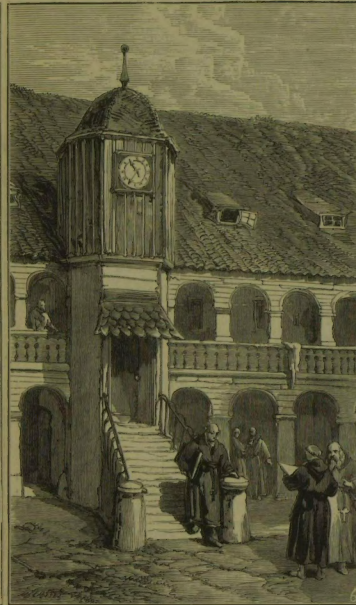
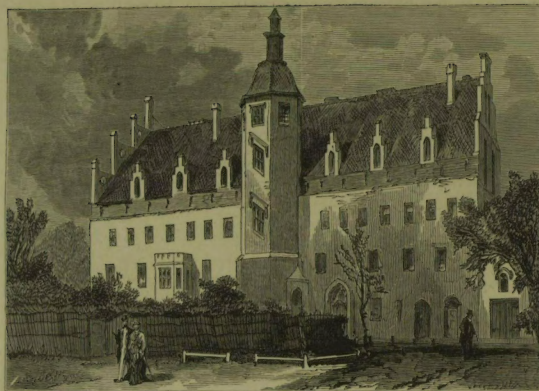
Eisenach, in the forest country of Thuringia, with the neighbouring Wartburg Castle, has the most romantic associations with Luther's personal history. At this little town, on Saturday, Nov. 10, the inhabitants and schools will go in procession to the Wartburg to take part in a religious festival at which the Grand Duke of Saxony will be present. On the following day a musical fête in front of the Luther-house, or on the market-place, is arranged. At Halle, where the Crown Prince is expected, after a grand sacred concert in the Dom on the 9th, and general festivities and representations of scenes in the Reformer's life on the 10th, the festival will conclude on the 11th with the unveiling of Luther's statue and laying the foundation-stone of a Luther Church. At Leipzig, the chief performance on Saturday will be the unveiling of a great Reformation monument in the square before St. John's Church, a work by Professor Schilling, representing in its two principal figures Martin Luther and his faithful coadjutor, Melancthon. The foundation-stone of a Luther Memorial Church will be laid at Leipzig. At the old Free Imperial City of Worms, where the Diet of Germany was convened by the Emperor Charles V., when Luther was summoned thither to answer the charges against him, there is a magnificent Luther Monument, erected some fifteen years ago. The festival proceedings at Worms are to be of imposing magnificence; and our Special Artist, Mr. Simpson, has already been at work in that city. A statue of Luther will also be unveiled in the town of Magdeburg. The Diet of Spire in 1529 is to be commemorated by the erection of a Lutheran church in that town. Collections for the building of Lutheran churches will be extensively made on Nov. 10 and 11. At Nordhausen, the foundation-stone of a Luther fountain is to be laid, followed by a procession, in historical costumes, of the old free towns.

As the capital of Protestant Germany, Berlin will not remain behind in doing honour to the memory of the Wittenberg monk. The municipality has appropriated the necessary funds for a celebration, which includes a procession of all Protestant school children, numbering about 80,000, the publication of a festival book relating to Luther, public lectures on his life and works, and an endowment of 150,000 marks for the education of Protestant clergymen's and teachers' children. The foundation-stone for a Luther monument will also be laid in the new market in front of St. Mary's Church, in Old Berlin. At Hamburg—the second largest city of the Empire—a committee has been formed for erecting a church in honour of the Reformation, to be called the Luther Church, with a colossal bust of Luther in front.

We shall give, in our publication of November 17, a series of Illustrations of these proceedings in different towns of Germany. There is to be a great Luther meeting at Exeter Hall, at which the Earl of Shaftesbury will preside, on the evening of Saturday next.

* Luther was by no means the first translator of the Bible into German. From the invention of movable types by Gutenberg to 1518, or four years before Luther's translation of the Testament appeared (1522) fourteen complete translations of the Bible into German had been published. Curiously enough, the ninth German Bible was published the same year as Luther was born. It is in two volumes, with coloured wood-cuts. The first dated Bible in German, of which there is a splendid copy in the British Museum, is 1477, printed by Zainer, of Augsburg. The Museum has also eight others of this pre-Luther series. I believe that Dr. Ginsburg, the eminent Hebrew scholar, to whom is due the suggestion of the present Luther Exhibition in the British Museum, is the fortunate possessor of the entire fourteen. The translators' names are unknown.

† The latest collected edition of Luther's works consists, on the authority of Mr. George Bullen, the keeper of the department of Printed Books, of as many as sixty-seven volumes octavo. These are all in the Library of the British Museum.



1. The Augustinian Monastery (the University) at Wittenberg, in which Luther dwelt as University Professor.
5. Market-place and Cathedral at Worms, where Luther pleaded at the Diet of 1521 before the Emperor Charles V.
9. Luther's Study in the Monastery (the University) at Wittenberg.

2. Church of St. Severus at Erfurt, Saxony.
6. Augustinian Monastery at Erfurt, where Luther studied the Bible.
10. Wittenberg, visited by Luther in 1518.

3. The Elster Gate at Wittenberg, where Luther burnt the Pope's Bull, Dec. 10, 1520.
7. Eisenach, where Luther went to school.
11. Spire, where the Protestants of Germany encountered the Imperial Diet in 1529.

4. The Schloss-Kirche at Wittenberg, where Luther, in 1517, fastened his Ninety-five Theses on the Church-door.
8. House at Frankfurt, in which Luther sojourned on his way to the Imperial Diet at Worms.
12. Market-place at Wittenberg, Townhall, and Stadt-Kirche.

CONTINENTAL ART NOTES.

THE MUNICH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

This is the third of these international art-exhibitions, and the building—a glass and iron structure, somewhat on the model of our first Great Exhibition—is a permanent one. Passing through the vestibule, we enter a large court some forty paces in diameter, and find, springing from the centre, instead of the conventional fountain, a bold piece of rock-work, from which, at different heights and in various forms, cascades come tumbling with musical clamour.

The top of this natural-looking crag is capped by a pyramid, surrounded by growing trees; and goodly firs spring from the base of the rockwork, which is further garnished by flowers and evergreens. The whole—it reaches a height of some forty feet—has quite an Alpine look; and the architect, Rudolf Seitz, deserves credit for so effective an innovation.

The court itself is surrounded by trellis-work and greenery, and every few paces it resolves itself into a bosky alcove, in which is placed an appropriate statue. To right and left run marble-columned avenues, leading to the various courts. That to the left is devoted to German art; that to the right, to the various foreign States, such as Spain, Italy, America, Austria, Belgium, England, and the like; while to France has been given a special place of honour, inasmuch as the rooms occupied by its pictures face the spectator as he enters the court we have just described.

France, however, does not appear to have appreciated this distinction so heartily as she might have done, and had it not been for the personal efforts of Carl Heffner, the famous landscapist, who has brought together some of the best works of Bastien Lepage, Daubigny, Corot, Dupré, Diaz, and Breton, not to mention the men of other nationalities, she would have, nationally, made but an indifferent display.

Let us turn then to the left, and indicate a few of those pictures by which Germany maintains her art-place among the nations. And first of all it behoves us to do reverence to the genius and character of Carl Von Piloty, who for more than a quarter of a century has been Director-in-Chief of the art-school of Munich. The other day, by-the-way, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his professorship, his former students presented him with a magnificent piece of silver plate, representing a ship in full sail, conceived and carried out in the antique spirit. A nymph sits at the stern and guides the vessel triumphantly through all manner of dangers represented with much mystic cunning; and every allegorical detail, from the significant streamers and insignia at the top-mast to the dragon beneath the vessel's conquering keel, has been designed by his pupils, and the whole worked into such unity as Benvenuto Cellini himself might have envied.

Among such pupils are men like Gabriel Max, Defregger, Benzur, Max Schmidt, Lossow, Rosenthal, Neal, E. Grutznier, and Barth; and the work by which the master asserts himself on this occasion he calls "Under the Arena." A Christian martyr, with her hands bound, lies dead on the floor of a massively constructed vault, and the Pagan priests, all but one, are seen ascending the steps which lead to the arena. This one, who tarries behind his fellows, is young, and with a thought-pregnant brow he gazes upon the motionless form before him, and seems to say "How calm and beautiful!" I don't know what precise idea Professor Von Piloty meant to elucidate by this picture; but, to my mind, the young Roman seems to reason with himself thus:—"Here is a young maiden of patrician rank and more than patrician beauty, who seeks not the praises of men, and thrusts from her rank and wealth to die so! Surely the God of these Christians must be all-sustaining, and in their forms and ceremonies a truth and a life we not of!" The picture is marvellously sympathetic in tone and colour, and suggestive to a degree.

One of Piloty's most eminent pupils, Professor Gabriel Max, is conspicuous by his absence, his picture of "The Vivisector," already famous, not having been completed in time. There is, however, a special exhibition of his works in the Odéon, the building which contains the great concert hall and the music school of Munich. Out of nine pictures, all of them excellent, I was particularly struck with two—viz., "The Vivisector" and "Light." The former, an aged man of science, sits at his operating table, with his deadly appliances before him, and turns his head to watch a pair of scales which an allegoric figure holds in her left hand, while to her breast she presses with the other a little muzzled puppy, upon which, we may suppose, he has been experimenting, for there is an indication of blood about its mouth. But it is not at the dog the professor looks, but at the scales; for in one is a human brain encircled with laurel, and in the other a burning human heart, and the heart most manifestly outweighs the brain and leaves it aloft a weightless nothing. The colouring throughout is warm and sweet, and there is nothing in the treatment that is in any way forbidding; for the brain and heart are treated conventionally, and not after nature. It need scarcely be added that Gabriel Max is a keen anti-vivisectionist.

A picture, however, which we favour even more than this is the one he calls "Light," and it is curious to note with what originality and suggestiveness he treats the subject. A blind girl sits at the mouth of the catacombs, and hands to the one who would descend and explore the labyrinth a lighted lamp of antique shape, which she takes from a group beside her. The materials for a picture seem slight enough, yet the impression produced sets one thinking; and one given to the expounding of allegories would be able to draw forth many meanings from the blind girl giving a lamp to the feet of him who would go down into the darkness. Another of Professor Max's latest pictures is "The Dissector," in the gallery of Messrs. Wimmer and Co. It is akin to the "Vivisector," and represents a humane-looking surgeon regarding thoughtfully the sweet face of the young girl who lies dead before him, as if he regretted that the necessities of science should require the mangling of a form so divinely fashioned.

Adolf Menzel, like Piloty, is another of those artists whom not only Germany but the world at large delights to honour. This prince of illustrators—best known to England, perhaps, by his "Frederick the Great," to the lighting up of whose pages he lent his facile pencil with such varied and telling effect some forty years ago, is represented in the present exhibition by two pictures. The one represents the King of Prussia, with his weeping Queen at his side, driving slowly through the crowded Unter den Linden on his way to the war of 1870, from which he returned Emperor of Germany. Those familiar with the book we have just mentioned will understand with what vivacity Menzel has depicted this scene. His other picture, "The Boulevards in Paris," is no less animated and satisfying, and it was a fortunate thing for the directors of the exhibition that they were able to secure two such pictures by such a master.

Immediately above the last hangs one of the sweetest idyls Henner ever painted. Two nymphs, the one pointing to the other by a still, tree-bordered pool, is all the subject; but it is so pure in sentiment and exquisite in modelling, in the style peculiar to the artist—a style which gives to the outlines when looked at close so dragged and ragged a look, but which is all lost in the perfection of rotundity when surveyed from the proper distance—that one lingers before the picture, loath to leave it.

This, like the last-mentioned Menzel, belongs to what is called in the catalogue "Heffner's International Collection," and in it are certainly to be found some of the finest pictures in the exhibition. There are, for example, belonging to the English school, Frank Holl's very touching picture of the young mother, baby in arms, placing her wedding-ring on the counter of the pawnbroker, calling forth by the act unwonted interest, if not sympathy, not only in his face, but in that also of the clerk who writes out the ticket; two glowing Venetian subjects by Clara Montalba, a characteristic landscape by Cecil Lawson; two little gems by Alma Tadema, two by W. H. Bartlett, one by G. H. Boughton; "The Last Muster," by Herkomer, and the forcible portraits of his own father and of Archibald Forbes, the war chronicler—not to mention works by W. B. Leader, J. L. Pickering, J. Webb, and J. Morgan.

The foreign schools in the same collection are represented by men no less famous. Professor C. L. Müller, of Vienna, for instance, is represented by the "Money-Changer," a picture whose value and importance quite warranted J. S. Forbes, of London, refusing to lend it till appealed to by the Bavarian Ambassador. Then, there are Bastien Lepage's famous picture of "The Beggar," C. Bisschop's "Plate-Cleaner," Daubigny's "Morning on the Ouse;" the two maimed and bound sons of Clovis II. cast adrift on the waters of the Seine, by A. Luminai, which attracted no little attention in the Salon a season or two back; and many charming pictures by men of divers nationality, such as Roybet, Duez, Lier, Seiler, Diaz, Buland, Bochmann, Wahlberg, Munthe, Israels, Mesdag, Maris, Baron Leys, Benlliure, Domingo, Schreyer, Schindler, Ribera, Dupré, and Corot.

The character, indeed, of the pictures in this part of the building is quite international, as the reader sees, and they are numerous enough to have made an exhibition of themselves. The artist, Carl Heffner, of Munich, whose energy and influence brought all these art-treasures together, to enhance the claim to international importance of this, the third exhibition of its kind, is represented in his own section, so to speak, by two of the most important landscapes he has yet painted. The one shows "Guildford," with its thatched cottages and red-tiled houses, peeping out from a darkling clump of trees, and reflecting themselves in the still waters under the warm influence of a quiet English evening, with a silvery streak in the far level distance to the right; the other is a flat Dutch landscape, with all that marvellous interchange of light and shade which charms the eye as it wanders mile after mile towards the seductive boundary of the remote horizon. Both pictures will, in all probability, be seen in London during the coming winter. J. F. R.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

"Church Praise" is the title of a volume published by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., of Berners-street. The work is a Hymnal compiled by a committee of the Presbyterian Church of England, and authorised for congregational use. It comprises Psalm and Hymn tunes, and chants, old and new, some having been contributed by the musical editor, Dr. E. J. Hopkins, the excellent organist of the Temple Church. The contents are departmentalised under specific headings, and the volume is an important and valuable extension of a former work by the same publishers, entitled "Psalms and Hymns for Divine Worship."

"The Hunters' Ride" is a very pretty duet by Miss E. Philp. The two voices are well combined and contrasted in some pleasing although simple strains. Messrs. Weekes and Co. are the publishers, from whom we also have the following vocal pieces:—"Sisera," a cantata for female voices, solo and chorus, by Isidore de Solla—well suited for amateur performance; "Though thou art far from me," a sentimental song, and "A Soldier's Wooing," are in a more declamatory style, both by F. H. Simms; "Patty," a piquant ballad, by J. Mayo; three songs for baritone or mezzo-soprano, "Dasreh," "Die Kapelle," and "Nachtreise," the words by Uhland, the music by W. H. Hadow, who has well reflected the style of the German Volkslied; and "The Sea-King," a vigorous bass song, by C. T. Speer. Messrs. Weekes and Co. likewise issue some effective pianoforte pieces, a well-written "Bourrée," by E. Silas; a characteristic "Pavan," also an ancient dance form, by J. Mayo; "Echoes from Albion," a brilliant but not very difficult fantasia on popular English airs, by J. T. Treckell; and an arrangement by Boyton Smith, for two performers, of Batiste's celebrated andante in G.

"Fair Rosalie," song, by P. von Tugger; and "Stars of the Night," serenade, by E. Lassen, are vocal pieces in a pleasing and expressive style; "Poor Joe, the Marine," by the last named composer, being a song in the good old English robust style. These are published by Mr. W. Czerny, as are "Zephyrine," a pretty waltz for the pianoforte, by D. Brocca; "Pater Noster," an impressive "meditation," by Oscar Wagner; "Valour and Faith," a stirring march, by J. W. Gritton; "Gruss vom Lieben" ("My Darling's Message"), a melodious "Idylle," by Carl Weidemann; and "Cathedral Melody," by F. L. Moir, in which the pervading solemnity of tone is occasionally well relieved. This piece is published both for the pianoforte and for the organ with pedals.

"Longing," by C. A. Ranken; "I dare not tell," by Wilford Morgan; "Farewell," by Ida Walter; "I know not yet," and "Overleaf," both by F. F. Rogers; and "Epping Forest," by L. Gautier, are pleasing and effective songs, published by Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co.—from whom we have, also, a spirited "Valse de concert," for the pianoforte, by Brownlow Baker; "L'Eco delle Montagne," a bright pianoforte piece in the martial style, by G. Gariboldi; "Ernster Reigen," an arrangement for pianoforte solo of the stately minuet movement in Weber's opera "Euryanthe;" and the "air" and "Bourrée" from Bach's orchestral "Suite" in D, well transcribed for the pianoforte and fingered by E. Aguilar.

Messrs. Duncan Davison, and Co. have completed their series of "Bluettes Classiques" for the pianoforte, selected and arranged from the works of celebrated composers, by Madame Arabella Goddard. The sixth and last number contains a fugue in D major by Beethoven, for two performers.

"Diversions for Students on the Pianoforte, Harmonium, or American Organ," arranged by J. Pittman—published by Joseph Williams. This is a very interesting selection of pieces from the works of old English masters, in the free and strict styles, arranged in a progressive order, well calculated to promote the progress of the student. There is much intrinsic merit in the music, which will interest many, and surprise those to whom even the names of some of the composers are unknown. The two volumes of which the work consists are very neatly engraved and printed, and are brought out at a price which places them within the reach of all.

"Queen of the Earth," by Ciro Pinsuti; "A Merry Heart," by L. Denza; and "Love Come Again," by A. Rotoli, are three pleasing songs published by Messrs. Ricordi. The second has a choral refrain. All require but a moderate compass; the third being suitable for a voice of somewhat lower range than in the other instances.

"The River," song, by E. A. Sydenham (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), has much flowing melody with an appropriate murmuring accompaniment. The same publishers have issued a "Toccata," for the pianoforte, by A. O'Leary. This is a very animated piece, in which there is much spirited and effective passage writing, sustained throughout with varied and unflagging treatment. It forms an excellent study for both the right and the left hand.

"Lost awhile," "Dermot and I," and "What an angel heard," are the titles of sentimental songs by Louisa Gray, who has earned distinction by many successful productions of this class. The first is enhanced by the addition of an ad libitum accompaniment for violin or violoncello. The publishers, Messrs. Duff and Stewart, have also issued "Only a Song" and "Nell of Newhaven," pleasingly melodious ballads, respectively, by Isidore de Lara and Osborne Williams; and "Amore," a "Gavotte" for the pianoforte, by C. Heavyside, in which the quaint grace of that antique dance form is very successfully sustained.

OUR FISHERMEN'S FOLK-LORE.

Apropos of the wide interest which has been taken in the Fisheries Exhibition, it may not be inappropriate to give a brief account of the customs and superstitions of the fishermen themselves. Indeed, few persons are perhaps aware how many formalities attend the fisherman's craft, and how carefully these are obeyed. Thus, in Scotland, a fisherman on proceeding to sea has great dislike to being asked where he is going, for fear of some disaster afterwards befalling him. Should, too, a boat be wrecked with the loss of life, and cast ashore, few fishermen of the village to which it belonged would put to sea in it again. In many of our fishing-stations the men have a strange antipathy to certain words, as the mere mention of them is supposed to bring bad luck. In some of the villages on the coast of Fife, if the word sow or pig is mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman, he cries out "cold iron," and even in church, says Mr. Gregor, in his "Folk-lore of the North-East of Scotland," "the same words are uttered when the clergyman reads the miracle about the Gadarene swinery." In the same way, on the east coast of Aberdeenshire, it was considered unlucky to meet one of the name of Whyte when going to sea—"lives would be lost, or the catch of fish would be poor." The fishermen of the Firth of Forth regard it as a bad omen to meet a bare-footed woman before starting on their expeditions; and in Forfarshire, should a hare pass a fisherman's path on his way to the boat, he will not put to sea. Among other precautions observed by the fishing community before starting on a journey may be mentioned one practised by the Manx herring-fishers, who refuse to set out without a dead wren, in case of being wrecked. This notion is grounded on a tradition of a sea spirit that hunted the herring-tack, attended always by storms, and at last assumed the figure of a wren and flew away. Hence, so long as they have a dead wren with them, they believe everything safe. Again, some fishermen, we are told, perform a sort of rite before going to the herring fishery, in drinking to a "white lug," so that when they examine a corner or lug of their nets they may find it glitter with the silvery sheen of the fish, which is reckoned to be a certain indication of a heavy draught. In Yorkshire, a boat's crew is occasionally changed once a year to bring good luck, and great care is generally taken lest anyone should number the fishermen when on the point of embarking. Once more, the Cornish fishermen affirm that one should never eat pilchards from the head downwards, as this act of indiscretion is "sure to keep the heads of the fish away from the coasts." The right way, however, is to eat the fish from the tail towards the head; this rule serving as a charm to attract the fish towards the shore. For the same purpose, during the oyster dredging, the fishermen keep up a wild monotonous song, which they assert charms the oysters into the dredge, a superstitious fancy thus poetically expressed:—

The herring loves the merry moonlight,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,
For he comes of a gentle kind.

When at sea the fisherman is equally cautious, lest any act of indiscretion on the part of his comrades should check their success. Whistling, for instance, is often forbidden, being supposed to cause an increase of wind; and to lose a mop or a water-bucket is deemed unlucky. Playing at cards, too, is supposed by many fishermen to produce ill-luck, as is also the act of either throwing a cat overboard, or drowning one at sea. Referring to Ireland, we are told how the fishermen of Ulster have been, from time immemorial, in the habit of spitting on the first and last hook baited, and also in the mouth of the first fish taken. Before dropping their nets or lines, they usually dip them in the water three times, each time giving a kind of chirp, like that of a young bird. Any fish, too, caught should never be counted until properly landed, and when at sea, the boats should never be pointed at by those on land.

Among some of the other superstitions of fishermen may be noticed their strong belief in witchcraft. Thus, a horseshoe may often be seen nailed on the mast, and a piece of ash wood kept as a charm; while in Ireland the wood of the hawthorn is never used in boats, being held to be unlucky. It is not surprising that fishermen should still be afraid of witches, considering how, in days gone by, they were so extensively credited with the power of raising storms. Thus Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," remarks:—"No one endowed with common sense but will deny that the elements are obedient to witches, and at their commandment, or that they may at their pleasure send hail, rain, tempest, thunder, and lightning." In the neighbourhood of the Tweed, the fishermen are in the habit of not only impregnating their nets with salt, but throwing some of it into the water, so as to blind the mischievous elves who are supposed to take pleasure in frustrating the fisherman's efforts. It is further believed that the spirits of the dead haunt the deep, and, according to a superstition current in Norfolk, when a person is drowned his voice is at times heard—a sure omen of a storm. A similar belief prevails in Cornwall, and Mr. Hunt, in his "Popular Romances of the West of England" tell us that fishermen dread to walk near those parts of the shore where there have been wrecks, for the souls of the drowned sailors appear to haunt those spots, and the "calling of the dead" has frequently been heard. Many a fisherman has declared that he has heard the voices of dead sailors "hailing their own names, and that before storms these callings are common." Fishermen, again, have their traditions, many of which are told by them with the utmost gravity.

The Filey fishermen explain the black marks on the haddock by the following legend:—"The Devil, in one of his mischievous pranks, resolved to construct Filey-briq for the destruction of ships and sailors and the annoyance of fishermen. In the course of his work, however, he accidentally let his hammer fall into the sea; and in his haste to recover it he caught a haddock instead, and thereby made the imprint retained by this fish up to the present day." Popular tradition, however, attributes these marks to St. Peter's fingers when he caught the fish for the tribute money.

BOURNVILLE.

MESSRS. CADBURY'S works, and the village of their work-people, are at Bournville, near King's Norton; they are situated in a charming valley surrounded by woods and hills, and watered by a pretty trout stream which runs through the extensive grounds. Everything that ingenuity can devise to economise labour, and prevent the handling of any of the preparations during the whole process of manufacture, is to be found in these works. It is satisfactory to know that the Cocoa Essence, which is the principal product of the firm, is made in a locality where the air is pure and untainted—where cleanliness and order are rendered easily attainable by almost unlimited space, and where fog, smoke, objectionable smells, and others of the unsavoury accompaniments of work-rooms and factories in densely-populated manufacturing towns, are unknown. An important feature in these works is the system of railways that run like a network all over the place, connecting the different departments; the small cars, specially fitted for the different purposes for which they are destined, are constantly travelling about in all directions, and give an air of life and energy to the whole establishment. Cocoa, as manufactured by Messrs. Cadbury, is now universally acknowledged to be one of the most wholesome and nutritious beverages that can be given to children, and people generally of delicate digestion or weak health. The process, or rather number of processes, through which cocoa has to pass before it is ready for consumption is curious and interesting, the more so that from the time the cocoa-beans reach Messrs. Cadbury's works they need not be touched by the hand at all, the machinery being so arranged as to perform what is necessary without any handling by the work-people employed.

The Theobroma Cacao, or cocoa-tree, is a native of Tropical America; it is an evergreen, growing to a height of from fourteen to eighteen feet, and bearing its flowers and fruits at all seasons; the clusters of little yellow flowers and the fruit, which, when ripe, is of a beautiful orange colour, grow out of the trunk and thickest part of the boughs. The best, and by far the largest proportion of cocoa, comes from the northern provinces of South America and from the West Indies.

The cocoa-nuts or beans, on their arrival at Bournville, are emptied loose into bins for the various kinds and qualities; they are then placed in a revolving cylinder about fifteen feet long, which cleanses them from all dirt and foreign matter, in a way which could not be equalled by hand labour, and also divides the beans into various thicknesses for sending into the roasting-room. After being cleansed and sorted the cocoa is packed in boxes and conveyed by one of the railways to the roasting-room. This process of roasting is performed in iron cylinders, which revolve slowly over coke fires, the cocoa emitting a very pleasant aroma as it is brought to perfection. Thence it is taken into another department to be cleansed from the outer shell, and after this, it is again removed to a room where two long lines of granite mills crush it into a smooth paste, which, while warm, flows like cream into vessels, ready now for the process by which the excess of cocoa butter is extracted. Up to this point the cocoa is in its original condition, with the exception of the acids, which have been thrown off during the roasting, and of the shell removed afterwards.

The best cocoa contains about 50 per cent of natural cocoa oil or butter, and as this has been found too large a proportion for ordinary digestions, the Messrs. Cadbury have directed their attention towards the production of a pure cocoa, which shall nevertheless be free from this objection. The removal of two thirds of the butter is accomplished by means of very powerful and complicated machinery, the result being an impalpable powder, soluble in boiling water, and possessing the nutritious gluten and stimulating theobromine in an increased ratio.

After the manufacture of Cocoa Essence comes the packing of the same, and not far from the grinding-room is one devoted to the manufacture of the cardboard boxes

in which it is inclosed; and, although not essentially one of the processes of manufacture, it is quite sufficiently interesting to be described. The Americans are in advance of us in introducing the best and most perfect box-making machine. The cardboard, previously cut into the required shape, is placed on a metal plate. On one side is a small trough containing liquid glue, in which a roller turns, and, coming into contact with two smaller rollers, transfers the glue to them. These rollers move to the centre of the plate, where they in their turn transfer their coating to two stamps, which fall on to the pasteboard and glue the edges, while at the same instant a kind of hammer falls and indents the paper where it requires folding. Two iron "fingers" immediately move from the opposite side of the plate and draw the pasteboard along underneath the frame to an instrument called a plunger, and similar

together. The saw-mill, with its circular saws and planing machine, and the boys cleverly knocking wooden boxes together, are also sights worth seeing.

Separate departments are reserved for the preparation of chocolate in all its forms for eating and drinking, with all the machinery, moulds, and other appliances necessary for this branch of the manufacture. The pure cocoa is combined with sugar, and bruised by rollers in a revolving basin until it is of the consistence of dough, which is crushed still finer in its passage through machines with granite cylinders, and is then ready for the different moulds and shapes in which it is finally sent out.

It is impossible to pay a visit to these works without being agreeably struck with the numerous provisions which Messrs. Cadbury have made for the comfort and well-being of their work-people. Each day before work begins all assemble for a short religious service, and cleanliness, order, and neatness prevail throughout. The

men and women work separately, the works being in two sections for that purpose, and each being provided with dressing-rooms, lavatories, dining-rooms, cooking apparatus, &c. A large inclosed flower-garden is reserved for the use of the women and girls during the intervals allowed for rest and recreation, and the men and boys are provided with pastimes more congenial to their tastes, not the least of which is an open-air swimming-bath in the rear of the grounds. Signs of care, thought, and consideration for the many people employed are visible on all sides, and the good result of this generous and kindly spirit may be gathered from the contented and healthy appearance of the work-people, a forcible contrast with the too-often pinched and weary expression on the faces of workers in ordinary factories.

To turn, however, from the makers of Cocoa Essence to the article itself, it is impossible to dwell too strongly on the benefits to be derived from habitually taking this pure and nourishing beverage. Its special qualities make it really invaluable for children; it has a pleasant flavour, it is nourishing and easily digested, and children do not tire of it as they do of many things. It is astonishing that it is not more generally used in boys' and girls' schools; the addition of a cup of well-made cocoa would make the plain breakfast of bread-and-butter a good and sustaining, instead of an insufficient, meal, which it really is when the bread-and-butter is simply accompanied by weak tea. It is no more trouble to make cocoa than it is to make tea, and it certainly is not more expensive.

Again, invalids or people with delicate digestions, or those of nervous temperament, find the Cocoa Essence of the greatest benefit, and its freedom from the excess of butter renders it more palatable and more wholesome than many other preparations of the kind. Besides the usual way of taking cocoa—namely, as a beverage—there are numerous kinds of sweet dishes and puddings which can be made of it. A few recipes for cocoa creams and puddings are added in proof

of this assertion:—1. Cocoa Cream: Put four ounces of cocoa essence in a saucepan; add the same weight of sugar, and a pint of milk poured in gradually; put in a stick of vanilla to flavour the cream, boil gently, and take off the fire as soon as it thickens. Beat in a basin two whole eggs and the yolks of four, mix gradually with the cream, strain and pour into a buttered mould or pie-dish, in which it can be served. Put it in a bain-marie, and hold a shovel full of hot coals over it to heat it all through. When the cream comes away from the mould easily, it is sufficiently done, but must not be turned out until it is cold. 2. Cocoa Pudding: Put two ounces of butter on the fire to melt, mix with this two ounces of fine white flour, and work them into a paste with half a pint of boiling milk; add two ounces of sifted sugar, and two ounces of cocoa, and let the mixture stand till cold; then work in the yolks of four eggs and the whites beaten to a stiff froth, and pour the mixture into a mould rubbed with butter and sprinkled with flour. Put the mould in a saucepan with boiling water, and boil gently for one hour and a half. The various preparations of cocoa, whether as a nourishing drink or a delicious sweetmeat, are so generally appreciated, that we believe our readers will be delighted to be made acquainted with its production.

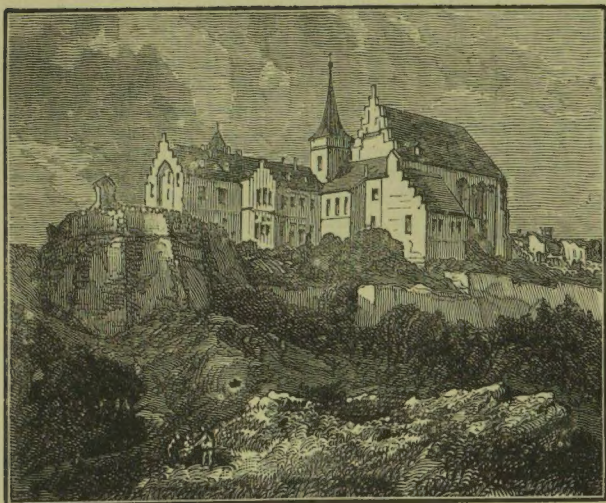


to a large punch, of the size and shape of the box. The plunger strikes the middle of the pasteboard through a hole in the plate, while a flapper and folder close on each side of it, and press all sides of the paper round the plunger. The box is then formed, except that one end is left open, and in that condition its drops into a revolving wheel, placed horizontally, containing twenty receivers, and is expelled by means of a rod. This machine is capable of producing 15,000 complete boxes per diem.

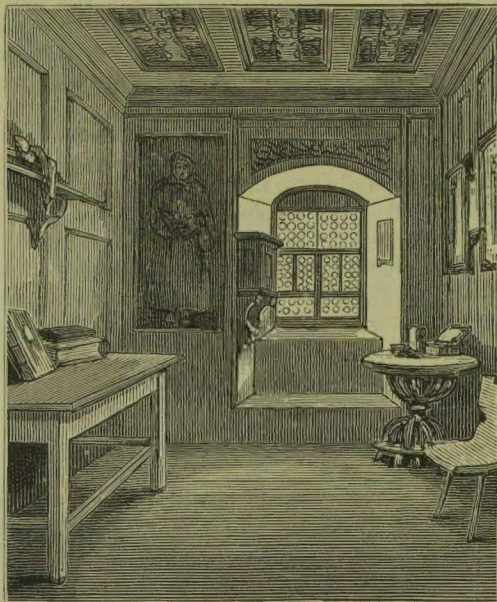
The labelling and boxing room is perhaps the pleasantest sight in the whole establishment. Standing at the long lines of tables are girls, in neat print dresses, busily at work, giving the last finishing touches to the Cocoa Essence before it once more finds its way into the world again; and here also the Mexican Chocolate is folded in its tinfoil and neat blue wrapper, and countless varieties of pretty boxes, embellished with pictures and other ornaments, are being filled with the delicious creams and vanilla chocolates, which will be none the less appreciated now that our readers have been introduced to the works where they are made.

The Timman's shop is a little manufactory in itself, where the moulds for chocolate are stamped and fastened

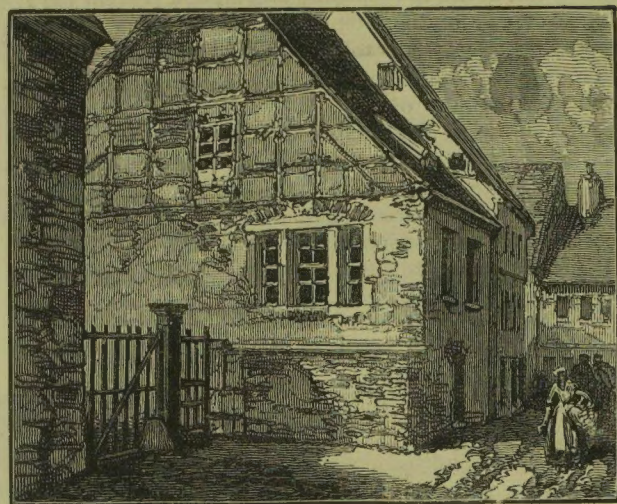
THE LUTHER CELEBRATION IN GERMANY: PLACES ASSOCIATED WITH LUTHER'S LIFE.



THE SCHLOSS OR CASTLE AT MANSFELD.



LUTHER'S CELL IN THE MONASTERY AT ERFURT.

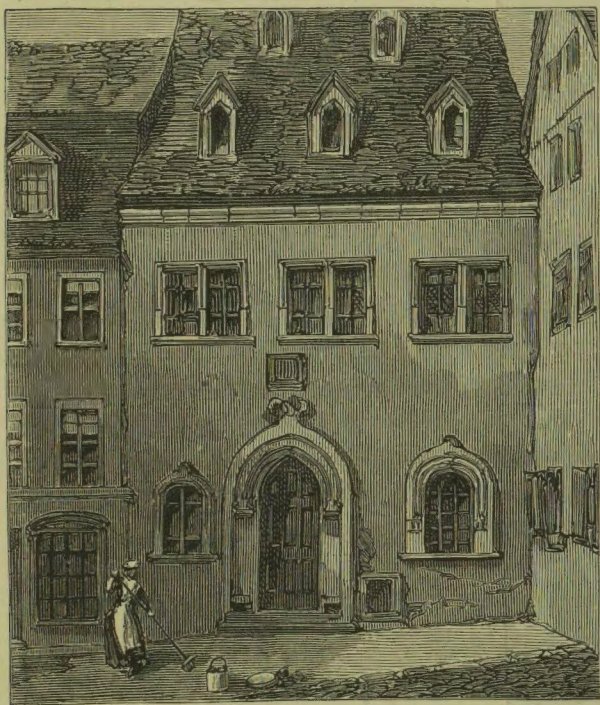


LUTHER'S FATHER'S HOUSE AT MANSFELD.

In the preceding pages of this "Luther Celebration Supplement" to the *Illustrated London News*, presented upon the occasion of the Grand National Festival of all Protestant Germany which takes place next week, to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, Mr. Athol Mayhew has related some incidents of Martin Luther's active and eventful life, from Nov. 10, 1483, to Feb. 18, 1546. Eisleben is the town where he was born and where he died, but he scarcely lived there at all; in 1484, when he was a babe of six months, his parents removed to Mansfeld, where

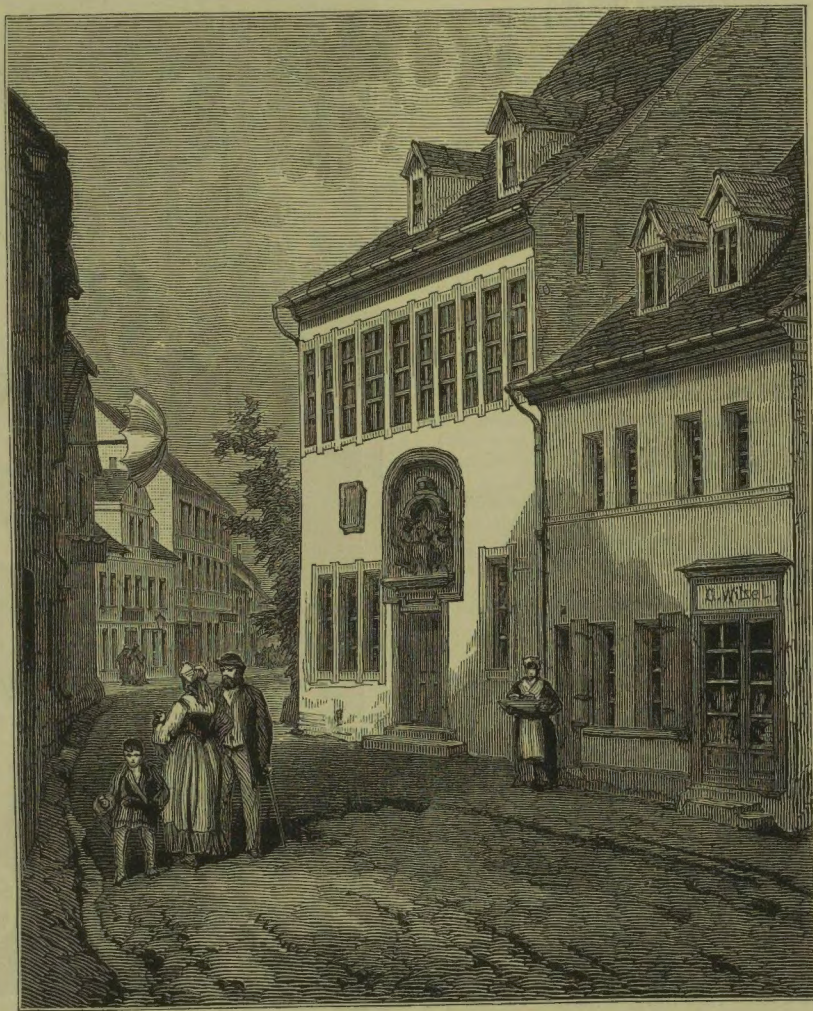
biographical interest, apart from such grand events as the Disputation at Wittenberg and the Diet of Worms, is the interior of his room in the Castle of the Wartburg, near Eisenach, where he was concealed about ten months from the pursuit of his enemies. In the life of a man of thought, a teacher, writer, or preacher, no local surroundings are apt to be so peculiarly impressed with the sentiment of his individuality as those of the quiet chamber in which he devoted himself to learning, meditation, and prayer, if not also to literary labours. It will be perceived, in our Illustration of Luther's apartment at the Wartburg, that the old walls have since his time been covered with panel or wainscot, except one part, where the ancient plaster yet remains, though defaced with a big black splash ascribed to the inkstand which Luther is said to have flung at the Devil. The story is very credible, without supposing that Luther, who was a very sane-minded man, gave way to a superstitious fancy; he was doubtless, by his tedious confinement, and by the uncertainty of his affairs, brought into a state of nervous irritability which may well induce a solitary man to relieve himself by flinging about the nearest thing on his table. It is much like what we can imagine Carlyle to have done and to have said. The other scenes delineated on this page belong to Luther's childhood at Eisleben and Mansfeld, at the dates above mentioned. His birth-place is the lower room of a two-storeyed house in the Langengasse, now called Luther-street, where the front door is adorned with a stone bust of Luther overhead, and with the German couplet, "Gottes Wort ist Luther's Lehr, drum vergeht sie nimmermehr." The window contains an old painting on glass of Luther and Melancthon, and there is a still older portrait on wood. The house in which Luther died is in the "Sangerhauser-strasse," or Singers' House Street, of the same town. This house was inhabited by Luther's friend, Johann Albrecht, the Town Clerk of Eisleben, and Luther was here as his guest for about three or four weeks, in January and February, 1546, when he was here taken ill and died. Luther's two

younger sons, Martin and Paul, were with him at the death-bed, which was visited by several of his friends living at Eisleben or in the neighbourhood. Among these were the



HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER DIED AT EISLEBEN, FEB. 18, 1546.

first he went to school as a boy, till 1497, after which his education was continued at Magdeburg, for about a twelvemonth, then at Eisenach, from 1498 to June, 1501, and subsequently at the University of Erfurt. From the University, having taken his academical degree, he passed into the Augustinian Monastery of Erfurt, a monk and student of divinity, and here began to read the Latin Bible. The cell in which Brother Martin used to study when he was from twenty-two to twenty-five years of age is certainly not the least interesting place connected with his personal history. The only other scene which can be compared with it for merely



HOUSE IN WHICH LUTHER WAS BORN AT EISLEBEN, NOV. 10, 1483.

Count and Countess von Mansfeld, whose Castle is shown in one of the Sketches on this page, and who had, as well as their predecessors, always regarded the Luther family, as tenants and honest dependents, with particular esteem.

LUTHER'S ROOM IN THE WARTBURG, AT EISENACH.
(With mark on the wall where he threw his inkstand at the Devil.)

LUTHER'S SCHOOL AT MANSFELD.